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BOSWELL'S LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

11382

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A GOOD BOOK IS THE PRECIOUS LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER SPIRIT EMBALMED & TREASURED UPON PURPOSE TO A LIFE BEYOND LIFE
MILTON

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON LLD.

BY JAMES BOSWELL Esq

VOLUME I.

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INTRODUCTION

PUBLISHED for the first time in 1791, seven years after Dr. ohnson's death, Boswell's Life, as he reminds us in his Advertisement to the second edition, found appreciative critics at the outset. Let me mention," he says, with a warm, but no insolent exultation, that I have been regaled with spontaneous praise of my work by any and various persons eminent for their rank, learning, talents, nd accomplishments; much of which praise I have under their nds to be reposited in my archives at Auchinleck." But Boswell's est critic and reviewer was not to appear for another forty-one ears, when he arrived in the person of Thomas Carlyle. One the weightiest accounts ever given indeed by one author of nother's book was that of Carlyle, written upon Boswell's Johnson. was originally contributed, a mighty review almost as long as me modern novels, to Fraser's Magazine in 1832, the special casion being the issue of Wilson-Croker's edition of 1831. arlyle resumed the subject and repeated the argument of his say afterwards in his book on "Heroes." Here are reprinted me passages of the Fraser article, which defend, yet unparingly characterize, the ineffable author of the best biography the language, and which form an introduction to its pages, vigorating and vivifying to a degree. The whole essay, it is needss to say, though it is a huge improvisation, disproportionate in rts and much distended by Carlyle's moral monologues, is, as a ece of original criticism, all but unique in literature. Croker's lition of 1831 was in five volumes and cost three pounds. There ust have been at least fifty editions since then; and the present, hich costs thirty times less, goes a step further than any other carrying on the great transition which Carlyle pointed to as ginning in Johnson's day, and by which literature passed rom the protection of Patrons into that of the Public."

"Boswell," said Carlyle, "was a person whose mean or bad ialities lay open to the general eye, visible, palpable to the illest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the Time he

lived in; were far from common then; indeed, in such a degree were almost unexampled; not recognisable therefore by every one nay, apt, even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a wine-bibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of what ever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the bragga docio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of th coxcomb; that he gloried much when the Tailor, by a court-suit had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakespear Jubilee with a riband, imprinted 'CORSICA BOSWELL,' round hi hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude; all this un happily is evident as the sun at noon. The very look of Boswel seems to have signified so much. In that cocked nose, cocke partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff-u the smell of coming pleasure and scent it from afar; in those bag cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contai more; in that coarsely-protruded shelf-mouth, that fat dewlappe chin; in all this, who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterou imbecility enough; much that could not have been ornamental i the temper of a great man's overfed great man (what the Scotc name *flunky*), though it had been more natural there? The unde part of Boswell's face is of a low, almost brutish character.

"Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine goo lay in him was nowise so self-evident. That Boswell was a hunte after spiritual Notabilities, that he loved such, and longed, and eve crept and crawled to be near them; that he first (in old Touchwoo Auchinleck's phraseology) 'took on with Paoli;' and then bein off with 'the Corsican landlouper,' took on with a schoolmaste 'ane that keeped a schule, and ca'd it an academy:' that he did a this, and could not help doing it, we account a very singular meri The man, once for all, had an 'open sense,' an open loving hear which so few have: where Excellence existed, he was compelled t acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and (let the old sulphu brand of a Laird say what he liked) *could not but* walk with it,— not as superior, if not as equal, then as inferior and lackey, bette so than not at all. If we reflect now that this love of Excellenc had not only such an evil *nature* to triumph over; but also what a *education* and social position withstood it and weighed it down, i innate strength, victorious over all these things, may astonish u

nsider what an inward impulse there must have been, how many untains of impediment hurled aside, before the Scottish Laird uld, as humble servant, embrace the knees (the bosom was not rmitted him) of the English Dominie! Your Scottish Laird, ys an English naturalist of these days, may be defined as the ngriest and vainest of all bipeds yet known. Boswell too was a ry; of quite peculiarly feudal, genealogical, pragmatical temper; d been nurtured in an atmosphere of Heraldry, at the feet of a ry Gamaliel in that kind; within bare walls, adorned only with degrees, amid serving-men in threadbare livery; all things teach- g him, from birth upwards, to remember that a Laird was a ird. Perhaps there was a special vanity in his very blood: old chinleck had, if not the gay, tail-spreading, peacock vanity of s son, no little of the slow-stalking, contentious, hissing vanity of e gander; a still more fatal species. Scottish Advocates will yet l you how the ancient man, having chanced to be the first sheriff pointed (after the abolition of 'hereditary jurisdiction') by royal thority, was wont, in dull-snuffling pompous tone, to preface ny a deliverance from the bench with these words: 'I, the first ng's Sheriff in Scotland' . . . .

"Doubtless the man was laughed at, and often heard himself ghed at for his Johnsonism. To be envied is the grand and sole n of vulgar vanity; to be filled with good things is that of nsuality: for Johnson perhaps no man living *envied* poor Bozzy; d of good things (except himself paid for them) there was no stige in that acquaintanceship. Had nothing other or better than nity and sensuality been there, Johnson and Boswell had never ne together, or had soon and finally separated again.

'In fact, the so copious terrestrial dross that welters chaotically, the outer sphere of this man's character, does but render for us re remarkable, more touching, the celestial spark of goodness, light, and Reverence for Wisdom, which dwelt in the interior, d could struggle through such encumbrances, and in some degree minate and beautify them. There is much lying yet undeveloped the love of Boswell for Johnson. A cheering proof, in a time ich else utterly wanted and still wants such, that living Wisdom quite *infinitely* precious to man, is the symbol of the Godlike to n, which even weak eyes may discern; that Loyalty, Disciple- p, all that was ever meant by *Hero-worship*, lives perennially in human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for casions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make world alive! . . . .

surgeon, of Birmingham, if she was not vain of her son. He said, "she had too much good sense to be vain, but she knew her son's value." Her piety was not inferiour to her understanding; and to her must be ascribed those early impressions of religion upon the mind of her son, from which the world afterwards derived so much benefit. He told me, that he remembered distinctly having had the first notice of Heaven, "a place to which good people went," and hell, "a place to which bad people went," communicated to him by her, when a little child in bed with her; and that it might be the better fixed in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to Thomas Jackson, their man-servant; he not being in the way, this was not done; but there was no occasion for any artificial aid for its preservation.

In following so very eminent a man from his cradle to his grave, every minute particular, which can throw light on the progress of his mind, is interesting. That he was remarkable, even in his earliest years, may easily be supposed; for to use his own words in his Life of Sydenham, "That the strength of his understanding, the accuracy of his discernment, and the ardour of his curiosity, might have been remarked from his infancy, by a diligent observer, there is no reason to doubt. For, there is no instance of any man, whose history has been minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover the same proportion of intellectual vigour."

In all such investigations it is certainly unwise to pay too much attention to incidents which the credulous relate with eager satisfaction, and the more scrupulous or witty enquirer considers only as topicks of ridicule: Yet there is a traditional story of the infant Hercules of toryism, so curiously characteristick, that I shall not withhold it. It was communicated to me in a letter from Miss Mary Adye, of Lichfield.

"When Dr. Sacheverel was at Lichfield, Johnson was not quite three years old. My grandfather Hammond observed him at the cathedral perched upon his father's shoulders listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Mr. Hammond asked Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so great a crowd. He answered, because it was impossible to keep him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he had

his life contracted debts, never had trade sufficient to enable him to pay them, and to maintain his family: he got something, but not enough. It was not till about 1768, that I thought to calculate the returns of my father's trade, and by that estimate his probable profits. This, I believe, my parents never did."—M.]

aught the publick spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would ave staid for ever in the church, satisfied with beholding im."

Nor can I omit a little instance of that jealous independence f spirit, and impetuosity of temper, which never forsook him. 'he fact was acknowledged to me by himself, upon the uthority of his mother. One day, when the servant who used o be sent to school to conduct him home, had not come in me, he set out by himself, though he was then so near-sighted, iat he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to ake a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it. His school-mistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall nto the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some istance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. eeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he n back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength ould permit.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life minent to a degree almost incredible, the following early stance was told me in his presence at Lichfield, in 1776, by s step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his other. When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to ad, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the common prayer-book to his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, Sam, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, aving him to study it: but by the time she had reached the cond floor, she heard him following her. "What's the atter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated distinctly, though he could not have read it more than rice.

But there has been another story of his infant precocity nerally circulated, and generally believed, the truth of which am to refute upon his own authority. It is told,[1] that, when child of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, e eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which, it is said, dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

"Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd had an *odd one*."

here is surely internal evidence that this little composition mbines in it, what no child of three years old could produce,

[1] Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, by Hester Lynch Piozzi, p. 11. Life of Dr. Johnson, by John Hawkins, p. 6.

Malone's advertisements or prefaces to the 3rd, 4th, 5th, a 6th editions of the Life, tell us how far the text was changed af the death of Boswell. In the first of these prefaces he says—

"Several valuable letters, and other curious matter, having be communicated to the Authour too late to be arranged in th chronological order which he had endeavoured uniformly observe in his work, he was obliged to introduce them in h Second Edition, by way of Addenda, as commodiously as could. In the present edition they have been distributed in the proper places. In revising his volume for a new edition, he ha pointed out where some of these materials should be inserted ; b unfortunately, in the midst of his labours, he was seized with fever, of which, to the great regret of all his friends, he died on t 19th of May, 1795. All the Notes that he had written in t margin of the copy which he had in part revised, are here faithful preserved ; and a few new Notes have been added, principally some of those friends to whom the Authour in the former editio acknowledged his obligations. Those subscribed with the lett B. were communicated by Dr. Burney ; those to which the lette J. B. are annexed, by the Rev. J. B. Blakeway, of Shrewsbury, a the letters J. B— O. are annexed to some remarks furnished by t Authour's second son, a Student of Brazen-Nose College in Oxfor Some valuable observations were communicated by James Bindle Esq., First Commissioner in the Stamp-Office, which have be acknowledged in their proper places. For all those without a signature, Mr. Malone is answerable. Every new remark, n written by the Authour, for the sake of distinction, has been enclos within crotchets ; in one instance, however, the printer, by mistak has affixed this mark to a note relative to the Rev. Thomas Fyse Palmer, which was written by Mr. Boswell, and therefore oug not to have been thus distinguished."

In the advertisement to the fourth edition, Malone speaks a of the insertion of some new letters and some new notes. "T letter M. is now subjoined," he adds, "to his own notes and remark and the letter K. to those of his learned friend, the Revere Doctor KEARNEY, formerly Senior Fellow of Trinity Colle Dublin, and now beneficed in the diocese of Raphoe, in Ireland, which he is Archdeacon."

Again, in the fifth edition, Malone writes, that "two letters writt by DR. JOHNSON, and several new notes, have been added."

And finally, the proofs for the sixth edition, he tells us, "ha been read over by the authour's second son, JAMES BOSWELL,

Inner Temple, Esq. ; by which means many errours of the press been discovered. All these have been carefully amended.—eover, several new notes and some letters have been added ; and ne Index,—a very useful appendage to a book containing so h miscellaneous and unconnected matter,—many new articles been inserted."

ne present text follows that of Malone's sixth edition.

f Boswell's other publications, it is enough to mention the wing, in verse and prose :—

le to Tragedy, 1761 ; Elegy on the Death of a Young Lady, with mendatory Letters, 1761 ; Letters between Hon. Andrew Erskine and s Boswell, 1763 ; An Account of Corsica, and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli, ; British Essays in favour of the brave Corsicans, collected and pub-d by J. B., 1769; The Essence of the Douglas Cause, 1767 ; The ochondriac, 27 articles in London Magazine, Oct. 1777–Dec. 1779 ; er to People of Scotland on State of Nation, 1783 ; Journal of Tour ne Hebrides, 1786 ; Letter from Dr. Johnson to Ph. D. Stanhope, of Chesterfield ; and Conversation between George III. and Dr. son, with notes by J. B.; 1790.

06.

DEDICATION TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

MY DEAR SIR,

EVERY liberal motive that can actuate an Author in the dedication of his labours, concurs in directing me to you the person to whom the following Work should be inscribed.

If there be a pleasure in celebrating the distinguished merit contemporary, mixed with a certain degree of vanity not a gether inexcusable, in appearing fully sensible of it, where c find one, in complimenting whom I can with more general probation gratify those feelings? Your excellence not only in Art over which you have long presided with unrivalled fame, also in Philosophy and elegant Literature, is well known to present, and will continue to be the admiration of future a Your equal and placid temper, your variety of conversation, true politeness, by which you are so amiable in private soc and that enlarged hospitality which has long made your hou common centre of union for the great, the accomplished, learned, and the ingenious; all these qualities I can, in pe confidence of not being accused of flattery, ascribe to you.

If a man may indulge an honest pride, in having it kn to the world, that he has been thought worthy of partic attention by a person of the first eminence in the age in w he lived, whose company has been universally courted, I justified in availing myself of the usual privilege of a Dedica when I mention that there has been a long and uninterru friendship between us.

If gratitude should be acknowledged for favours receiv have this opportunity, my dear Sir, most sincerely to thank for the many happy hours which I owe to your kindness, the cordiality with which you have at all times been pleas welcome me,—for the number of valuable acquaintance whom you have introduced me,—for the *noctes cœnæque D* which I have enjoyed under your roof.

If a work should be inscribed to one who is master of the su of it, and whose approbation, therefore, must ensure it credi

ess, the life of Dr. Johnson is, with the greatest propriety, icated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was the intimate and beloved nd of that great man; the friend, whom he declared to be "the st invulnerable man he knew; whom, if he should quarrel with , he should find the most difficulty how to abuse." You, my r Sir, studied him, and knew him well: you venerated and ired him. Yet, luminous as he was upon the whole, you per- ed all the shades which mingled in the grand composition; all little peculiarities and slight blemishes which marked the ary Colossus. Your very warm commendation of the specimen ch I gave in my "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," of my ig able to preserve his conversation in an authentick and lively ner, which opinion the Publick has confirmed, was the best en- ragement for me to persevere in my purpose of producing the ole of my stores.

n one respect, this Work will, in some passages, be different n the former. In my "Tour," I was almost unboundedly open ny communications, and from my eagerness to display the derful fertility and readiness of Johnson's wit, freely shewed to world its dexterity, even when I was myself the object of it. I ted that I should be liberally understood, as knowing very well at I was about, and by no means as simply unconscious of the nted effects of the satire. I own, indeed, that I was arrogant ugh to suppose that the tenour of the rest of the book would iciently guard me against such a strange imputation. But it ns I judged too well of the world; for, though I could scarcely eve it, I have been undoubtedly informed, that many persons, ecially in distant quarters, not penetrating enough into Johnson's racter, so as to understand his mode of treating his friends, e arraigned my judgement, instead of seeing that I was sensible ll that they could observe.

t is related of the great Dr. Clarke, that when in one of his ure hours he was unbending himself with a few friends in the st playful and frolicksome manner, he observed Beau Nash roaching; upon which he suddenly stopped;—"My boys, (said let us be grave: here comes a fool." The world, my friend, ave found to be a great fool, as to that particular on which it become necessary to speak very plainly. I have, therefore, in Work been more reserved; and though I tell nothing but the h, I have still kept in my mind that the whole truth is not ays to be exposed. This, however, I have managed so as to asion no diminution of the pleasure which my book should

his regard, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector was sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humble attendants, and carry him to school. One in the middle stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each side supported him; and thus he was borne triumphant. Such a proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigour is very remarkable, and does honour to human nature.—Talking to me once himself of his being much distinguished at school, he told me, "they never thought to raise me by comparing me to any one; they never said, Johnson is as good a scholar as such a one; but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson; and this was said but of one, but of Lowe; and I do not think he was as good a scholar."

He discovered a great ambition to excel, which roused him to counteract his indolence. He was uncommonly inquisitive; and his memory was so tenacious, that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses, which, after a little pause, he repeated *verbatim*, varying only one epithet, by which he improved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions: his only amusement was in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, who pulled him along by a garter fixed round him; no very easy operation, as his size was remarkably large. His defective sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports; and he once pleasantly remarked to me, "how wonderfully well he had contrived to be idle without them." Lord Chesterfield, however, has justly observed in one of his letters, when earnestly cautioning a friend against the pernicious effects of idleness, that active sports are not to be reckoned idleness in young people; and that the listless torpor of doing nothing alone deserves that name. Of this dismal inertness of disposition, Johnson had all his life too great a share. Mr. Hector relates, that "he could not oblige him more than by sauntering away the hours of vacation in the fields, during which he was more engaged in talking to himself than to his companion."

Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who was long intimately acquainted with him, and has preserved a few anecdotes concerning him, regretting that he was not a more diligent collector, informs me, that "when a boy he was immoderately fond of reading romances of chivalry, and he retained his fondness for them through life; so that (adds his Lordship)

pending part of a summer at my parsonage-house in the ountry, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish omance of FELIXMARTE OF HIRCANIA, in folio, which he read uite through. Yet I have heard him attribute to these ex-ravagant fictions that unsettled turn of mind which prevented is ever fixing in any profession."

After having resided for some time at the house of his uncle,[1] Cornelius Ford, Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to he school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master. This step was taken by the dvice of his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ford, a man in whom both idents and good dispositions were disgraced by licentiousness,[2] ut who was a very able judge of what was right. At this hool he did not receive so much benefit as was expected. has been said, that he acted in the capacity of an assistant Mr. Wentworth, in teaching the younger boys. "Mr. entworth (he told me) was a very able man, but an idle man, id to me very severe; but I cannot blame him much. I was en a big boy; he saw I did not reverence him; and that he ould get no honour by me. I had brought enough with me, carry me through; and all I should get at his school would e ascribed to my own labour, or to my former master. Yet e taught me a great deal."

He thus discriminated, to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, s progress at his two grammar-schools. "At one, I learned uch in the school, but little from the master; in the other, I arnt much from the master, but little in the school."

The Bishop also informs me, that "Dr. Johnson's father, fore he was received at Stourbridge, applied to have him mitted as a scholar and assistant to the Rev. Samuel Lea, .A., head master of Newport school, in Shropshire; (a very ligent good teacher, at that time in high reputation, under om Mr. Hollis is said, in the Memoirs of his Life, to have en also educated).[3] This application to Mr. Lea was not ccessful; but Johnson had afterwards the gratification to ar that the old gentleman, who lived to a very advanced age, entioned it as one of the most memorable events of his life, at "he was *very near* having that great man for his scholar."

[1] [Cornelius Ford, according to Sir John Hawkins, was his cousin-germain, being the of Dr. Joseph [? Nathanael] Ford, an eminent Physician, who was brother to nson's mother.—M.]

[2] He is said to be the original of the parson in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conversation.

[3] As was likewise the Bishop of Dromore many years afterwards.

He remained at Stourbridge little more than a year, and then he returned home, where he may be said to have loitered for two years, in a state very unworthy his uncommon abilities. He had already given several proofs of his poetical genius both in his school-exercises and in other occasional compositions. Of these I have obtained a considerable collection, by the favour of Mr. Wentworth, son of one of his masters, and of Mr. Hector, his school-fellow and friend; from which I select the following specimens:

Translation of VIRGIL. Pastoral I.

MELIBŒUS.

Now, Tityrus, you, supine and careless laid,
Play on your pipe beneath this beechen shade;
While wretched we about the world must roam,
And leave our pleasing fields and native home,
Here at your ease you sing your amorous flame,
And the wood rings with Amarillis' name.

TITYRUS.

Those blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd,
For I shall never think him less than God;
Oft on his altar shall my firstlings lie,
Their blood the consecrated stones shall dye:
He gave my flocks to graze the flowery meads,
And me to tune at ease th' unequal reeds.

MELIBŒUS

My admiration only I exprest,
(No spark of envy harbours in my breast,
That, when confusion o'er the country reigns,
To you alone this happy state remains.
Here I, though faint myself, must drive my goats,
Far from their antient fields and humble cots.
This scarce I lead, who left on yonder rock
Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock.
Had we not been perverse and careless grown,
This dire event by omens was foreshown;
Our trees were blasted by the thunder stroke,
And left-hand crows, from an old hollow oak,
Foretold the coming evil by their dismal croak.

Translation of HORACE. Book I. Ode xxii.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart
With virtue's sacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death the envenom'd dart
Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows;

Though Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Africk's faithless sands;
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
Too far in Sabine woods I stray'd;
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
A grizly wolf surprised, and fled.

No savage more portentous stain'd
Apulia's spacious wilds with gore;
No fiercer Juba's thirsty land,
Dire nurse of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs;
Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning skies:

Place me beneath the burning line,
A clime deny'd to human race:
I'll sing of Chloe's charms divine,
Her heav'nly voice, and beauteous face.

Translation of HORACE. Book II. Ode ix.

CLOUDS do not always veil the skies,
Nor showers immerse the verdant plain:
Nor do the billows always rise,
Or storms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on th' Armenian shores
Do the chain'd waters always freeze;
Not always furious Boreas roars,
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,
For Mystes dead you ever mourn;
No setting Sol can ease your care,
But finds you sad at his return.

The wise experienc'd Grecian sage
Mourn'd not Antilochus so long;
Nor did King Priam's hoary age
So much lament his slaughter'd son.

Leave off, at length, these women's sighs,
Augustus' numerous trophies sing;
Repeat that prince's victories,
To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,
At length the undaunted Scythian yields,
Content to live the Roman's slave,
And scarce forsakes his native fields.

Translation of part of the Dialogue between HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE; *from the Sixth Book of* HOMER'S ILIAD.

SHE ceas'd; then godlike Hector answer'd kind,
(His various plumage sporting in the wind)
That post, and all the rest, shall be my care;
But shall I, then, forsake the unfinished war?
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's name!

And one base action sully all my fame,
Acquired by wounds and battles bravely fought!
Oh! how my soul abhors so mean a thought.
Long since I learn'd to slight this fleeting breath,
And view with cheerful eyes approaching death.
The inexorable sisters have decreed
That Priam's house, and Priam's self shall bleed:
The day will come, in which proud Troy shall yield,
And spread its smoking ruins o'er the field.
Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age,
Whose blood shall quench some Grecian's thirsty rage,
Nor my brave brothers, that have bit the ground,
Their souls dismiss'd through many a ghastly wound,
Can in my bosom half that grief create,
As the sad thought of your impending fate:
When some proud Grecian dame shall tasks impose,
Mimick your tears, and ridicule your woes;
Beneath Hyperia's waters shall you sweat,
And, fainting, scarce support the liquid weight:
Then shall some Argive loud insulting cry,
Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!
Tears, at my name, shall drown those beauteous eyes,
And that fair bosom heave with rising sighs!
Before that day, by some brave hero's hand
May I lie slain, and spurn the bloody sand.

To a Young Lady *on her* Birth-Day.[1]

This tributary verse receive my fair,
Warm with an ardent lover's fondest pray'r.
May this returning day for ever find
Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind;
All pains, all cares, may favouring heav'n remove,
All but the sweet solicitudes of love!
May powerful nature join with grateful art,
To point each glance, and force it to the heart!
O then, when conquered crowds confess thy sway,
When ev'n proud wealth and prouder wit obey,
My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.
Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ;
Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy:
With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
Shewn in the faithful glass of ridicule;
Teach mimick censure her own faults to find,
No more let coquettes to themselves be blind,
So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind.

The Young Authour.[2]

When first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,
Forsakes his rural sports and peaceful home,

[1] Mr. Hector informs me that this was made almost *impromptu*, in his presence.
[2] This he inserted with many alterations in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1743. I however, did not add his name. See Gent. Mag. vol. xiii. p. 378.—M.]

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DOCTOR JOHNSON

VOLUME ONE

1709–1775

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF JOHNSON'S LIFE AND CONTEMPORARY EVENTS

1709–1775

1709. Samuel Johnson born at Lichfield (Sept. 18, N.S.), the son of Michael Johnson, a bookseller. No. 1 of the *Tatler*, Berkeley's *Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*, and Matthew Prior's *Poems*.

1711. No. 1 of the *Spectator*. Hume born.

1712. Johnson is taken to London to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne. Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. Gray's *Trivia*.

1713. Addison's *Cato*, and Berkeley's *Three Dialogues*. Sterne born.

1714. Accession of George I.

1715. Vol. I. of Pope's Homer's Iliad. Burnet and Wycherley died. Jacobite Rebellion.

1716. Garrick and Gray born.

1717. Johnson sent to Lichfield Grammar-School. Horace Walpole born.

1719. Part I. of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. Addison died.

1721. Smollett and Collins born.

1723. Adam Smith born.

1724. Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen* and *Tea Table Miscellany*, and Vol. I. of Burnet's *History of His Own Time*.

1725. Johnson removed to Stourbridge School. Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*.

1726. Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and Thomson's *Winter*.

1727. Accession of George II. Gay's *Fables*. Sir Isaac Newton died.

1728. Johnson, after spending two years at home, goes to Pembroke College, Oxford (Oct.). Pope's *Dunciad*. Goldsmith born.

1729. Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*. Burke born. Steele and Congreve died.

1731. Johnson leaves Oxford without a degree (Dec.).

1731. Johnson's father dies (Dec.), Johnson receiving £ from his effects. The *Gentleman's Magazine* est lished. Cowper and Churchill born. Defoe died
1732. Johnson an usher at the Market-Bosworth School. Pop *Essay on Man* (Epistles I. and II.). Gay died.
1733. Johnson, living chiefly at Birmingham, translates Lob *Voyage to Abyssinia.*
1734 Johnson publishes proposals for printing the poems Politian, and for the first time offers his services Cave, proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*
1735. Johnson marries (July 9) Elizabeth, the widow of He Porter, a Birmingham mercer. (Johnson's wife supposed to have brought him about £700 or £80 He publishes his translation of Lobo's *Voyage Abyssinia.*
1736. Johnson sets up a "private academy" at Edial, Staffordshire, one of his pupils being David Garri Butler's *Analogy of Religion.*
1737. Johnson and Garrick set out together for Lond Johnson makes further proposals to Cave, and retu to Lichfield, where he completes his tragedy of *Ire* After staying at Lichfield for three months he set with Mrs. Johnson in London. Gibbon born.
1738. Johnson "enlisted by Mr. Cave as a regular coadjutor his magazine." He publishes *London* (May). W a view to obtaining the mastership of Appleby Sch he endeavours, unsuccessfully, to obtain the degree M.A. from Oxford University.
1739. Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature.*
1740. Cibber's *Apology for his Life*, and Richardson's *Pam* James Boswell born.
1741. This year and the two following Johnson is the "s composer" of the Parliamentary Debates in *Gentleman's Magazine.*
1742. Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, Shenstone's *Schoolmistr* and Young's *Night Thoughts.*
1744. Johnson publishes his *Life of Savage.* Akensi *Pleasures of the Imagination.* Pope died.
1745. Swift died. Jacobite Rebellion.
1746. Collin's *Odes* (dated 1747).
1747. Johnson publishes his *Plan for a Dictionary of English Language*, addressed to Lord Chesterfi Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton Colle*

1748. Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*, Smollett's *Roderick Random*, and Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*. Thomson died.

1749. Johnson publishes *The Vanity of Human Wishes* and *Irene*. *Irene* is brought out by Garrick at Drury Lane. Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

1750. Johnson begins the publication of the *Rambler*.

1751. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and Hume's *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*. R. B. Sheridan born.

1752. Johnson's wife dies. The last *Rambler* published. Hume's *Political Discourses*. Bishop Butler died. Frances Burney and Chatterton born.

1753. Johnson begins to contribute to Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*. Berkeley died.

1754. Hume's *History of England* (Vol. I.), and Lord Bolingbroke's *Philosophical Writings* (edited by David Mallet). Fielding died.

1755. Johnson receives the degree of M.A. from Oxford University. His *Dictionary of the English Language* published.

1756. Johnson contributes to the *Literary Magazine* established this year, and issues Proposals for an edition of Shakspeare. He refuses a living offered to him in Lincolnshire. Burke's *Vindication of Natural Society*, and *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*.

1757. Smollett's *History of England* (Vols. I.-IV.). Blake born.

1758. Johnson begins a new periodical paper, *The Idler*. Allan Ramsay died.

1759. Johnson's mother dies, and he publishes *Rasselas*, "that with the profits he might defray the expence of [her] funeral, and pay some little debts which she left." Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* (Vols. I. and II.), and Robertson's *History of Scotland*. Robert Burns born.

1760. Accession of George III.

1761. Churchill's *Rosciad*. Richardson died.

1762. A pension of £300 a year granted to Johnson. Macpherson's *Ossian*.

1763. Johnson meets Boswell (May 16), who in August starts on a tour of three years on the Continent. Churchill's *Prophecy of Famine*, and Smart's *Song to David*.

1764. The Literary Club founded, Sir Joshua Reynolds bei the first proposer of it, and Reynolds, Johns Burke, and Goldsmith among the first membe Goldsmith's *Traveller*, Walpole's *Castle of Otran* and Chatterton's *Elinour and Juga*.

1765. Johnson receives the degree of LL.D. from Trinity C lege, Dublin. He is introduced to the Thrales. F edition of Shakspeare published. Percy's *Reliques Ancient Poetry*.

1766. Boswell returns to England (February). Goldsmit *Vicar of Wakefield*.

1767. Johnson has a conversation with George III. in t library at Buckingham Palace.

1768. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, Goldsmith's *Good-Natu Man*, Gray's *Poems* (the first collected edition), a Boswell's *Account of Corsica*. Sterne died.

1769. Burke's *Observations on the Present State of the Nati* the first Letter of "Junius," and Robertson's *Hist of Charles V.*

1770. Johnson publishes his pamphlet, *The False Alarm*, the Middlesex election. Burke's *Thoughts on Present Discontent* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Villa* Chatterton died. Wordsworth born.

1771. Beattie's *Minstrel* (Book I.), and Smollett's *Humph Clinker*. Gray and Smollett died. Walter Sc born.

1772. The *Letters of Junius* (first collected edition). Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses*. Coleridge born.

1773. Johnson visits Scotland with Boswell (Aug. 14 to N 22). Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, and F gusson's *Poems*.

1774. Johnson visits Wales with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale (Ju September). Burke's Speech on American Taxati Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, and Vol. I. Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry*. Go smith died. Southey born.

1775. Johnson receives the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford U versity. He visits France with Mr. and Mrs. Thr (October and November). His *Journey to the W ern Islands of Scotland* and *Taxation no Tyra* published. Burke's Speech on Conciliation w America, and Sheridan's *Rivals*. Jane Austen, Lan and Landor born.

THE LIFE OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

write the Life of him who excelled all mankind in writing lives of others, and who, whether we consider his extrainary endowments, or his various works, has been equalled few in any age, is an arduous, and may be reckoned in me resumptuous task.

Had Dr. Johnson written his own Life, in conformity with opinion which he has given,[1] that every man's life may be t written by himself; had he employed in the preservation his own history, that clearness of narration and elegance of guage in which he has embalmed so many eminent persons, world would probably have had the most perfect example biography that was ever exhibited. But although he at erent times, in a desultory manner, committed to writing ny particulars of the progress of his mind and fortunes, he er had persevering diligence enough to form them into a ular composition. Of these memorials a few have been served; but the greater part was consigned by him to the nes, a few days before his death.

As I had the honour and happiness of enjoying his friendship upwards of twenty years; as I had the scheme of writing life constantly in view; as he was well apprised of this umstance, and from time to time obligingly satisfied my uiries, by communicating to me the incidents of his early rs; as I acquired a facility in recollecting, and was very iduous in recording, his conversation, of which the extrainary vigour and vivacity constituted one of the first features his character; and as I have spared no pains in obtaining erials concerning him, from every quarter where I could cover that they were to be found, and have been favoured

[1] Idler, No. 84.

with the most liberal communications by his friends; I flatte myself that few biographers have entered upon such a work a this, with more advantages; independent of literary abilities, i which I am not vain enough to compare myself with some grea names who have gone before me in this kind of writing.

Since my work was announced, several Lives and Memoir of Dr. Johnson have been published, the most voluminous o which is one compiled for the booksellers of London, by Si John Hawkins, Knight,[1] a man, whom, during my long int macy with Dr. Johnson, I never saw in his company, I think but once, and I am sure not above twice. Johnson migh have esteemed him for his decent, religious demeanour, an his knowledge of books and literary history; but from the rigi formality of his manners, it is evident that they never coul have lived together with companionable ease and familiarity nor had Sir John Hawkins that nice perception which wa necessary to mark the finer and less obvious parts of Johnson character. His being appointed one of his executors, gav him an opportunity of taking possession of such fragments a diary and other papers as were left; of which, befor delivering them up to the residuary legatee, whose propert they were, he endeavoured to extract the substance. In th he has not been very successful, as I have found upon perusal of those papers, which have been since transferred t me. Sir John Hawkins's ponderous labours, I must ackno ledge, exhibit a *farrago*, of which a considerable portion is n devoid of entertainment to the lovers of literary gossiping; b besides its being swelled out with long unnecessary extrac from various works, (even one of several leaves from Osborne Harleian Catalogue, and those not compiled by Johnson, b by Oldys,) a very small part of it relates to the person who the subject of the book; and, in that, there is such an i accuracy in the statement of facts, as in so solemn an autho is hardly excusable, and certainly makes his narrative ve unsatisfactory. But what is still worse, there is throughou the whole of it a dark uncharitable cast, by which the mo

[1] The greatest part of this book was written while Sir John Hawkins was alive: a I avow, that one object of my strictures was to make him feel some compunction for illiberal treatment of Dr. Johnson. Since his decease, I have suppressed several of remarks upon his work. But though I would not "war with the dead" *offensively* think it necessary to be strenuous in *defence* of my illustrious friend, which I cannot without strong animadversions upon a writer who has greatly injured him. Let me a that though I doubt I should not have been very prompt to gratify Sir John Hawk with any compliment in his life-time, I do now frankly acknowledge, that, in my opin his volume, however inadequate and improper as a life of Dr. Johnson, and however c credited by unpardonable inaccuracies in other respects, contains a collection of curi anecdotes and observations, which few men but its authour could have brought togethe

nfavourable construction is put upon almost every circumance in the character and conduct of my illustrious friend; no, I trust, will, by a true and fair delineation, be vindicated oth from the injurious misrepresentations of this authour, and om the slighter aspersions of a lady who once lived in great timacy with him.

There is, in the British Museum, a letter from Bishop Varburton to Dr. Birch, on the subject of biography; which, ough I am aware it may expose me to a charge of artfully ising the value of my own work, by contrasting it with that of hich I have spoken, is so well conceived and expressed, that cannot refrain from here inserting it:

"I shall endeavour, (says Dr. Warburton,) to give you what tisfaction I can in any thing you want to be satisfied in any bject of Milton, and am extremely glad you intend to write s life. Almost all the life-writers we have had before Toland nd Desmaiseaux, are indeed strange insipid creatures; and t I had rather read the worst of them, than be obliged to go rough with this of Milton's, or the other's life of Boileau, here there is such a dull, heavy succession of long quotations disinteresting passages, that it makes their method quite useous. But the verbose, tasteless Frenchman seems to lay down as a principle, that every life must be a book, and hat's worse, it proves a book without a life; for what do we ow of Boileau, after all his tedious stuff? You are the only e, (and I speak it without a compliment,) that by the vigour your stile and sentiments, and the real importance of your aterials, have the art, (which one would imagine no one could ve missed,) of adding agreements to the most agreeable bject in the world, which is literary history."[1]

"Nov. 24, 1737."

Instead of melting down my materials into one mass, and nstantly speaking in my own person, by which I might have peared to have more merit in the execution of the work, I ve resolved to adopt and enlarge upon the excellent plan of r. Mason, in his Memoirs of Gray. Wherever narrative is cessary to explain, connect, and supply, I furnish it to the st of my abilities; but in the chronological series of Johnson's e, which I trace as distinctly as I can, year by year, I proce, wherever it is in my power, his own minutes, letters, or nversation, being convinced that this mode is more lively,

[1] Brit. Mus. 4320, Ayscough's Catal. Sloane MSS

and will make my readers better acquainted with him, t
even most of those were who actually knew him, but co
know him only partially; whereas there is here an accur
lation of intelligence from various points, by which
character is more fully understood and illustrated.

Indeed I cannot conceive a more perfect mode of writ
any man's life, than not only relating all the most import
events of it in their order, but interweaving what he privat
wrote, and said, and thought; by which mankind are enab
as it were to see him live, and to "live o'er each scene" w
him, as he actually advanced through the several stages of
life. Had his other friends been as diligent and ardent as
was, he might have been almost entirely preserved. As it
I will venture to say that he will be seen in this work m
completely than any man who has ever yet lived.

And he will be seen as he really was; for I profess to wri
not his panegyrick, which must be all praise, but his Li
which, great and good as he was, must not be supposed to
entirely perfect. To be as he was, is indeed subject
panegyrick enough to any man in this state of being; but
every picture there should be shade as well as light, a
when I delineate him without reserve, I do what he hims
recommended, both by his precept and his example.

"If the biographer writes from personal knowledge, a
makes haste to gratify the publick curiosity, there is dan
lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderne
overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not
invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to h
the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can
longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ra
of characters adorned with uniform panegyrick, and not to
known from one another but by extrinsick and casual circu
stances. 'Let me remember, (says Hale,) when I find my
inclined to pity a criminal, that there is likewise a pity due
the country.' If we owe regard to the memory of the de
there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virt
and to truth."[1]

What I consider as the peculiar value of the following w
is, the quantity it contains of Johnson's conversation; wh
is universally acknowledged to have been eminently instruc
and entertaining; and of which the specimens that I h
given upon a former occasion, have been received with

[1] Rambler, No. 60.

h approbation, that I have good grounds for supposing the world will not be indifferent to more ample munications of a similar nature.

hat the conversation of a celebrated man, if his talents e been exerted in conversation, will best display his racter, is, I trust, too well established in the judgement of kind, to be at all shaken by a sneering observation of Mason, in his Memoirs of Mr. William Whitehead, in ch there is literally no *Life*, but a mere dry narrative of s. I do not think it was quite necessary to attempt a reciation of what is universally esteemed, because it was to be found in the immediate object of the ingenious er's pen; for in truth, from a man so still and so tame, as e contented to pass many years as the domestick com ion of a superannuated lord and lady, conversation could more be expected, than from a Chinese mandarin on a nney-piece, or the fantastick figures on a gilt leather en.

f authority be required, let us appeal to Plutarch, the ce of ancient biographers. Οὔτε ταῖς ἐπιφανεστάταις ξεσι πάντως ἔνεστι δήλωσις ἀρετῆς ἢ κακίας, ἀλλὰ πρᾶγμα χὺ πολλάκις, καὶ ῥῆμα, καὶ παιδιά τις ἔμφασιν ἤθους ἐποίησεν λον ἢ μάχαι μυριόνεκροι, παρατάξεις αἱ μέγισται, καὶ πολιορκία ξων. "Nor is it always in the most distinguished atchieve- its that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, l distinguish a person's real character more than the test sieges, or the most important battles."[1]

o this may be added the sentiments of the very man se life I am about to exhibit. "The business of the grapher is often to pass slightly over those performances incidents which produce vulgar greatness, to lead the ghts into domestick privacies, and display the minute ils of daily life, whose exteriour appendages are cast le, and men excel each other only by prudence and by ue. The account of Thuanus is with great propriety said ts authour to have been written, that it might lay open to erity the private and familiar character of that man, *cujus nium et candorem ex ipsius scriptis sunt olim semper miraturi*, se candour and genius will to the end of time be by his ings preserved in admiration.

There are many invisible circumstances, which whether we

[1] Plutarch's Life of Alexander.—Langhorne's Translation.

read as enquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether
intend to inlarge our science or increase our virtue, are mo
important than publick occurrences. Thus Sallust, the gre
master of nature, has not forgot in his account of Catiline
remark, that his walk was now quick, and again slow, as
indication of a mind revolving with violent commotion. Th
the story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the val
of time, by informing us, that when he had made an appoin
ment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to
fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness
suspense; and all the plans and enterprises of De Witt a
now of less importance to the world than that part of h
personal character, which represents him as careful of h
health, and negligent of his life.

"But biography has often been allotted to writers, who see
very little acquainted with the nature of their task, or ve
negligent about the performance. They rarely afford a
other account than might be collected from publick pape
but imagine themselves writing a life, when they exhibit
chronological series of actions or preferments; and have
little regard to the manners or behaviour of their heroes, th
more knowledge may be gained of a man's real character, by
short conversation with one of his servants, than from a form
and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended wi
his funeral.

"There are indeed, some natural reasons why these narrati
are often written by such as were not likely to give mu
instruction or delight, and why most accounts of particu
persons are barren and useless. If a life be delayed till
terest and envy are at an end, we may hope for impartiali
but must expect little intelligence; for the incidents which g
excellence to biography are of a volatile and evanescent ki
such as soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmit
by tradition. We know how few can pourtray a liv
acquaintance, except by his most prominent and observa
particularities, and the grosser features of his mind; and
may be easily imagined how much of this little knowle
may be lost in imparting it, and how soon a succession
copies will lose all resemblance of the original."[1]

I am fully aware of the objections which may be made
the minuteness on some occasions of my detail of Johns
conversation, and how happily it is adapted for the p

[1] Rambler, No. 60.

ercise of ridicule, by men of superficial understanding, and licrous fancy; but I remain firm and confident in my inion, that minute particulars are frequently characteristick, d always amusing, when they relate to a distinguished man. am therefore exceedingly unwilling that any thing, however ght, which my illustrious friend thought it worth his while express, with any degree of point, should perish. For this nost superstitious reverence, I have found very old and nerable authority, quoted by our great modern prelate, cker, in whose tenth sermon there is the following passage: "*Rabbi David Kimchi*, a noted Jewish Commentator, who ed about five hundred years ago, explains that passage in first Psalm, *His leaf also shall not wither*, from Rabbins older than himself, thus: That *even the idle talk*, so he exesses it, *of a good man ought to be regarded*; the most superous things he saith are always of some value. And other cient authours have the same phrase, nearly in the same sense." Of one thing I am certain, that considering how highly the all portion which we have of the table-talk and other ecdotes of our celebrated writers is valued, and how earnestit is regretted that we have not more, I am justified in eserving rather too many of Johnson's sayings, than too few; pecially as from the diversity of dispositions it cannot be own with certainty beforehand, whether what may seem ling to some, and perhaps to the collector himself, may not most agreeable to many; and the greater number that an thour can please in any degree, the more pleasure does there se to a benevolent mind.

To those who are weak enough to think this a degrading k, and the time and labour which have been devoted to it semployed, I shall content myself with opposing the thority of the greatest man of any age, JULIUS CÆSAR, of om Bacon observes, that "in his book of Apothegms which collected, we see that he esteemed it more honour to make nself but a pair of tables, to take the wise and pithy words others, than to have every word of his own to be made an othegm or an oracle." [1]

Having said thus much by way of introduction, I commit following pages to the candour of the Publick.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, the 18th of September, N.S. 1709; and his initiation into

[1] Bacon's Advancement of Learning, Book I.

the Christian church was not delayed; for his baptism recorded in the register of St. Mary's parish in that city, have been performed on the day of his birth: His father there stiled *Gentleman*, a circumstance of which an ignora panegyrist has praised him for not being proud; when t truth is, that the appellation of Gentleman, though now lost the indiscriminate assumption of *Esquire*, was common taken by those who could not boast of gentility. His fath was Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscu extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller a stationer. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. Th were well advanced in years when they married, and never h more than two children, both sons; Samuel, their first-bo who lived to be the illustrious character whose vario excellence I am to endeavour to record, and Nathanael, w died in his twenty-fifth year.[1]

Mr. Michael Johnson was a man of a large and robust boc and of a strong and active mind; yet, as in the most so rocks veins of unsound substance are often discovered, the was in him a mixture of that disease, the nature of whi eludes the most minute enquiry, though the effects are w known to be a weariness of life, an unconcern about tho things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and general sensation of gloomy wretchedness. From him th his son inherited, with some other qualities, "a vile mela choly," which in his too strong expression of any disturban of mind, "made him mad all his life, at least not sober Michael was, however, forced by the narrowness of circumstances to be very diligent in business, not only in shop, but by occasionally resorting to several towns in t neighbourhood,[3] some of which were at a considera

1 [Nathanael was born in 1712, and died in 1737. Their father, Michael Johnson, born at Cubley in Derbyshire, in 1656, and died at Lichfield in 1731, at the ag seventy-six. Sarah Ford, his wife, was born at Kings Norton, in the county Worcester, in 1669, and died at Lichfield, in January 1759, in her ninetieth year.—Ki Norton Dr. Johnson supposed to be in Warwickshire, (see his inscription for his moth tomb,) but it is in Worcestershire, probably on the confines of the county of Warw —M.]

2 Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, third edition, p. 21. [Sept. 16]

3 Extract of a letter dated "Trentham, St. Peter's day, 1776, written by the l George Paxton, Esquire, at that time to Lord Gower, which may serve to show rough estimate in which the Father of our great Moralist was held —" Johnson's Lichfield librarian is now here; he propagates learning all over this diocese, advanceth knowledge to its just height; all the Clergy here are his pupils, and such they have been years. A clerk cannot make a warrant without his precedent, nor quondam John Evans draw a recognizance *sine directione Michaelis*." —Gentlem Magazine, October, 1792.

tance from Lichfield. At that time booksellers' shops in provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there s not one even in Birmingham, in which town old Mr. nson used to open a shop every market-day. He was a tty good Latin scholar, and a citizen so creditable as to be de one of the magistrates of Lichfield; and, being a man of od sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable re of wealth, of which however he afterwards lost the atest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in a manufacture of chment. He was a zealous high-church man and royalist, l retained his attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart, ugh he reconciled himself, by casuistical arguments of pediency and necessity, to take the oaths imposed by the vailing power.

There is a circumstance in his life somewhat romantick, but well authenticated, that I shall not omit it. A young man of Leek, in Staffordshire, while he served his apprenship there, conceived a violent passion for him; and ugh he met with no favourable return, followed him to hfield, where she took lodgings opposite to the house in ich he lived, and indulged her hopeless flame. When he s informed that it so preyed upon her mind that her life was danger, he with a generous humanity went to her and ered to marry her, but it was then too late: Her vital ver was exhausted; and she actually exhibited one of the y rare instances of dying for love. She was buried in the nedral of Lichfield; and he, with a tender regard, placed a ne over her grave with this inscription:

Here lies the body of
Mrs Elizabeth Blaney, a stranger:
She departed this life
20 of September, 1694.

ohnson's mother was a woman of distinguished underding.[1] I asked his old school-fellow, Mr. Hector,

[1] It was not, however, much cultivated, as we may collect from Dr. Johnson's own unt of his early years, published by R. Phillips, 8vo. 1805, a work undoubtedly entick, and which, though short, is curious, and well worthy of perusal. "My r and mother (says Johnson) had not much happiness from each other. They seldom ersed; for my father could not bear to talk of his affairs; and my mother, *being quainted with books*, cared not to talk of any thing else. Had my mother been more ate, they had been better companions. She might have sometimes introduced her elcome topick with more success, if she could have diversified her conversation. Of ness she had no distinct conception; and therefore her discourse was composed only mplaint, fear, and suspicion. Neither of them ever tried to calculate the profits of , or the expences of living. My mother concluded that we were poor, because we by some of our trades; but the truth was, that my father, having in the early part of

surgeon, of Birmingham, if she was not vain of her son. I said, "she had too much good sense to be vain, but she kn her son's value." Her piety was not inferiour to her und standing; and to her must be ascribed those early impressio of religion upon the mind of her son, from which the wo afterwards derived so much benefit. He told me, that remembered distinctly having had the first notice of Heav "a place to which good people went," and hell, "a place which bad people went," communicated to him by her, wher little child in bed with her; and that it might be the better fix in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to Thomas Jackso their man-servant; he not being in the way, this was not don but there was no occasion for any artificial aid for its pres vation.

In following so very eminent a man from his cradle to grave, every minute particular, which can throw light on t progress of his mind, is interesting. That he was remarkab even in his earliest years, may easily be supposed; for to t his own words in his Life of Sydenham, "That the strength his understanding, the accuracy of his discernment, and t ardour of his curiosity, might have been remarked from infancy, by a diligent observer, there is no reason to dou For, there is no instance of any man, whose history has be minutely related, that did not in every part of life discover t same proportion of intellectual vigour."

In all such investigations it is certainly unwise to pay t much attention to incidents which the credulous relate w eager satisfaction, and the more scrupulous or witty enqui considers only as topicks of ridicule: Yet there is a traditio story of the infant Hercules of toryism, so curiously charact istick, that I shall not withhold it. It was communicated me in a letter from Miss Mary Adye, of Lichfield.

"When Dr. Sacheverel was at Lichfield, Johnson was quite three years old. My grandfather Hammond observ him at the cathedral perched upon his father's shoulde listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Hammond asked Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so gr a crowd. He answered, because it was impossible to k him at home; for, young as he was, he believed he k

his life contracted debts, never had trade sufficient to enable him to pay them, an maintain his family: he got something, but not enough. It was not till about 1768, I thought to calculate the returns of my father's trade, and by that estimate his prof profits. This, I believe, my parents never did."—M.]

ught the publick spirit and zeal for Sacheverel, and would ve staid for ever in the church, satisfied with beholding n."

Nor can I omit a little instance of that jealous independence spirit, and impetuosity of temper, which never forsook him. e fact was acknowledged to me by himself, upon the thority of his mother. One day, when the servant who used be sent to school to conduct him home, had not come in ne, he set out by himself, though he was then so near-sighted, t he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to e a view of the kennel before he ventured to step over it. s school-mistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall o the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some tance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. eling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength uld permit.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life inent to a degree almost incredible, the following early tance was told me in his presence at Lichfield, in 1776, by step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his ther. When he was a child in petticoats, and had learnt to d, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the common prayer-book o his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, am, you must get this by heart." She went up stairs, ving him to study it: but by the time she had reached the ond floor, she heard him following her. "What's the tter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and repeated distinctly, though he could not have read it more than ce.

But there has been another story of his infant precocity erally circulated, and generally believed, the truth of which m to refute upon his own authority. It is told,[1] that, when nild of three years old, he chanced to tread upon a duckling, eleventh of a brood, and killed it; upon which, it is said, dictated to his mother the following epitaph:

"Here lies good master duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If it had liv'd, it had been *good luck*,
For then we'd had an *odd one*."

ere is surely internal evidence that this little composition nbines in it, what no child of three years old could produce,

[1] Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, by Hester Lynch Piozzi, p. 11. Life of Dr. Johnson, by John Hawkins, p. 6.

without an extension of its faculties by immediate inspiration yet Mrs. Lucy Porter, Dr. Johnson's step-daughter, positively maintained to me, in his presence, that there could be no doubt of the truth of this anecdote, for she had heard it from his mother. So difficult is it to obtain an authentick relation of facts, and such authority may there be for errour; for I assured me, that his father made the verses, and wished to pass them for his child's. He added, "my father was a foolish old man; that is to say, foolish in talking of his children."[1]

Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrophula, or king's-evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other. There is amongst his prayers,[2] one inscribed "*When my* EYE *was restored to its use*," which ascertains a defect that many of his friends knew he had, though I never perceived it.[3] I suppose him to be only near-sighted; and indeed I must observe, that in no other respect could I discern any defect in his vision; on the contrary, the force of his attention and perceptive quickness made him see and distinguish all manner of objects, whether of nature or of art, with a nicety that is rarely to be found. When he and I were travelling in the Highlands of Scotland, and I pointed out to him a mountain which I observed resembled a cone, he corrected my inaccuracy, by shewing me, that it was indeed pointed at the top, but that one side of it was larger than the other. And the ladies with whom he was acquainted agree, that no man was more nice and minutely critical in the elegance of female dress. When I found that he saw the romantick beauties of Islam,

[1] This anecdote of the duck, though disproved by internal and external evidence, nevertheless, upon suppression of its truth, been made the foundation of the following ingenious and tasteful reflections of Miss Seward, amongst the communications concerning Dr. Johnson with which she has been pleased to favour me:—"These infant traits contain the seeds of those propensities which through life so strongly mark the character, of that poetick talent which afterwards bore such rich and plentiful fruits, exemplifying his orthographic verses, every thing which Dr. Johnson wrote was poetry, whose essence consists not in numbers, or in rime, but in the strength and glow of fancy, to which all the stores of nature and of art stand in prompt administration; and an eloquence which conveys their blended illustrations in a language, 'more tuneful than needs or rhyme or verse to add more harmony.'

"The above little verses also shew that superstitious bias which 'grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength,' and, of late years past entirely, into religious gloominess, by grasping to him the gloomy side of religion, rather than that bright consoling one which gives the period of closing life with the light of pious hope."

[2] This is so beautifully imagined, that I would not suppress it. But, like many other fine things, it is destroyed by a supposed fact, which is, indeed, a fiction.

[3] Speaking, however, of the imperfection of one of his eyes, he said to Dr. Burney, "This dog was never good for much."—BURNEY.]

rbyshire, much better than I did, I told him that he resembled able performer upon a bad instrument. How false and ntemptible then are all the remarks which have been made the prejudice either of his candour or of his philosophy, nded upon a supposition that he was almost blind. It has en said, that he contracted this grievous malady from his rse.[1] His mother, yielding to the superstitious notion, ich, it is wonderful to think, prevailed so long in this ntry, as to the virtue of the regal touch; a notion, which kings encouraged, and to which a man of such enquiry and h judgement as Carte could give credit; carried him to ndon, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne.[2] s. Johnson indeed, as Mr. Hector informed me, acted by advice of the celebrated Sir John Floyer, then a physician Lichfield. Johnson used to talk of this very frankly; and s. Piozzi has preserved his very picturesque description of scene, as it remained upon his fancy. Being asked if he uld remember Queen Anne,—"He had (he said) a confused, somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in monds, and a long black hood."[3] This touch, however, s without any effect. I ventured to say to him, in allusion the political principles in which he was educated, and of ich he ever retained some odour, that "his mother had not ried him far enough; she should have taken him to ROME." He was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a low, who kept a school for young children in Lichfield. He d me she could read the black letter, and asked him to row for her, from his father, a bible in that character. hen he was going to Oxford, she came to take leave of him, ought him, in the simplicity of her kindness, a present of gerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had. delighted in mentioning this early compliment: adding, with le, that "this was as high a proof of his merit as he could ceive." His next instructor in English was a master, whom, en he spoke of him to me, he familiarly called Tom Brown,

[1] Such was the opinion of Dr. Swinfen. Johnson's eyes were very soon discovered to ad, and to relieve them, an issue was cut in his left arm. At the end of ten weeks his birth, he was taken home from his nurse, "a poor diseased infant, almost blind." a work, already quoted, entitled "An account of the life of Dr Samuel Johnson, his birth to his eleventh year; written by himself." 8vo. 1805.—M.]

[2] He was only thirty months old, when he was taken to London to be touched for the During this visit, he tells us, his mother purchased for him a small silver cup and n. "The cup," he affectingly adds, "was one of the last pieces of plate which dear y sold, in our distress. I have now the spoon. She bought at the same time two poons, and till my manhood, she had no more." Ibid.—M.]

[3] Anecdotes, p. 10.

who, said he, "published a spelling-book, and dedicated it the UNIVERSE; but, I fear, no copy of it can now be had."

He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher, or under master of Lichfield school, "a man (said he) very skilful in his little way." With him he continued two years, and then removed to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the headmaster, who, according to his account, "was very severe, and wrong-headedly severe. He used (said he) to beat us unmercifully; and he did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing, as for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question, and if he did not answer it, he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him."

It is, however, but justice to the memory of Mr. Hunter to mention, that though he might err in being too severe, the school of Lichfield was very respectable in his time. The late Dr. Taylor, Prebendary of Westminster, who was educated under him, told me, that "he was an excellent master, and that his ushers were most of them men of eminence; that Holbrook, one of the most ingenious men, best scholars, and best preachers of his age, was usher during the greatest part of the time that Johnson was at school. Then came Hague, of whom as much might be said, with the addition that he was an elegant poet. Hague was succeeded by Green, afterward Bishop of Lincoln, whose character in the learned world is well known. In the same form with Johnson was Congreve, who afterwards became chaplain to Archbishop Boulter, and by that connection obtained good preferment in Ireland. He was a younger son of the ancient family of Congreve, of Staffordshire, of which the poet was a branch. His brother sold the estate. There was also Lowe, afterwards Canon of Windsor."

Indeed Johnson was very sensible how much he owed to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Langton one day asked him how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which, I believe, he was exceeded by no man of his time; he said, "My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing." He told Mr. Langton, that while Hunter was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I

save you from the gallows." Johnson, upon all occasions, pressed his approbation of enforcing instruction by means of rod.[1] "I would rather (said he) have the rod to be the neral terrour to all, to make them learn, than tell a child, if u do thus, or thus, you will be more esteemed than your others or sisters. The rod produces an effect which ter-nates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets task, and there's an end on't; whereas, by exciting ulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the ndation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters e each other."

When Johnson saw some young ladies in Lincolnshire who re remarkably well behaved, owing to their mother's strict cipline and severe correction, he exclaimed, in one of akespeare's lines a little varied,[2]

"*Rod*, I will honour thee for this thy duty."

That superiority over his fellows, which he maintained with much dignity in his march through life, was not assumed m vanity and ostentation, but was the natural and constant ct of those extraordinary powers of mind, of which he could but be conscious by comparison; the intellectual difference, ich in other cases of comparison of characters, is often a tter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as the eriority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did strut or stand on tip-toe; he only did not stoop. From earliest years, his superiority was perceived and acknowged. He was from the beginning, Ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, a king of n. His schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished with many particulars of his boyish days; and assured me t he never knew him corrected at school, but for talking l diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to rn by intuition; for though indolence and procrastination e inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an rtion he did more than any one else. In short, he is a morable instance of what has been often observed, that the y is the man in miniature: and that the distinguishing aracteristicks of each individual are the same, through the ole course of life. His favourites used to receive very eral assistance from him; and such was the submission and erence with which he was treated, such the desire to obtain

[1] Johnson's observations to Dr. Rose on this subject, may be found in a subsequent of this work. See *post*, near the end of the year 1775.—Burney.]

[2] More than a little. The line is in King Henry VI. Part ii. act iv. sc. last: Sword. I will hallow thee for this thy deed."—M.]

his regard, that three of the boys, of whom Mr. Hector w
sometimes one, used to come in the morning as his humb
attendants, and carry him to school. One in the midd
stooped, while he sat upon his back, and one on each si
supported him ; and thus he was borne triumphant. Such
proof of the early predominance of intellectual vigour is ve
remarkable, and does honour to human nature.—Talking to r
once himself of his being much distinguished at school, he to
me, "they never thought to raise me by comparing me
any one ; they never said, Johnson is as good a scholar as su
a one ; but such a one is as good a scholar as Johnson ; a
this was said but of one, but of Lowe ; and I do not think he w
as good a scholar."

He discovered a great ambition to excel, which roused h
to counteract his indolence. He was uncommonly inquisitiv
and his memory was so tenacious, that he never forgot anythi
that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers havi
recited to him eighteen verses, which, after a little pause,
repeated *verbatim*, varying only one epithet, by which he i
proved the line.

He never joined with the other boys in their ordina
diversions: his only amusement was in winter, when he took
pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy barefooted, w
pulled him along by a garter fixed round him; no very ea
operation, as his size was remarkably large. His defecti
sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sport
and he once pleasantly remarked to me, "how wonderfully w
he had contrived to be idle without them." Lord Chesterfie
however, has justly observed in one of his letters, wh
earnestly cautioning a friend against the pernicious effects
idleness, that active sports are not to be reckoned idleness
young people; and that the listless torpor of doing nothi
alone deserves that name. Of this dismal inertness of d
position, Johnson had all his life too great a share. Mr. Hec
relates, that "he could not oblige him more than by saunteri
away the hours of vacation in the fields, during which he w
more engaged in talking to himself than to his companion."

Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who was long intimat
acquainted with him, and has preserved a few anecdotes co
cerning him, regretting that he was not a more diligen
collector, informs me, that "when a boy he was immoderatel
fond of reading romances of chivalry, and he retained
fondness for them through life: so that (adds his Lordshi

ending part of a summer at my parsonage-house in the ntry, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish nance of FELIXMARTE OF HIRCANIA, in folio, which he read ite through. Yet I have heard him attribute to these ex- vagant fictions that unsettled turn of mind which prevented ever fixing in any profession."

After having resided for some time at the house of his uncle,[1] rnelius Ford, Johnson was, at the age of fifteen, removed to school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, of which Mr. ntworth was then master. This step was taken by the vice of his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ford, a man in whom both ents and good dispositions were disgraced by licentiousness,[2] who was a very able judge of what was right. At this ool he did not receive so much benefit as was expected. nas been said, that he acted in the capacity of an assistant Mr. Wentworth, in teaching the younger boys. "Mr. ntworth (he told me) was a very able man, but an idle man, l to me very severe; but I cannot blame him much. I was n a big boy; he saw I did not reverence him; and that he uld get no honour by me. I had brought enough with me, carry me through; and all I should get at his school would ascribed to my own labour, or to my former master. Yet taught me a great deal."

He thus discriminated, to Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, progress at his two grammar-schools. "At one, I learned ch in the school, but little from the master; in the other, I nt much from the master, but little in the school."

The Bishop also informs me, that "Dr. Johnson's father, ore he was received at Stourbridge, applied to have him itted as a scholar and assistant to the Rev. Samuel Lea, A., head master of Newport school, in Shropshire; (a very gent good teacher, at that time in high reputation, under om Mr. Hollis is said, in the Memoirs of his Life, to have n also educated).[3] This application to Mr. Lea was not cessful; but Johnson had afterwards the gratification to r that the old gentleman, who lived to a very advanced age, ntioned it as one of the most memorable events of his life, t "he was *very near* having that great man for his scholar."

[1] Cornelius Ford, according to Sir John Hawkins, was his cousin-german, being the of Dr. Joseph [Q. Nathanael] Ford, an eminent Physician, who was brother to son's mother.—M.]

He is said to be the original of the parson in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conver- n.

[3] He was likewise the Bishop of Dromore many years afterwards.

He remained at Stourbridge little more than a year, a then he returned home, where he may be said to have loiter for two years, in a state very unworthy his uncommon abiliti He had already given several proofs of his poetical geni both in his school-exercises and in other occasional compositio Of these I have obtained a considerable collection, by favour of Mr. Wentworth, son of one of his masters, and Mr. Hector, his school-fellow and friend; from which I se the following specimens:

Translation of VIRGIL. Pastoral I.

MELIBŒUS.

Now, Tityrus, you, supine and careless laid,
Play on your pipe beneath this beechen shade;
While wretched we about the world must roam,
And leave our pleasing fields and native home,
Here at your ease you sing your amorous flame,
And the wood rings with Amarillis' name.

TITYRUS.

Those blessings, friend, a deity bestow'd,
For I shall never think him less than God;
Oft on his altar shall my firstlings lie,
Their blood the consecrated stones shall dye:
He gave my flocks to graze the flowery meads,
And me to tune at ease th' unequal reeds.

MELIBŒUS

My admiration only I exprest,
(No spark of envy harbours in my breast,
That, when confusion o'er the country reigns,
To you alone this happy state remains.
Here I, though faint myself, must drive my goats,
Far from their antient fields and humble cots.
This scarce I lead, who left on yonder rock
Two tender kids, the hopes of all the flock.
Had we not been perverse and careless grown,
This dire event by omens was foreshown;
Our trees were blasted by the thunder stroke,
And left hand crows, from an old hollow oak,
Foretold the coming evil by their dismal croak.

Translation of HORACE. Book I. Ode xxii.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart
With virtue's sacred ardour glows,
Nor taints with death the envenom'd dart
Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows;

Though Scythia's icy cliffs he treads,
Or horrid Africk's faithless sands;
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
His liquid wealth o'er barbarous lands.

For while by Chloe's image charm'd,
Too far in Sabine woods I stray'd;
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
A grizly wolf surprised, and fled.

No savage more portentous stain'd
Apulia's spacious wilds with gore;
No fiercer Juba's thirsty land,
Dire nurse of raging lions, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs;
Where clouds condens'd for ever veil
With horrid gloom the frowning skies:

Place me beneath the burning line,
A clime deny'd to human race:
I'll sing of Chloe's charms divine,
Her heav'nly voice, and beauteous face.

Translation of HORACE. Book II. Ode ix.

CLOUDS do not always veil the skies,
Nor showers immerse the verdant plain:
Nor do the billows always rise,
Or storms afflict the ruffled main.

Nor, Valgius, on th' Armenian shores
Do the chain'd waters always freeze;
Not always furious Boreas roars,
Or bends with violent force the trees.

But you are ever drown'd in tears,
For Mystes dead you ever mourn;
No setting Sol can ease your care,
But finds you sad at his return.

The wise experienc'd Grecian sage
Mourn'd not Antilochus so long;
Nor did King Priam's hoary age
So much lament his slaughter'd son.

Leave off, at length, these women's sighs,
Augustus' numerous trophies sing;
Repeat that prince's victories,
To whom all nations tribute bring.

Niphates rolls an humbler wave,
At length the undaunted Scythian yields,
Content to live the Roman's slave,
And scarce forsakes his native fields.

nslation of part of the Dialogue between HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE; *from the Sixth Book of* HOMER'S ILIAD.

SHE ceas'd; then godlike Hector answer'd kind,
(His various plumage sporting in the wind)
That post, and all the rest, shall be my care;
But shall I, then, forsake the unfinished war?
How would the Trojans brand great Hector's name!

And one base action sully all my fame,
Acquired by wounds and battles bravely fought!
Oh! how my soul abhors so mean a thought.
Long since I learn'd to slight this fleeting breath,
And view with cheerful eyes approaching death.
The inexorable sisters have decreed
That Priam's house, and Priam's self shall bleed:
The day will come, in which proud Troy shall yield,
And spread its smoking ruins o'er the field.
Yet Hecuba's, nor Priam's hoary age,
Whose blood shall quench some Grecian's thirsty rage,
Nor my brave brothers, that have bit the ground,
Their souls dismiss'd through many a ghastly wound,
Can in my bosom half that grief create,
As the sad thought of your impending fate:
When some proud Grecian dame shall tasks impose,
Mimick your tears, and ridicule your woes;
Beneath Hyperia's waters shall you sweat,
And, fainting, scarce support the liquid weight:
Then shall some Argive loud insulting cry,
Behold the wife of Hector, guard of Troy!
Tears, at my name, shall drown those beauteous eyes,
And that fair bosom heave with rising sighs!
Before that day, by some brave hero's hand
May I lie slain, and spurn the bloody sand.

To a YOUNG LADY *on her* BIRTH-DAY.[1]

THIS tributary verse receive my fair,
Warm with an ardent lover's fondest pray'r.
May this returning day for ever find
Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind;
All pains, all cares, may favouring heav'n remove,
All but the sweet solicitudes of love!
May powerful nature join with grateful art,
To point each glance, and force it to the heart!
O then, when conquered crowds confess thy sway,
When ev'n proud wealth and prouder wit obey,
My fair, be mindful of the mighty trust,
Alas! 'tis hard for beauty to be just.
Those sovereign charms with strictest care employ;
Nor give the generous pain, the worthless joy:
With his own form acquaint the forward fool,
Shewn in the faithful glass of ridicule;
Teach mimick censure her own faults to find,
No more let coquettes to themselves be blind,
So shall Belinda's charms improve mankind.

THE YOUNG AUTHOUR.[2]

WHEN first the peasant, long inclin'd to roam,
Forsakes his rural sports and peaceful home,

[1] Mr. Hector informs me that this was made almost *impromptu* in his presence.
[2] This he inserted with many alterations in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1743. however, did not add his name. See Gent. Mag. vol. xiii. p. 378.—M.]

Pleas'd with the scene the smiling ocean yields,
He scorns the verdant meads and flow'ry fields;
Then dances jocund o'er the watery way.
While the breeze whispers, and the streamers play:
Unbounded prospects in his bosom roll,
And future millions lift his rising soul:
In blissful dreams he digs the golden mine,
And rapture'd sees the new-found ruby shine.
Joys insincere! thick clouds invade the skies,
Loud roar the billows, high the waves arise;
Sick'ning with fear, he longs to view the shore
And vows to trust the faithless deep no more.
So the young Authour, panting after fame,
And the long honours of a lasting name,
Entrusts his happiness to human kind,
More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.
"Toil on, dull croud, in extacies he cries,
For wealth or title, perishable prize:
While I those transitory blessings scorn,
Secure of praise from ages yet unborn."
This thought once form'd, all council comes too late,
He flies to press, and hurries on his fate;
Swiftly he sees the imagin'd laurels spread,
And feels the unfading wreath surround his head.
Warn'd by another's fate, vain youth be wise.
Those dreams were Settle's once, and Ogilby's:
The pamphlet spreads, incessant hisses rise,
To some retreat the baffled writer flies;
Where no sour criticks snarl, no sneers molest,
Safe from the tart lampoon, and stinging jest;
There begs of heaven a less distinguish'd lot,
Glad to be hid, and proud to be forgot.

LOGUE, *intended to have been spoken by a* LADY *who was to personate the Ghost of* HERMIONE.[1]

YE blooming train, who give despair or joy,
Bless with a smile, or with a frown destroy;
In whose fair cheeks destructive Cupids wait,
And with unerring shafts distribute fate;
Whose snowy breasts, whose animated eyes,
Each youth admires, though each admirer dies;
Whilst you deride their pangs in barb'rous play,
Unpitying see them weep, and hear them pray,
And unrelenting sport ten thousand lives away;
For you, ye fair, I quit the gloomy plains;
Where sable night in all her horrour reigns;
No fragrant bowers, no delightful glades,
Receive the unhappy ghosts of scornful maids.
For kind, for tender nymphs the myrtle blooms,
And weaves her bending boughs in pleasing glooms:

[1] Some young ladies at Lichfield having proposed to act "The Distressed Mother," Johnson wrote this, and gave it to Mr. Hector to convey it privately to them.

Perennial roses deck each purple vale,
And scents ambrosial breathe in every gale:
Far hence are banish'd vapours, spleen, and tears,
Tea, scandal, ivory teeth, and languid airs:
No pug, nor favourite Cupid there enjoys
The balmy kiss, for which poor Thyrsis dies;
Form'd to delight, they use no foreign arms,
Nor torturing whalebones pinch them into charms;
No conscious blushes there their cheeks inflame.
For those who feel no guilt can know no shame;
Unfaded still their former charms they shew,
Around them pleasures wait, and joys for ever new
But cruel virgins meet severer fates;
Expell'd and exil'd from the blissful seats,
To dismal realms, and regions void of peace,
Where furies ever howl, and serpents hiss.
O'er the sad plains perpetual tempests sigh,
And pois'nous vapours, black'ning all the sky,
With living hue the fairest face o'ercast,
And every beauty withers at the blast:
Where'er they fly their lovers' ghosts pursue.
Inflicting all those ills which once they knew;
Vexation, Fury, Jealousy, Despair,
Vex ev'ry eye, and every bosom tear;
Their foul deformities by all descry'd,
No maid to flatter, and no paint to hide.
Then melt, ye fair, while crouds around you sigh,
Nor let disdain sit lowring in your eye;
With pity soften every awful grace,
And beauty smile auspicious in each face;
To ease their pains exert your milder power,
So shall you guiltless reign, and all mankind adore.

The two years which he spent at home, after his return
Stourbridge, he passed in what he thought idleness, and
scolded by his father for his want of steady application.
had no settled plan of life, nor looked forward at all,
merely lived from day to day. Yet he read a great deal
desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as ch
threw books in his way, and inclination directed him thr
them. He used to mention one curious instance of his ca
reading, when but a boy. Having imagined that his bro
had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper
in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. T
were no apples; but the large folio proved to be Petra
whom he had seen mentioned, in some preface, as one o
restorers of learning. His curiosity having been thus exc
he sat down with avidity, and read a great part of the b
What he read during these two years, he told me, was

ks of mere amusement, "not voyages and travels, but all rature, Sir, all ancient writers, all manly: though but little eek, only some of Anacreon and Hesiod: but in this gular manner (added he) I had looked into a great many oks, which were not commonly known at the Universities, ere they seldom read any books but what are put into their ads by their tutors; so that when I came to Oxford, Dr. ams, now master of Pembroke College, told me, I was the t qualified for the University that he had ever known come re."

n estimating the progress of his mind during these two rs, as well as in future periods of his life, we must not regard own hasty confession of idleness; for we see, when he lains himself, that he was acquiring various stores; and, eed he himself concluded the account, with saying, "I uld not have you think I was doing nothing then." He ght, perhaps, have studied more assiduously; but it may be ubted, whether such a mind as his was not more enriched by ming at large in the fields of literature, than if it had been fined to any single spot. The analogy between body and nd is very general, and the parallel will hold as to their food, well as any other particular. The flesh of animals who feed ursively, is allowed to have a higher flavour than that of se who are cooped up. May there not be the same ference between men who read as their taste prompts, and n who are confined in cells and colleges to stated tasks?

That a man in Mr. Michael Johnson's circumstances should nk of sending his son to the expensive University of Oxford, his own charge, seems very improbable. The subject was delicate to question Johnson upon; but I have been ured by Dr. Taylor, that the scheme never would have taken ce, had not a gentleman of Shropshire, one of his school-ows, spontaneously undertaken to support him at Oxford, the character of his companion: though, in fact, he never eived any assistance whatever from that gentleman.

He, however, went to Oxford, and was entered a Commoner Pembroke College, on the 31st of October, 1728, being then his nineteenth year.

The Reverend Dr. Adams, who afterwards presided over mbroke College with universal esteem, told me he was sent, and gave me some account of what passed on the ht of Johnson's arrival at Oxford. On that evening, his her, who had anxiously accompanied him, found means to

have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, who was to be his tut
His being put under any tutor, reminds us of what Wood sa
of Robert Burton, authour of the "Anatomy of Melancholy
when elected student of Christ Church; "for form's sak
though he wanted not a tutor, he was put under the tuition
Dr. John Bancroft, afterwards Bishop of Oxon."[1]

His father seemed very full of the merits of his son, and to
the company he was a good scholar, and a poet, and wro
Latin verses. His figure and manner appeared strange
them; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till up
something which occurred in the course of conversation,
suddenly struck in and quoted Macrobius; and thus he ga
the first impression of that more extensive reading in which
had indulged himself.

His tutor, Mr. Jorden, fellow of Pembroke, was not, it seem
a man of such abilities as we should conceive requisite for t
instructor of Samuel Johnson, who gave me the followi
account of him. "He was a very worthy man, but a hea
man, and I did not profit much by his instructions. Indeed
did not attend him much. The first day after I came
college, I waited upon him, and then staid away four. On t
sixth, Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended.
answered, I had been sliding in Christ-Church meadow. A
this I said with as much *nonchalance* as I am now[2] talking
you. I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to
tutor." BOSWELL. "That, Sir, was great fortitude of min
JOHNSON. "No, Sir, stark insensibility."[3]

The fifth of November was at that time kept with gr
solemnity at Pembroke College, and exercises upon the s
ject of the day were required. Johnson neglected to perfo
his, which is much to be regretted; for his vivacity of imagi
tion, and force of language, would probably have produ
something sublime upon the gunpowder plot. To apolog
for his neglect, he gave in a short copy of verses, intit
Somnium, containing a common thought; "that the Muse
come to him in his sleep, and whispered, that it did not beco
him to write on such subjects as politicks; he should con
himself to humbler themes:" but the versification was t
Virgilian.

[1] Athen. Oxon. edit. 1721, i. 627.
[2] Oxford, 20th March 1776.
[3] It ought to be remembered that Dr. Johnson was apt, in his literary as well as
exercises, to overcharge his defects. Dr. Adams informed me that he attended
tutor's lectures, and also the lectures in the College Hall, very regularly.

He had a love and respect for Jorden, not for his literature, for his worth. "Whenever (said he) a young man becomes den's pupil, he becomes his son."

Having given such a specimen of his poetical powers, he was ed by Mr. Jorden, to translate Pope's Messiah into Latin se, as a Christmas exercise. He performed it with uncommon idity, and in so masterly a manner, that he obtained great plause from it, which ever after kept him high in the mation of his College, and, indeed, of all the University.

It is said, that Mr. Pope expressed himself concerning it in ms of strong approbation. Dr. Taylor told me, that it was t printed for old Mr. Johnson, without the knowledge of his , who was very angry when he heard of it. A Miscellany of ems collected by a person of the name of Husbands, was olished at Oxford in 1731. In that Miscellany Johnson's nslation of the Messiah appeared, with this modest motto m Scaliger's Poeticks, "*Ex alieno ingenio Poeta, ex suo tantum sificator.*"

I am not ignorant that critical objections have been made this and other specimens of Johnson's Latin Poetry. I nowledge myself not competent to decide on a question of h extreme nicety. But I am satisfied with the just and criminative eulogy pronounced upon it by my friend Mr. urtenay.

"And with like ease his vivid lines assume
The garb and dignity of ancient Rome.—
Let college *verse-men* trite conceits express,
Trick'd out in splendid shreds of Virgil's dress:
From playful Ovid cull the tinsel phrase,
And vapid notions hitch in pilfer'd lays;
Then with mosaic art the piece combine,
And boast the glitter of each dulcet line:
Johnson adventur'd boldly to transfuse
His vigorous sense into the Latin muse;
Aspir'd to shine by unreflected light,
And with a Roman's ardour *think* and write.
He felt the tuneful Nine his breast inspire,
And, like a master, wak'd the soothing lyre:
Horatian strains a grateful heart proclaim,
While Sky's wild rocks resound his Thralia's name.—
Hesperia's plant, in some less skilful hands,
To bloom a while, factitious heat demands:
Though glowing Maro a faint warmth supplies,
The sickly blossom in the hot-house dies:
By Johnson's genial culture, art, and toil,
Its root strikes deep, and owns the fost'ring soil;

Imbibes our sun through all its swelling veins,
And grows a native of Britannia's plains."[1]

The "morbid melancholy," which was lurking in h constitution, and to which we may ascribe those particulariti and that aversion to regular life, which, at a very early perio marked his character, gathered such strength in his twentie year, as to afflict him in a dreadful manner. While he was Lichfield, in the college vacation of the year 1729, he felt hi self overwhelmed with an horrible hypochondria, with perpetu irritation, fretfulness, and impatience; and with a dejectio gloom, and despair, which made existence misery. From t dismal malady he never afterwards was perfectly relieved; a all his labours, and all his enjoyments, were but tempor interruptions of its baleful influence. How wonderful, h unsearchable are the ways of God! Johnson, who was bl with all the powers of genius and understanding in a degree above the ordinary state of human nature, was at the same ti visited with a disorder so afflictive, that they who know it dire experience, will not envy his exalted endowments. T it was, in some degree, occasioned by a defect in his nerv system, that inexplicable part of our frame, appears hig probable. He told Mr. Paradise that he was sometimes languid and inefficient, that he could not distinguish the h upon the town-clock.

Johnson, upon the first violent attack of this disorder, str to overcome it by forcible exertions. He frequently walked Birmingham and back again, and tried many other expedie but all in vain. His expression concerning it to me was "I not then know how to manage it." His distress became intolerable, that he applied to Dr. Swinfen, physician in L field, his god-father, and put into his hands a state of his c written in Latin. Dr. Swinfen was so much struck with extraordinary acuteness, research, and eloquence of this pa that in his zeal for his god son he shewed it to several pe H s daughter, Mrs. Desmoulins, who was many years huma supported in Dr. Johnson's house in London, told me, upon his discovering that Dr. Swinfen had communicated case, he was so much offended, that he was never afterwards reconciled to him. He indeed had good reason to be offend for though Dr. Swinfen's motive was good, he inconsider betrayed a matter deeply interesting and of great delic

[1] Poetical Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson, by Courtenay, Esq. M.P.

ch had been entrusted to him in confidence: and exposed
mplaint of his young friend and patient, which, in the
rficial opinion of the generality of mankind, is attended
contempt and disgrace.

ut let not little men triumph upon knowing that Johnson
an HYPOCHONDRIACK, was subject to what the learned,
osophical, and pious Dr. Cheyne has so well treated under
title of "The English Malady." Though he suffered
rely from it, he was not therefore degraded. The powers
is great mind might be troubled, and their full exercise
ended at times; but the mind itself was ever entire. As a
f of this, it is only necessary to consider, that, when he was
he very worst, he composed that state of his own case;
ch shewed an uncommon vigour, not only of fancy and
, but of judgement. I am aware that he himself was too
y to call such a complaint by the name of *madness;* in
formity with which notion, he has traced its gradations,
exquisite nicety, in one of the chapters of his RASSELAS.
there is surely a clear distinction between a disorder which
ts only the imagination and spirits, while the judgement
ound, and a disorder by which the judgement itself is
ured. The distinction was made to me by the late
essor Gaubius of Leyden, physician to the Prince of
nge, in a conversation which I had with him several years
and he explained it thus: "If (said he) a man tells me
he is grievously disturbed, for that he *imagines* he sees a
an coming against him with a drawn sword, though at the
time he is *conscious* it is a delusion, I pronounce him to
a disordered imagination; but if a man tells me that he
this, and in consternation calls to me to look at it, I
ounce him to be *mad*."

is a common effect of low spirits or melancholy, to make
who are afflicted with it imagine that they are actually
ring those evils which happen to be most strongly presented
eir minds. Some have fancied themselves to be deprived
e use of their limbs, some to labour under acute diseases,
rs to be in extreme poverty; when, in truth, there was not
least reality in any of the suppositions; so that when the
urs were dispelled, they were convinced of the delusion.
ohnson, whose supreme enjoyment was the exercise of his
on, the disturbance or obscuration of that faculty was the
most to be dreaded. Insanity, therefore, was the object of
most dismal apprehension; and he fancied himself seized

by it, or approaching to it, at the very time when he was givi proofs of a more than ordinary soundness and vigour of judg ment. That his own diseased imagination should have so deceived him, is strange; but it is stranger still that some his friends should have given credit to his groundless opinio when they had such undoubted proofs that it was tota fallacious; though it is by no means surprising that those w wish to depreciate him, should, since his death, have laid ho of this circumstance, and insisted upon it with very unf aggravation.

Amidst the oppression and distraction of a disease whi very few have felt in its full extent, but many have experienc in a slighter degree, Johnson, in his writings, and in conversation, never failed to display all the varieties of intell tual excellence. In his march through this world to a bet his mind still appeared grand and brilliant, and impressed around him with the truth of Virgil's noble sentiment—

"*Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo.*"

The history of his mind as to religion is an important arti I have mentioned the early impressions made upon his ten imagination by his mother, who continued her pious cares w assiduity, but, in his opinion, not with judgement. "Sun (said he) was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. mother confined me on that day, and made me read 'T Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could de no instruction. When, for instance, I had read the chapter theft, which from my infancy I had been taught was wrong, I no more convinced that theft was wrong than before; so th was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be introduce such books by having his attention directed to the arrangem to the style, and other excellencies of composition; that the n being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects may grow weary."

He communicated to me the following particulars upon subject of his religious progress. "I fell into an inattentio religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. church at Lichfield, in which we had a seat, wanted reparat so I was to go and find a seat in other churches; and ha bad eyes, and being awkward about this, I used to go and in the fields on Sunday. This habit continued till my fourte year; and still I find a great reluctance to go to church. I became a sort of lax *talker* against religion, for I did not u

k against it; and this lasted till I went to Oxford, where it ld not be *suffered*. When at Oxford, I took up Law's rious Call to a Holy Life,' expecting to find it a dull book, such books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But und Law (quite an overmatch for me; and this was the first asion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I ame ble of rational enquiry."[1] From this time forward religion the predominant object of his thoughts; though, with the sentiments of a conscientious christian, he lamented that practice of its duties fell far short of what it ought to be. his instance of a mind such as that of Johnson being first osed, by an unexpected incident, to think with anxiety of momentous concerns of eternity, and of "what he should o be saved," may for ever be produced in opposition to the ficial and sometimes profane contempt that has been wn upon those occasional impressions which it is certain y christians have experienced; though it must be acknowged that weak minds, from an erroneous supposition that no is in a state of grace who has not felt a particular conver-, have, in some cases, brought a degree of ridicule upon ; a ridicule, of which it is inconsiderate or unfair to make neral application.

ow seriously Johnson was impressed with a sense of religion, in the vigour of his youth, appears from the following age in his minutes kept by way of diary: Sept. 7, 1736. ve this day entered upon my 28th year. "Mayest thou, O , enable me, for JESUS CHRIST's sake, to spend this in such

rs. Piozzi has given a strange fantastical account of the original of Dr. Johnson's in our most holy religion. "At the age of *ten* years his mind was disturbed by s of infidelity, which preyed upon his spirits, and made him very uneasy, the , as he revealed his uneasiness to none, being naturally (as he said) of a sullen , and reserved disposition. He searched, however, diligently, but fruitlessly, for ces of the truth of revelation; and, at length, *recollecting* a book he had *once* seen *ose at four years old*] in his father's shop, intitled *De veritate Religionis, &c.*, he to think him elf *highly culpable* for neglecting such a means of information, and nself severely to task for this *sin*, adding many acts of voluntary, and, to others, s to *penance*. The first opportunity which offered, of course, he seized the book edity; but, on examination, *not finding himself scholar enough to peruse its* , set his heart at rest; and not thinking to enquire whether there were any books written on the subject, followed his usual amusements and *considered his ne as lightened of a crime*. He redoubled his diligence to learn the language that ed the information he most wished for; but from the pain which *guilt* [*namely omitted to read what he did not understand*] had given him, he now began to the soul's immortality; [*a sensation of pain in this world being an unquestionable t existence in another*, which was the point that belief first stopped at; *and from oment resolving to be a Christian*, became one of the most zealous and pious ones ion ever produced." *Anecdotes*, p. 17.

is one of the numerous misrepresentations of this lively lady, which it is worth o correct; for of credit should be given to such a childish, irrational, and ridiculous nt of the foundation of Dr. Johnson's faith in Christianity, how little credit would to it. Mrs. Piozzi seems to wish, that the world should think Dr. Johnson also he influence of that easy logick, *Stet pro ratione voluntas*

[1] [illegible]6

a manner, that I may receive comfort from it at the hour o death, and in the day of judgment ! Amen."

The particular course of his reading while at Oxford, an during the time of vacation which he passed at home, cannot b traced. Enough has been said of his irregular mode of stud He told me, that from his earliest years he loved to read poetr but hardly ever read any poem to an end ; that he read Sha speare at a period so early, that the speech of the Ghost Hamlet terrified him when he was alone ; that Horace's Od were the compositions in which he took most delight, and was long before he liked his Epistles and Satires. He told m what he read *solidly* at Oxford was Greek ; not the Grecia historians, but Homer and Euripides, and now and then a litt Epigram ; that the study of which he was the most fond w Metaphysicks, but he had not read much, even in that way. always thought that he did himself injustice in his account what he had read, and that he must have been speaking wi reference to the vast portion of study which is possible, and which a few scholars in the whole history of literature ha attained ; for when I once asked him whether a person who name I have now forgotten, studied hard, he answered "N Sir. I do not believe he studied hard. I never knew a m who studied hard. I conclude, indeed, from the effects, th some men have studied hard, as Bentley and Clarke." Tryi him by that criterion upon which he formed his judgement others, we may be absolutely certain, both from his writin and his conversation, that his reading was very extensive. I Adam Smith, than whom few were better judges on this subje once observed to me, that "Johnson knew more books than a man alive." He had a peculiar facility in seizing at once wh was valuable in any book, without submitting to the labour perusing it from beginning to end. He had, from the irritabi of his constitution, at all times, an impatience and hurry wh he either read or wrote. A certain apprehension arising fr novelty, made him write his first exercise at College twice ov but he never took that trouble with any other composition : a we shall see that his most excellent works were struck off a heat, with rapid exertion.[1]

Yet he appears, from his early notes or memorandums in possession, to have at various times attempted, or at le planned, a methodical course of study, according to compu

[1] [He told Dr. Burney, that he never wrote any of his works that were printed, t over. Dr. Burney's wonder at seeing several pages of his "Lives of the Poets, Manuscript, with scarce a blot or erasure, drew this observation from him.—M.]

n, of which he was all his life fond, as it fixed his attention adily upon something without, and prevented his mind from eying upon itself. Thus I find in his handwriting the number lines in each of two of Euripides's Tragedies, of the Georgicks Virgil, of the first six books of the Æneid of Horace's Art of etry, of three of the books of Ovid's Metamorphosis, of some rts of Theocritus, and of the tenth Satire of Juvenal; and a ple, showing at the rate of various numbers a day, (I suppose rses to be read,) what would be, in each case, the total amount a week, month, and year.

No man had a more ardent love of literature, or a higher pect for it, than Johnson. His apartment in Pembroke llege was that upon the second floor over the gateway. The thusiast of learning will ever contemplate it with veneration. he day, while he was sitting in it quite alone, Dr. Panting, then ister of the College, whom he called "a fine Jacobite fellow," erheard him uttering this soliloquy in his strong emphatick ice: "Well, I have a mind to see what is done in other ces of learning. I'll go and visit the Universities abroad. go to France and Italy. I'll go to Padua.— And I'll mind business. For an *Athenian* blockhead is the worst of all ckheads." [1]

Dr. Adams told me that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke llege, "was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay l frolicksome fellow, and passed there the happiest part his life." But this is a striking proof of the fallacy of appear-es, and how little any of us know of the real internal state n of those whom we see most frequently; for the truth is, that was then depressed by poverty, and irritated by disease. When entioned to him this account as given me by Dr. Adams, he d, "Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which y mistook for frolick. I was miserably poor, and I thought ight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded power and all authority."

The Bishop of Dromore observes in a letter to me, "The asure he took in vexing the tutors and fellows has been often ntioned. But I have heard him say, what ought to be orded to the honour of the present venerable master of that

[1] had this anecdote from Dr. Adams, and Dr. Johnson confirmed it. Bramston, in "Man of Taste," has the same thought:

"Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst."

Johnson's meaning however, is, that a scholar who is a blockhead, must be the worst of blockheads, because he is without excuse. But Bramston, in the assumed character of ignorant coxcomb, maintains, that *all* scholars are blockheads, on account of their scholarship.—J. Boswell.]

College, the Reverend William Adams, D.D., who was then ve
young, and one of the junior fellows; that the mild
judicious expostulations of this worthy man, whose virtue aw
him, and whose learning he revered, made him really asham
of himself, 'though I fear (said he) I was too proud to own i

"I have heard from some of his contemporaries that he w
generally seen lounging at the College gate, with a circle
young students round him, whom he was entertaining with w
and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting them up
rebellion against the College discipline, which in his matu
years he so much extolled."

He very early began to attempt keeping notes or mem
randums, by way of a diary of his life. I find, in a parcel
loose leaves, the following spirited resolution to contend agai
his natural indolence: *Oct.* 1729. "*Desidiæ valedixi; syre
istius cantibus surdam posthac aurem obversurus.*—I bid farew
to Sloth, being resolved henceforth not to listen to her sy
strains." I have also in my possession a few leaves of anot
Libellus, or little book, entitled ANNALES, in which some of
early particulars of his history are registered in Latin.

I do not find that he formed any close intimacies with
fellow-collegians. But Dr. Adams told me, that he contrac
a love and regard for Pembroke College, which he retained
the last. A short time before his death he sent to that Colle
a present of all his works, to be deposited in their library; a
he had thoughts of leaving to it his house at Lichfield; but
friends who were about him very properly dissuaded him fr
it, and he bequeathed it to some poor relations. He too
pleasure in boasting of the many eminent men who had b
educated at Pembroke. In this list are found the names
Mr. Hawkins the Poetry Professor, Mr. Shenstone, Sir Will
Blackstone, and others;[1] not forgetting the celebrated popu
preacher, Mr. George Whitefield, of whom, though Dr. John
did not think very highly, it must be acknowledged that
eloquence was powerful, his views pious and charitable,
assiduity almost incredible; and, that since his death,
integrity of his character has been fully vindicated. Be
himself a poet, Johnson was peculiarly happy in mention
how many of the sons of Pembroke were poets; adding, w
a smile of sportive triumph, "Sir, we are a nest of sing
birds."

He was not however, blind to what he thought the def

[1] See Nash's History of Worcestershire Vol. I. p. 529.

his own college: and I have, from the information of Taylor, a very strong instance of that rigid honesty which ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained his father's nsent to be entered of Pembroke, that he might be with his oolfellow Johnson, with whom, though some years older n himself, he was very intimate. This would have been a at comfort to Johnson. But he fairly told Taylor that he ld not, in conscience, suffer him to enter where he knew he ld not have an able tutor. He then made enquiry all nd the University, and having found that Mr. Bateman, of rist-Church, was the tutor of highest reputation, Taylor was ered of that College. Mr. Bateman's lectures were so ellent, that Johnson used to come and get them at second- d from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his es were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the rist-Church men, and he came no more. He was too proud accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new es at his door, he threw them away with indignation. How st we feel when we read such an anecdote of Samuel nson!

His spirited refusal of an eleemosynary supply of shoes, se, no doubt, from a proper pride. But, considering his etic disposition at times, as acknowledged by himself in his ditations, and the exaggeration with which some have ated the peculiarities of his character, I should not wonder near it ascribed to a principle of superstitious mortification; ve are told by Tursellinus, in his Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, t this intrepid founder of the order of Jesuits, when he ved at Goa, after having made a severe pilgrimage through eastern desarts, persisted in wearing his miserable shattered es, and when new ones were offered him, rejected them n unsuitable indulgence.

The *res angusta domi* prevented him from having the advantage a complete academical education. The friend to whom had trusted for support had deceived him. His debts in lege, though not great, were increasing; and his scanty ittances from Lichfield, which had all along been made h great difficulty, could be supplied no longer, his father ing fallen into a state of insolvency. Compelled, therefore, irresistible necessity, he left the College in autumn, 1731, hout a degree, having been a member of it little more than ee years.

Dr. Adams, the worthy and respectable master of Pembro College, has generally had the reputation of being Johnso tutor. The fact, however, is, that in 1731, Mr. Jorden quitt the College, and his pupils were transferred to Dr. Adams; that had Johnson returned, Dr. Adams *would have been tutor*. It is to be wished, that this connection had tak place. His equal temper, mild disposition, and politeness manner, might have insensibly softened the harshness Johnson, and infused into him those more delicate charit those *petites morales*, in which, it must be confessed, our gr moralist was more deficient than his best friends could fu justify. Dr. Adams paid Johnson this high compliment. said to me at Oxford, in 1776, "I was his nominal tutor; b he was above my mark." When I repeated it to Johnson, eyes flashed with grateful satisfaction, and he exclaimed, "Th was liberal and noble."

And now (I had almost said *poor*) Samuel Johnson return to his native city, destitute, and not knowing how he shou gain even a decent livelihood. His father's misfortunes trade rendered him unable to support his son; and for so time there appeared no means by which he could maint himself. In the December of this year his father died.

The state of poverty in which he died, appears from a n in one of Johnson's little diaries of the following year, wh strongly displays his spirit and virtuous dignity of mi "1732, *Julii* 15. *Undecim aureos deposui, quo die quic ante matris funus* (*quod serum sit precor*) *de paternis be sperari licet, viginti scilicet libras, accepi. Usque adeo m fortuna fingenda est. Interea, ne paupertate vires animi langu cant, nec in flagitia egestas abigat, cavendum.*—I layed by elev guineas on this day, when I received twenty pounds, being that I have reason to hope for out of my father's effe previous to the death of my mother; an event which I p GOD may be very remote. I now therefore see that I m make my own fortune. Meanwhile, let me take care that powers of my mind be not debilitated by poverty, and t indigence do not force me into any criminal act."

Johnson was so far fortunate, that the respectable chara of his parents, and his own merit, had, from his earliest ye secured him a kind reception in the best families at Lichfi Among these I can mention Mr. Howard, Dr. Swinfen, Simpson, Mr. Levett, Captain Garrick, father of the g ornament of the British stage; but above all, Mr. Gil

almsley,[1] Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court of Lichfield, ose character, long after his decease, Dr. Johnson has, in his e of Edmund Smith, thus drawn in the glowing colours of atitude:

"Of Gilbert Walmsley, thus presented to my mind, let me dulge myself in the remembrance. I knew him very early; was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and hope, that at least, my gratitude made me worthy of his tice.

"He was of an advanced age, and I was only not a boy, yet never received my notions with contempt. He was a whig, th all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet ference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him d he endured me.

"He had mingled with the gay world without exemption m its vices or its follies; but had never neglected the tivation of his mind. His belief of revelation was unshaken; learning preserved his principles; he grew first regular, and n pious.

"His studies had been so various, that I am not able to me a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books s great, and what he did not immediately know, he could, at st, tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, d such his copiousness of communication, that it may be ubted whether a day now passes, in which I have not some vantage from his friendship.

'At this man's table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive urs, with companions, such as are not often found—with one o has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with James, whose skill in physick will be long remembered; d with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with s character of our common friend. But what are the hopes man! I am disappointed by that stroke of death, which has ipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the publick ck of harmless pleasure."

In these families he passed much time in his early years. most of them, he was in the company of ladies, particularly

[1] Mr. Warton informs me, "that this early friend of Johnson was entered a Commoner Trinity College, Oxford, aged 17, in 1698; and is the author of many Latin verse slations in the Gentleman's Magazine. One of them is a translation of

"My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent," &c.

died August 3, 1751, and a monument to his memory has been erected in the cathe- of Lichfield, with an inscription written by Mr. Seward, one of the Prebendaries. His translation of "My time, O ye Muses," &c. may be found in the Gentleman's Gazine for 1745, vol. xv. p. 102. It is there subscribed with his name.—M.]

at Mr. Walmsley's, whose wife and sisters-in-law, of the name of Aston, and daughters of a Baronet, were remarkable for good breeding; so that the notion which has been industriously circulated and believed, that he never was in good company till late in life, and consequently had been confirmed in coarse and ferocious manners by long habits, is wholly without foundation. Some of the ladies have assured me, they recollected him well when a young man, as distinguished for his complaisance.

And that his politeness was not merely occasional and temporary, or confined to the circles of Lichfield, is ascertained by the testimony of a lady, who, in a paper with which I have been favoured by a daughter of his intimate friend and physician, Dr. Lawrence, thus describes Dr. Johnson some years afterwards:

"As the particulars of the former part of Dr. Johnson's life do not seem to be very accurately known, a lady hopes that the following information may not be unacceptable.

"She remembers Dr. Johnson on a visit to Dr. Taylor, at Ashbourn, some time between the end of the year 37, and the middle of the year 40; she rather thinks it to have been after he and his wife were removed to London. During his stay at Ashbourn, he made frequent visits to Mr. Meynell, at Bradley, where his company was much desired by the ladies of the family, who were, perhaps, in point of elegance and accomplishments, inferiour to few of those with whom he was afterwards acquainted. Mr. Meynell's eldest daughter was afterwards married to Mr. Fitzherbert, father to Mr. Alleyne Fitzherbert, lately minister to the court of Russia. Of her, Dr. Johnson said, in Dr. Lawrence's study, that she had the best understanding he ever met with in any human being. At Mr. Meynell's he also commenced that friendship with Miss Hill Boothby, sister to the present Sir Brook Boothby, which continued till her death. The *young woman whom he used to call Molly Aston*,[1] was sister to Sir Thomas Aston, and daughter to a Baronet; she was also sister to the wife of his friend, Mr. Gilbert Walmsley.[2] Besides his intimacy with the above mentioned persons, who were surely people of rank and

[1] The words of Sir John Hawkins, p. 316.

[2] Sir Thomas Aston, Bart., who died in January 1724-5, left one son, named Thomas, and eight daughters. Of the daughters, Catharine married Johnson's friend, the Hon. Henry Bertie; Margaret, Gilbert Walmsley. Another of these ladies married the Rev. Mr. Gastrell. Mary, or Molly Aston, as she was usually called, became the wife of Captain Broette of the Navy. Another sister, who was unmarried, was living at Lichfield in 1776. M.]

cation, while he was yet at Lichfield he used to be uently at the house of Dr. Swinfen, a gentleman of ancient family in Staffordshire, from which, after the th of his elder brother, he inherited a good estate. He besides, a physician of very extensive practice; but want of due attention to the management of his nestick concerns, left a very large family in ind gence. of his daughters, Mrs. Desmoulins, afterwards found an um in the house of her old friend, whose doors were ays open to the unfortunate, and who well observed the cept of the Gospel, for he 'was kind to the unthankful and he evil.'"

n the forlorn state of his circumstances, he accepted of an r to be employed as usher in the school of Market-Bosworth, Leicestershire, to which it appears, from one of his little ments of a diary, that he went on foot, on the 16th of July.—*ilii* 16. *Bosvortiam pedes petii*." But it is not true, as has n erroneously related, that he was assistant to the famous hony Blackwall, whose merit has been honoured by the imony of Bishop Hurd,[1] who was his scholar; for Mr. kwall died on the 8th of April, 1730,[2] more than a year re Johnson left the University.

'his employment was very irksome to him in every respect, he complained grievously of it in his letters to his friend, Hector, who was now settled as a surgeon at Birmingham. letters are lost; but Mr. Hector recollects his writing lat the poet had described the dull sameness of his existence nese words, '*Vitam continet una dies*' (one day contains the le of my life); that it was unvaried as the note of the kow; and that he did not know whether it was more greeable for him to teach, or the boys to learn, the mmar rules." His general aversion to this painful drudgery greatly enhanced by a disagreement between him and Sir stan Dixie, the patron of the school, in whose house, I been told, he officiated as a kind of domestick chaplain, ar, at least, as to say grace at table, but was treated with t he represented as intolerable harshness; and, after

There is here (as Mr. James Boswell observes to me) a slight inaccuracy. Bishop in the Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to his commentary on Horace's Art of Poetry, es not praise Blackwall, but the Rev. Mr. Budworth, head-master of the grammar at Brewood in Staffordshire, who had himself been bred under Blackwall. See vol. ar the end, where, from the information of Mr. John Nichols, Johnson is said to have d in 1756 to Mr. Budworth, to be received by him as an assistant in his school in ddshire.—M.]

e Gent. Mag. Dec. 1784, p. 987.

suffering for a few months such complicated misery,[1] relinquished a situation which all his life afterwards recollected with the strongest aversion, and even a degr of horror. But it is probable that at this period, whatev uneasiness he may have endured, he laid the foundation much future eminence by application to his studies.

Being now again totally unoccupied, he was invited Mr. Hector to pass some time with him at Birmingham, his guest, at the house of Mr. Warren, with whom Mr. Hect lodged and boarded. Mr. Warren was the first establish bookseller in Birmingham, and was very attentive to Johnso who he soon found could be of much service to him in trade, by his knowledge of literature; and he even obtain the assistance of his pen in furnishing some numbers o periodical Essay printed in the newspaper, of which War was the proprietor. After very diligent enquiry, I have been able to recover those early specimens of that particu mode of writing by which Johnson afterwards so grea distinguished himself.

He continued to live as Mr. Hector's guest for about months, and then hired lodgings in another part of the tow finding himself as well situated at Birmingham as he suppo he could be any where, while he had no settled plan of life, very scanty means of subsistence. He made some valua acquaintances there, amongst whom were Mr. Porter, a mer whose widow he afterwards married, and Mr. Taylor, who his ingenuity in mechanical inventions, and his success trade, acquired an immense fortune. But the comfort of b near Mr. Hector, his old school-fellow and intimate frie was Johnson's chief inducement to continue here.

In what manner he employed his pen at this period whether he derived from it any pecuniary advantage, I h not been able to ascertain. He probably got a little mo from Mr. Warren; and we are certain, that he executed one piece of literary labour, of which Mr. Hector has favo me with a minute account. Having mentioned that he read at Pembroke College a Voyage to Abyssinia, by Lob Portuguese Jesuit, and that he thought an abridgement

[1] [It appears from a letter of Johnson's to a friend, which I have read, dated Lic July 27, 1732, that he had left Sir Wolstan Dixie's house, recently before that was written. He then had hopes of succeeding either as master or usher, in the sc Ashburne.—M.]

[2] In June 1733, Sir John Hawkins states, from one of Johnson's diaries, that he in Birmingham at the house of a person named Jarvis, probably a relation of Mrs whom he afterwards married.—M.]

nslation of it from the French into English might be an
ful and profitable publication, Mr. Warren and Mr. Hector
ied in urging him to undertake it. He accordingly agreed;
l the book not being to be found in Birmingham, he
rowed it of Pembroke College. A part of the work
ng very soon done, one Osborn, who was Mr. Warren's
nter, was set to work with what was ready, and Johnson
aged to supply the press with copy as it should be
nted; but his constitutional indolence soon prevailed, and
work was at a stand. Mr. Hector, who knew that a
ive of humanity would be the most prevailing argument
n his friend, went to Johnson, and represented to him,
the printer could have no other employment till this
lertaking was finished, and that the poor man and his
ily were suffering. Johnson upon this exerted the powers
his mind, though his body was relaxed. He lay in bed
n the book, which was a quarto, before him, and dictated
le Hector wrote. Mr. Hector carried the sheets to the
s, and corrected almost all the proof sheets, very few of
ch were even seen by Johnson. In this manner, with
aid of Mr. Hector's active friendship, the book was com-
ed, and was published in 1735, with London upon the
-page, though it was in reality printed at Birmingham, a
ce too common with provincial publishers. For this
k he had from Mr. Warren only the sum of five
eas.

his being the first prose work of Johnson, it is a curious
ct of enquiry how much may be traced in it of that
which marks his subsequent writings with such peculiar
llence; with so happy an union of force, vivacity, and
picuity. I have perused the book with this view, and
found that here, as I believe in every other translation,
e is in the work itself no vestige of the translator's own
; for the language of translation being adapted to the
ghts of another person, insensibly follows their cast, and
were runs into a mould that is ready prepared.

hus, for instance, taking the first sentence that occurs
he opening of the book, p. 4. "I lived here above a
and completed my studies in divinity; in which time
letters were received from the fathers of Ethiopia, with an
unt that Sultan Segned, Emperour of Abyssinia, was con-
d to the church of Rome; that many of his subjects had
wed his example, and that there was a great want of

missionaries to improve these prosperous beginnings. Eve body was very desirous of seconding the zeal of our fathe and of sending them the assistance they requested ; to whi we were the more encouraged, because the Emperour's let informed our Provincial, that we might easily enter dominions by the way of Dancala ; but, unhappily, t secretary wrote Geila for Dancala, which cost two of c fathers their lives." Every one acquainted with Johnso manner will be sensible that there is nothing of it he but that this sentence might have been composed by any oth man.

But, in the Preface, the Johnsonian style begins to appe and though use had not yet taught his wing a permane and equable flight, there are parts of it which exhibit best manner in full vigour. I had once the pleasure examining it with Mr. Edmund Burke, who confirmed me this opinion, by his superiour critical sagacity, and was, remember, much delighted with the following specimen :

"The Portuguese traveller, contrary to the general vein his countrymen, has amused his reader with no romant absurdity, or incredible fictions ; whatever he relates, whet true or not, is at least probable ; and he who tells noth exceeding the bounds of probability has a right to dema that they should believe him who cannot contradict him.

"He appears by his modest and unaffected narration, have described things as he saw them, to have cop nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, his imagination. He meets with no basilisks that des with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey with tears, and his cataracts fall from the rocks without deafen the neighbouring inhabitants.

"The reader will here find no regions cursed with mediable barrenness, or blest with spontaneous fecundity perpetual gloom, or unceasing sunshine ; nor are the nat here described, either devoid of all sense of humanity consummate in all private or social virtues. Here are Hottentots without religious policy or articulate langua no Chinese perfectly polite, and completely skilled in sciences ; he will discover, what will always be discov by a diligent and impartial enquirer, that wherever hu nature is to be found, there is a mixture of vice and vi a contest of passion and reason ; and that the Creator not appear partial in his distributions, but has balanced

ost countries, their particular inconveniences by particular ours."

Here we have an early example of that brilliant and ergetick expression, which, upon innumerable occasions in subsequent life, justly impressed the world with the ghest admiration.

Nor can any one, conversant with the writings of Johnson, l to discern his hand in this passage of the Dedication to an Warren, Esq. of Pembrokeshire, though it is ascribed Warren the bookseller. "A generous and elevated mind distinguished by nothing more certainly than an eminent gree of curiosity;[1] nor is that curiosity ever more agreey or usefully employed, than in examining the laws and stoms of foreign nations. I hope, therefore, the present now presume to make, will not be thought improper; ich, however, it is not my business as a dedicator to mmend, nor as a bookseller to depreciate."

It is reasonable to suppose, that his having been thus accidenty led to a particular study of the history and manners of yssinia, was the remote occasion of his writing, many years erwards, his admirable philosophical tale, the principal scene which is laid in that country.

Johnson returned to Lichfield early in 1734, and in August at year he made an attempt to procure some little subsistence his pen; for he published proposals for printing by subiption the Latin Poems of Politian:[2] "*Angeli Politiani emata Latina, quibus, Notas cum historiâ Latinæ, poeseos à trarchæ ævo ad Politiani tempora deductâ, et vitâ Politiani ius quam antehac enarratâ, addidit* SAM JOHNSON."[3]

It appears that his brother Nathanael had taken up his her's trade; for it is mentioned that "subscriptions are en in by the Editor, or N. Johnson, bookseller, of Lichfield." twithstanding the merit of Johnson, and the cheap price at ich this book was offered, there were not subscribers enough insure a sufficient sale; so the work never appeared, and obably, never was executed.

We find him again this year at Birmingham, and there

[1] See RAMBLER, No. 103.

[2] May we not trace a fanciful similarity between Politian, and Johnson? Huetius, king of Paulus Pelissonius Fontanerius, says "—in quo Natura, ut olim in Angelo tiano, deformitatem oris excellentis ingenii præstantia compensavit." Comment. de ad eum pertin. Edit. Amstel. 1718, p. 200.

[3] The book was to contain more than thirty sheets, the price to be two shillings and ence at the time of subscribing, and two shillings and sixpence at the delivery of a ect book in quires.

is preserved the following letter from him to Mr. Edwa
Cave,[1] the original compiler and editor of the Gentlema
Magazine:

"To Mr. Cave.

"SIR, *Nov.* 25, 1734.

"As you appear no less sensible than your readers of t
defects of your poetical article, you will not be displeased, if
order to the improvement of it, I communicate to you t
sentiments of a person, who will undertake, on reasonab
terms, sometimes to fill a column.

"His opinion is, that the publick would not give you a b
reception, if, beside the current wit of the month, which
critical examination would generally reduce to a narrow co
pass, you admitted not only poems, inscriptions, &c. nev
printed before, which he will sometimes supply you with; l
likewise short literary dissertations in Latin or English, criti
remarks on authours ancient or modern, forgotten poems th
deserve revival, or loose pieces, like Floyer's,[2] worth preservi
By this method, your literary article, for so it might be calle
will, he thinks, be better recommended to the publick than
low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrilities of eit
party.

"If such a correspondence will be agreeable to you,
pleased to inform me in two posts, what the conditions
on which you shall expect it. Your late offer[3] gives me
reason to distrust your generosity. If you engage in a
literary projects besides this paper, I have other designs
impart, if I could be secure from having others reap
advantage of what I should hint.

"Your letter by being directed to *S. Smith*, to be left at
Castle in Birmingham, Warwickshire, will reach

"Your humble servant."

Mr. Cave has put a note on this letter, "Answered Dec.
But whether any thing was done in consequence of it we
not informed.

Johnson had, from his early youth, been sensible to
influence of female charms. When at Stourbridge school,

[1] Miss Cave, the grand-niece of Mr. Edw. Cave, has obligingly shewn me the orig
of this and the other letters of Dr. Johnson, to him, which were first published
Gentleman's Magazine, with notes by Mr. John Nichols, the worthy and indefatig
editor of that valuable miscellany, signed N; some of which I shall occasionally
accept in the course of this work.

[2] Sir John Floyer's Treatise on Cold Baths. Gent. Mag. 1734, p. 127.

[3] A piece of fifty pounds for the best poem "on Life, Death, Judgement, Heaven
Hell." See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. iv. p. 560. Nichols.

s much enamoured of Olivia Lloyd, a young quaker, to om he wrote a copy of verses, which I have not been able recover;[1] but with what facility and elegance he could rble the amorous lay, will appear from the following lines ich he wrote for his friend Mr. Edmund Hector.

ERSES *to a* LADY, *on receiving from her a* SPRIG *of* MYRTLE.

"What hopes, what terrours does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle, ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand;
Not less capricious than a reigning fair,
Now grants, and now rejects a lover's prayer.
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain.
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain:
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,
The unhappy lover's grave the myrtle spreads;
O then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart!
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb."[2]

[He also wrote some amatory verses, before he left Staffordshire, which our authour ears not to have seen. They were addressed "to Miss Hickman, playing on the et." At the back of this early poetical effusion, of which the original copy, in nson's handwriting, was obligingly communicated to me by Mr John Taylor, is the wing attestation:

"Written by the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, on my mother, then Miss Hickman, playing on the Spinet. J. TURTON."

r. Turton, the physician, the writer of this certificate, who died in April, 1806, in his year, was born in 1735. The verses in question therefore, which have been printed me late editions of Johnson's poems, must have been written before that year. Hickman, it is believed, was a lady of Staffordshire.

he concluding lines of this early copy of verses have much of the vigour of Johnson's ry in his maturer years:

"When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,
Ambitious fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room, in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage by music's dreadful power,
He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire;
No more delighted with disastrous war,
Ambitious only now to please the fair,
Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,
And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms. — M.]

Mrs. Piozzi gives the following account of this little composition from Dr. Johnson's creation to her, on her inquiring whether it was rightly attributed to him. "I think now just forty years ago, that a young fellow had a sprig of myrtle given him by a he courted, and asked me to write him some verses that he might present her in n. I promised, but forgot; and when he called for his lines at the time agreed on- till a moment, (says I) dear Maud, and I'll fetch them thee: so stepped aside for minutes, and wrote the nonsense you now keep such a stir about." *Anecdotes.*

my first edition I was induced to doubt the authenticity of this account, by the wing circumstantial statement in a letter to me from Miss Seward, of Lichfield: now those verses were addressed to Lucy Porter, when he was enamoured of her in

His juvenile attachments to the fair sex were, however, ve
transient: and it is certain, that he formed no criminal co
nection whatsoever. Mr. Hector, who lived with him in
younger days in the utmost intimacy and social freedom, h
assured me, that even at that ardent season his conduct w
strictly virtuous in that respect; and that though he loved
exhilarate himself with wine, he never knew him intoxicat
but once.

In a man whom religious education has secured fr
licentious indulgences, the passion of love, when once it
seized him, is exceedingly strong; being unimpaired by di
pation, and totally concentrated in one object. This w
experienced by Johnson, when he became the fervent admi
of Mrs. Porter, after her first husband's death.[1] Miss Por

---

his boyish days, two or three years before he had seen her mother, his future wife.
wrote them at my grandfather's, and gave them to Lucy in the presence of my mothe
whom he shewed them on the instant. She used to repeat them to me, when I asked he
the Verses Dr. Johnson gave her on a Sprig of Myrtle, which he had stole
begged from her bosom. We all know honest Lucy Porter to have been incapable of
mean vanity of applying to herself a compliment not *intended* for her." Such was
lady's statement, which I make no doubt she supposed to be correct; but it shews
dangerous it is to trust too implicitly to traditional testimony and ingenious intere
for Mr. Hector has lately assured me that Mrs. Piozzi's account is in this ins
accurate, and that he was the person for whom Johnson wrote those verses, which
been erroneously ascribed to Mr. Hammond.

I am obliged in so many instances to notice Mrs. Piozzi's incorrectness of relation,
I gladly seize this opportunity of acknowledging, that however often, she is not al
inaccurate

The authour having been drawn into a controversy with Miss Anna Seward, in c
quence of the preceding statement (which may be found in "the Gentleman's Maga
Vol. lxiii and lxiv,) received the following letter from Mr. Edmund Hector, o
subject:

"DEAR SIR,

"I am sorry to see you are engaged in altercation with a Lady, who seem
willing to be convinced of her errors. Surely it would be more ingenuous to acknow
than to persevere.

"Lately, in looking over some papers I meant to burn, I found the original manu
of the myrtle, with the date on it, 1731, which I have inclosed.

"The true history (which I could swear to) is as follows: Mr. Morgan Grave
elder brother of a worthy Clergyman near Bath, with whom I was acquainted,
upon a Lady in this neighbourhood, who at parting presented him the branch
shewed it me, and wished much to return the compliment in verse. I applied to Jo
who was with me, and in about half an hour dictated the verses which I sent
friend.

"I most solemnly declare, at that time, Johnson was an entire stranger to the
family; and it was almost two years after that I introduced him to the acquainta
Porter, whom I thought my cousin of.

"If you intend to convince this obstinate woman, and to exhibit to the public
truth of your narrative, you are at liberty to make what use you please
statement.

"I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your time. Wishing you
et felices annos, I shall subscribe myself

"Your obliged humble servant,
"E. HECT

"*Birmingham*,
Jan 9th, 1794."

[1] It appears, from Mr. Hector's letter, that Johnson became acquainted w
three years before he married her. M.

d me, that when he was first introduced to her mother, his
pearance was very forbidding: he was then lean and lank, so
t his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to
eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible.
also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and
arated behind: and he often had, seemingly, convulsive
ts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once
prise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged by
conversation that she overlooked all these external dis-
vantages, and said to her daughter, "this is the most
sible man that I ever saw in my life."

Though Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnson,[1] and
person and manner, as described to me by the late Mr.
rrick, were by no means pleasing to others,[2] she must have
d a superiority of understanding and talents,[3] as she certainly

[1] Mrs. Johnson's maiden name was Jervis. Though there was a great disparity of
s between her and Dr. Johnson, she was not quite so old as she is here represented,
ng only completed her forty-eighth year in the month of February preceding her
iage, as appears by the following extract from the parish-register of Great Peatling
eicestershire, which was obligingly made at my request, by the Hon. and Rev. Mr.
er, Rector of Lutterworth, in that county:

Anno Dom. 1688[-9] Elizabeth, the daughter of William Jervis, Esq. and Mrs. Anne
ife, born the fourth day of February and *mané*, baptized 16th day of the same
th by Mr. Smith, Curate of Little Peatling.

"John Allen, Vicar."

ie family of Jervis, Mr. Ryder informs me, once possessed nearly the whole lordship
reat Peatling, (about 2000 acres), and there are many monuments of them in the
rch; but the estate is now much reduced. The present representative of this
ent family is Mr. Charles Jervis, of Hinckley, Attorney at Law.—M.]

That in Johnson's eyes she was handsome, appears from the epitaph which he
ed to be inscribed on her tomb-stone not long before his own death, and which may
ound in a subsequent page, under the year 1752.—M.]

The following account of Mrs. Johnson, and her family, is copied from a paper
fly relating to Mrs. Anna Williams) written by Lady Knight at Rome, and trans-
ed by her to the late John Hoole, Esq. the translator of Metastasio, &c., by whom
s inserted in the European Magazine for October, 1799.

Mrs. Williams's account of Mrs. Johnson was, that she had a good understanding,
great sensibility, but inclined to be satirical. Her first husband died insolvent: her
were much disgusted with her for her second marriage, perhaps because they being
gling to get advanced in life, were mortified to think that she had allied herself to
n who had not any visible means of being useful to them; however, she always
ried her affection for them. While they [Dr. and Mrs. Johnson] resided in Gough
re, her son, the officer, knocked at the door, and asked the maid, if her mistress was
me. She answered, 'Yes, Sir; but she is sick in bed.' 'O,' says he, 'if it's so, tell
hat her son Jervis, called to know how she did;' and was going away. The maid
ed she might run up to tell her mistress, and without attending to his answer, left
Mrs. Johnson enraptured to hear her son was below, desired the maid to tell him
onged to embrace him. When the maid descended, the gentleman was gone, and
Mrs. Johnson was much agitated by the adventure: it was the only time he ever
an effort to see her. Dr. Johnson did all he could to console his wife, but told
Williams, 'Her son is uniformly undutiful; so I conclude, like many other sober
he might once in his life be drunk, and in that fit nature got the better of his
.'"

e following anecdotes of Dr. Johnson are recorded by the same lady:

One day that he came to my house to meet many others, we told him that we had
ged our party to go to Westminster Abbey: would not he go with us? '*No*,'
ied, '*not while I can keep out.*'

pon our saying that the friends of a lady had been in great fear lest she should make
ain match, he said, 'We that are *his* friends have had great fears for him.'

inspired him with a more than ordinary passion; and having signified her willingness to accept of his hand, went to Lichfield to ask his mother's consent to the marriage which he could not but be conscious was a very imprudent scheme, both on account of their disparity of years, and want of fortune. But Mrs. Johnson knew too well the ardour of her son's temper, and was too tender a parent to oppose his inclinations.

I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback, I suppose in very good humour. But though Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archly to mention Johnson's having told him with much gravity, "Sir, it was a love marriage on both sides," I have had from my illustrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn:—"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me: and, when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should not soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

This, it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of conjubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson, though he thus shewed a manly firmness, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life: and in his "Prayers and Meditations," we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after her death.

He now set up a private academy, for which purpose he hired a large house, well situated near his native city. In

"Dr Johnson's political principles ran high, both in church and state: he wished prosperity to the King and to the Heads of the Church, as the laws of England have established; but I know he disliked absolute power; and I am very sure of his disapprobation of the doctrines of the church of Rome, because about three weeks before we came abroad he said to my Cornelia, 'you are going where the ostentatious pomp of church ceremonies attracts the imagination; but if they want to persuade you to change, you must remember that by increasing your faith, you may be persuaded to become Turk.' If these were not the words, I have kept up to the express meaning."—M.]

ntleman's Magazine for 1736, there is the following advertise-
nt: "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young
ıtlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek
nguages, by SAMUEL JOHNSON." But the only pupils that
e put under his care were the celebrated David Garrick
l his brother George, and a Mr. Offely, a young gentleman
good fortune who died early. As yet, his name had nothing
that celebrity which afterwards commanded the highest
ntion and respect of mankind. Had such an advertise-
nt appeared after the publication of his LONDON, or his
MBLER, or his DICTIONARY, how would it have burst upon
world! with what eagerness would the great and the
lthy have embraced an opportunity of putting their sons
ler the learned tuition of SAMUEL JOHNSON. The truth,
vever, is, that he was not so well qualified for being a
cher of elements, and a conductor in learning by regular
dations, as men of inferiour powers of mind. His own
uisitions had been made by fits and starts, by violent
ptions into the regions of knowledge; and it could not be
ected that his impatience would be subdued, and his
etuosity restrained, so as to fit him for a quiet guide to
ices. The art of communicating instruction, of whatever
d, is much to be valued; and I have ever thought that
se who devote themselves to this employment, and do their
y with diligence and success, are entitled to very high
pect from the community, as Johnson himself often main-
ned. Yet I am of opinion, that the greatest abilities are not
y not required for this office, but render a man less fit for it.
While we acknowledge the justness of Thomson's beautiful
ark,

> "Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
> And teach the young idea how to shoot!"

must consider that this delight is perceptible only by "a
nd at ease," a mind at once calm and clear; but that a mind
omy and impetuous like that of Johnson, cannot be fixed
any length of time in minute attention, and must be so
quently irritated by unavoidable slowness and errour in the
ances of scholars, as to perform the duty, with little
asure to the teacher, and no great advantage to the pupils.
od temper is a most essential requisite in a Preceptor.
race paints the character as *bland:*

> "—— *Ut pueris olim dant crustula* blandi
> *Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.*"

Johnson was not more satisfied with his situation as t master of an academy, than with that of the usher of a schoo we need not wonder, therefore, that he did not keep h academy above a year and a half. From Mr. Garrick's accou he did not appear to have been profoundly reverenced by h pupils. His oddities of manner, and uncouth gesticulatio could not but be the subject of merriment to them; and particular, the young rogues used to listen at the door of h bed-chamber, and peep through the key-hole, that they mig turn into ridicule his tumultuous and awkward fondness Mrs. Johnson, whom he used to name by the familiar appel tion of *Tetty* or *Tetsey*, which, like *Betty* or *Betsey*, is provin ally used as a contraction for *Elizabeth*, her christian nam but which to us seems ludicrous, when applied to a woman her age and appearance. Mr. Garrick described her to me very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberan with swelled cheeks, of a florid red, produced by thick paintin and increased by the liberal use of cordials; flaring and fa tastick in her dress, and affected both in her speech and h general behaviour. I have seen Garrick exhibit her, by h exquisite talent of mimickry, so as to excite the heartiest bur of laughter; but he, probably, as is the case in all such rep sentations, considerably aggravated the picture.

That Johnson well knew the most proper course to pursued in the instruction of youth is authentically ascertain by the following paper in his own hand-writing, given ab this period to a relation, and now in the possession of M John Nichols:

"SCHEME *for the* CLASSES *of a* GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

"WHEN the introduction, or formation of nouns and ver is perfectly mastered, let them learn

"Corderius by Mr. Clarke, beginning at the same time translate out of the introduction, that by this means they n learn the syntax. Then let them proceed to

"Erasmus, with an English translation, by the same autho

"Class II. Learns Eutropius and Cornelius Nepos, Justin, with the translation.

"N.B. The first class gets for their part every morning rules which they have learned before, and in the afternc learns the Latin rules of the nouns and verbs.

"They are examined in the rules which they have learn every Thursday and Saturday.

'The second class does the same whilst they are in tropius; afterwards their part is in the irregular nouns and bs, and in the rules for making and scanning verses. They examined as the first.

'Class III. Ovid's Metamorphoses in the morning, and sar's Commentaries in the afternoon.

'Practise in the Latin rules till they are perfect in them; erwards in Mr. Leeds's Greek Grammar. Examined as ore.

'Afterwards they proceed to Virgil, beginning at the same e to write themes and verses, and to learn Greek; from nce passing on to Horace, &c. as shall seem most proper.

'I know not well what books to direct you to, because you e not informed me what study you will apply yourself to. elieve it will be most for your advantage to apply yourself olly to the languages, till you go to the university. The eek authours I think it best for you to read are these:

'Cebes.	
'Ælian.	
'Lucian by Leeds.	Attick.
'Xenophon.	
'Homer.	Ionick.
'Theocritus.	Dorick.
'Euripides.	Attick and Dorick

'Thus you will be tolerably skilled in all the dialects, inning with the Attick, to which the rest must be referred.

'In the study of Latin, it is proper not to read the latter hours, till you are well versed in those of the purest ages; Terence, Tully, Cæsar, Sallust, Nepos, Velleius Paterculus, gil, Horace, Phædrus.

'The greatest and most necessary task still remains, to attain abit of expression, without which knowledge is of little use. is is necessary in Latin, and more necessary in English; and only be acquired by a daily imitation of the best and rectest authours.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

While Johnson kept his academy, there can be no doubt t he was insensibly furnishing his mind with various knowge; but I have not discovered that he wrote any thing ept a great part of his tragedy of IRENE. Mr. Peter rick, the elder brother of David, told me that he remem-ed Johnson's borrowing the Turkish History of him, in

order to form his play from it. When he had finished some part of it, he read what he had done to Mr. Walmsley, who objected to his having already brought his heroine into great distress, and asked him, "how can you possibly contrive to plunge her into deeper calamity!" Johnson, in sly allusion to the supposed oppressive proceedings of the court of which Mr. Walmsley was registrar, replied, "Sir, I can put her into the Spiritual Court!"

Mr. Walmsley, however, was well pleased with this proof of Johnson's abilities as a dramatick writer, and advised him to finish the tragedy, and produce it on the stage.

Johnson now thought of trying his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind have the fullest scope, and the highest encouragement. It is a memorable circumstance that his pupil David Garrick went thither at the same time,[1] with intent to complete his education, and follow the profession of the law, from which he was soon diverted by his decided preference for the stage.

This joint expedition of these two eminent men to the metropolis, was many years afterwards noticed in an allegorical poem on Shakespeare's Mulberry-tree, by Mr. Lovibond, the ingenious authour of "The Tears of Old-May-day."

They were recommended to Mr. Colson,[2] an eminent mathematician and master of an academy, by the following letter from Mr. Walmsley:

"*To the Reverend Mr. Colson.*

"DEAR SIR, Lichfield, March 2, 1737.

"I had the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you; but I cannot say I had a greater affection for you upon

1 Both of them used to talk pleasantly of this their first journey to London. Garrick, evidently meaning to embellish a little, said one day in my hearing, 'we rode and tied.' And the Bishop of Killaloe [Dr. Barnard] informed me, that at another time, when Johnson and Garrick were dining together in a pretty large company, Johnson humorously ascertaining the chronology of something, expressed himself thus: "that was the year when I came to London with two-pence half-penny in my pocket." Garrick overbearing him, exclaimed, "eh? what do you say? with two-pence half-penny in your pocket?"—JOHNSON. "Why, yes; when I came with two-pence half-penny in *my* pocket, and thou, Davy, with three half-pence in thine."

2 [The Reverend John Colson was bred at Emmanuel College in Cambridge, and in 1728, when George the Second visited that University, was created Master of Arts. About that time he became First Master of the Free School at Rochester, founded by Sir Joseph Williamson. In 1739, he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, on the death of Professor Sanderson, and held that office till 1759, when he died. He published Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, translated from the French of l'Abbé Nodet, 8vo. 1732, and some other tracts. Our authour, it is believed, was mistaken in stating him to have been Master of an Academy. Garrick, probably, during his short residence at Rochester, lived in his house as a private pupil.

The character of GELIDUS, the philosopher, in the Rambler. (No. 24) was meant to represent this gentleman. See Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes*, &c. p. 49.—M.]

han I had before, being long since so much endeared to you, well by an early friendship, as by your many excellent and uable qualifications; and, had I a son of my own, it would my ambition, instead of sending him to the University, to pose of him as this young gentleman is.

'He, and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Samuel nson, set out this morning for London together. Davy rrick is to be with you early the next week, and Mr. Johnson try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed some translation, either from the Latin or the French. nson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great es will turn out a fine tragedy-writer. If it should any way in your way, doubt not but you would be ready to recom-nd and assist your countryman.

"G. WALMSLEY."

How he employed himself upon his first coming to London ot particularly known.[1] I never heard that he found any tection or encouragement by the means of Mr. Colson, to se academy David Garrick went. Mrs. Lucy Porter told that Mr. Walmsley gave him a letter of introduction to tot his bookseller, and that Johnson wrote some things him; but I imagine this to be a mistake, for I have dis-ered no trace of it, and I am pretty sure he told me, that Cave was the first publisher by whom his pen was engaged ondon.

He had a little money when he came to town, and he knew he could live in the cheapest manner. His first lodgings e at the house of Mr. Norris, a staymaker, in Exeter-street, oining Catharine-street, in the Strand. "I dined (said he) well for eight-pence, with very good company, at the Pine-ple in New-street, just by. Several of them had travelled. ey expected to meet every day; but did not know one ther's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they nk wine; but I had a cut of meat for six-pence, and bread a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter ning."

He at this time, I believe, abstained entirely from fermented

[1] One curious anecdote was communicated by himself to Mr. John Nichols. Mr. ox, the bookseller, on being informed by him that his intention was to get his liveli-as an authour, eyed his robust frame attentively, and with a significant look, said, had better buy a porter's knot." He however added, "Wilcox was one of my best s."

liquors: a practice to which he rigidly conformed for ma
years together, at different periods of his life.

His Œellus in the *Art of Living in London*, I have hea
him relate, was an Irish painter, whom he knew at Birmingha
and who had practised his own precepts of economy for seve
years in the British capital. He assured Johnson, who,
suppose, was then meditating to try his fortune in Lond
but was apprehensive of the expence, "that thirty pounds
year was enough to enable a man to live there without be
contemptible. He allowed ten pounds for cloaths and lin
He said a man might live in a garret at eighteen pence a wee
few people would inquire where he lodged; and if they did
was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.'
spending three-pence in a coffee-house, he might be for so
hours every day in very good company; he might dine for
pence, breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do wi
out supper. On *clean-shirt-day* he went abroad, and p
visits." I have heard him more than once talk of his fru
friend, whom he recollected with esteem and kindness, a
did not like to have one smile at the recital. "This m
(said he, gravely) was a very sensible man, who perfec
understood common affairs: a man of a great deal of kn
ledge of the world, fresh from life, not strained thro
books. He borrowed a horse and ten pounds at
mingham. Finding himself master of so much money,
set off for West Chester, in order to get to Ireland.
returned the horse, and probably the ten pounds too, a
he got home."

Considering Johnson's narrow circumstances in the e
part of his life, and particularly at the interesting æra of
launching into the ocean of London, it is not to be wonde
at, that an actual instance, proved by experience, of the po
bility of enjoying the intellectual luxury of social life upo
very small income, should deeply engage his attention, and
ever recollected by him as a circumstance of much importan
He amused himself, I remember, by computing how m
more expence was absolutely necessary to live upon the sa
scale with that which his friend described, when the value
money was diminished by the progress of commerce. It
be estimated that double the money might now with diffic
be sufficient.

Amidst this cold obscurity, there was one brilliant circ
stance to cheer him; he was well acquainted with Mr. He

vey,[1] one of the branches of the noble family of that name, had been quartered at Lichfield as an officer of the army, had at this time a house in London, where Johnson was iently entertained, and had an opportunity of meeting eel company. Not very long before his death, he men- ed this, among other particulars of his life, which he was ly communicating to me; and he described this early d "Harry Hervey," thus: "He was a vicious man, but kind to me. If you call a dog HERVEY, I shall love him." e told me he had now written only three acts of his IRENE, that he retired for some time to lodgings at Greenwich, e he proceeded in it somewhat further, and used to com- walking in the Park; but did not stay long enough at that e to finish it.

this period we find the following letter from him to Mr. ard Cave, which, as a link in the chain of his literary ry, it is proper to insert:

"To MR. CAVE.

"Greenwich, next door to the Golden Heart, Church-street, July 12, 1737.

IR,

"Having observed in your papers very uncommon offers couragement to men of letters, I have chosen, being a ger in London, to communicate to you the following n, which, I hope, if you join in it, will be of advantage to of us.

The History of the Council of Trent having been lately lated into French, and published with large Notes by Dr. ourayer, the reputation of that book is so much revived in and, that, it is presumed, a new translation of it from the n, together with Le Courayer's Notes from the French, not fail of a favourable reception.

f it be answered, that the History is already in English, ust be remembered, that there was the same objection st Le Courayer's undertaking, with this disadvantage, that French had a version by one of their best translators,

[1] e Honourable Henry Hervey, third son of the first Earl of Bristol, quitted the nd took orders. He married a sister of Sir Thomas Aston, by whom he got the Estate, and assumed the name and arms of that family. Vide Collins's Peerage. Honourable Henry Hervey was nearly of the same age with Johnson, having been bout nine months before him, in the year 1709. He married Catharine, the sister of Sir s Aston, in 1739; and as that lady had seven sisters, she probably succeeded to the Estate on the death of her brother under his will. Mr. Hervey took the degree of of Arts at Cambridge, at the late age of thirty-five, in 1744; about which time, it ved, he entered into holy orders.—M.]

whereas you cannot read three pages of the English His
without discovering that the style is capable of great impr
ments; but whether those improvements are to be expe
from this attempt, you must judge from the specimen, whic
you approve the proposal, I shall submit to your examinati

"Suppose the merit of the versions equal, we may hope
the addition of the Notes will turn the balance in our fav
considering the reputation of the Annotator.

"Be pleased to favour me with a speedy answer, if you
not willing to engage in this scheme; and appoint me a da
wait upon you, if you are.

"I am, Sir,
"Your humble servant,
"Sam. Johnson

It should seem from this letter, though subscribed with
own name, that he had not yet been introduced to Mr. C
We shall presently see what was done in consequence of
proposal which it contains.

In the course of the summer he returned to Lichfield, w
he had left Mrs. Johnson, and there he at last finished
tragedy, which was not executed with his rapidity of c
position upon other occasions, but was slowly and pain
elaborated. A few days before his death, while burnin
great mass of papers, he picked out from among them
original unformed sketch of this tragedy, in his own h
writing, and gave it to Mr. Langton, by whose favour a
of it is now in my possession. It contains fragments of
intended plot, and speeches for the different persons of
drama, partly in the raw materials of prose, partly worke
into verse; as also a variety of hints for illustration, borro
from the Greek, Roman, and modern writers. The h
writing is very difficult to be read, even by those who were
acquainted with Johnson's mode of penmanship, whic
all times was very particular. The King having graci
accepted of this manuscript as a literary curiosity, Mr. L
ton made a fair and distinct copy of it, which he ordered
bound up with the original and the printed tragedy; and
volume is deposited in the King's library. His Majesty
pleased to permit Mr. Langton to take a copy of it for hi

The whole of it is rich in thought and imagery, and h
expressions; and of the *divers membra* scattered throug
and as yet unarranged, a good dramatic poet might avail

with considerable advantage. I shall give my readers specimens of different kinds, distinguishing them by the k character.

> "*Nor think to say here will I stop,*
> *Here will I fix the limits of transgression,*
> *Nor farther tempt the avenging rage of heaven.*
> *When guilt like this once harbours in the breast,*
> *Those holy beings, whose unseen direction*
> *Guides through the maze of life the steps of man,*
> *Fly the detested mansions of impiety,*
> *And quit their charge to horrour and to ruin.*"

small part only of this interesting admonition is preserved e play, and is varied, I think, not to advantage:

> "The soul once tainted with so foul a crime,
> No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour
> Those holy beings whose superior care
> Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
> Affrighted at impiety like thine,
> Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin."

> "*I feel the soft infection*
> *Flush in my cheek, and wander in my veins.*
> *Teach me the Grecian arts of soft persuasion.*"

ure this is love, which heretofore I conceived the dream of idle maids, anton poets."

Though no comets or prodigies foretold the ruin of Greece, signs which n must by another miracle enable us to understand, yet might it be own, by tokens no less certain, by the vices which always bring it on."

is last passage is worked up in the tragedy itself, as follows:

LEONTIUS.

> "——That power that kindly spreads
> The clouds, a signal of impending showers,
> To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,
> Beheld, without concern, expiring Greece,
> And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

> "A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it;
> A feeble government, eluded laws,
> A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
> And all the maladies of sinking States.
> When public villany, too strong for justice,
> Shews his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,
> Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
> Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
> When some neglected fabrick nods beneath
> The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,
> Must heaven despatch the messengers of light,
> Or wake the dead, to warn us of its fall?"

MAHOMET (to IRENE). "*I have tried thee, and joy to find that t deservest to be loved by Mahomet,—with a mind great as his own. Sa thou art an errour of nature, and an exception to the rest of thy sex, and immortal; for sentiments like thine were never to sink into nothing. thought all the thoughts of the fair had been to select the graces of the d dispose the colours of the flaunting (flowing) robe, tune the voice and roll eye, place the gem, choose the dress, and add new roses to the faded ch but—sparkling.*"

Thus in the tragedy:

> "Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine;
> Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face,
> I thought, forgive my fair, the noblest aim,
> The strongest effort of a female soul
> Was but to choose the graces of the day,
> To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
> Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
> And add new roses to the faded cheek."

I shall select one other passage, on account of the doctri which it illustrates. IRENE observes, "*that the Supreme Be will accept of virtue, whatever outward circumstances it may accompanied with, and may be delighted with varieties of worshi* but is answered, *That variety cannot affect that Being, w infinitely happy in his own perfections, wants no extern gratifications; nor can infinite truth be delighted with falsehoo that though he may guide or pity those he leaves in darkness, abandons those who shut their eyes against the beams of day.*"

Johnson's residence at Lichfield, on his return to it at t time, was only for three months; and as he had as yet se but a small part of the wonders of the Metropolis, he had lit to tell his townsmen. He related to me the following minu anecdote of this period: "In the last age, when my moth lived in London, there were two sets of people, those who ga the wall, and those who took it; the peaceable and t quarrelsome. When I returned to Lichfield, after having be in London, my mother asked me, whether I was one of tho who gave the wall, or those who took it. *Now* it is fixed th every man keeps to the right; or, if one is taking the wa another yields it; and it is never a dispute."[1]

He now removed to London with Mrs. Johnson; but h daughter, who had lived with them at Edial, was left with h relations in the country. His lodgings were for some time Woodstock-street, near Hanover-square, and afterwards Castle-street, near Cavendish-square. As there is somethi pleasingly interesting, to many, in tracing so great a m

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit., p. 232 [Sep. 20].

gh all his different habitations, I shall, before this work ncluded, present my readers with an exact list of his ngs and houses, in order of time, which, in placid con ension to my respectful curiosity, he one evening dictated e, but without specifying how long he lived at each. In rogress of his life I shall have occasion to mention some em as connected with particular incidents, or with the g of particular parts of his works. To some, this minute tion may appear trifling; but when we consider the tilious exactness with which the different houses in which on resided have been traced by the writers of his life, a ar enthusiasm may be pardoned in the biographer of son.

s tragedy being by this time, as he thought, completely ned and fit for the stage, he was very desirous that it ld be brought forward. Mr. Peter Garrick told me, that son and he went together to the Fountain Tavern, and it over, and that he afterwards solicited Mr. Fleetwood, patentee of Drury-lane theatre, to have it acted at his e; but Mr. Fleetwood would not accept it, probably use it was not patronized by some man of high rank; and s not acted till 1749, when his friend David Garrick was ager of that theatre.

he GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, begun and carried on by Edward Cave, under the name of SYLVANUS URBAN, had cted the notice and esteem of Johnson, in an eminent ee, before he came to London as an adventurer in ture. He told me, that when he first saw St. John's , the place where that deservedly popular miscellany was nally printed, he "beheld it with reverence." I suppose, in- , that every young authour has had the same kind of feeling he magazine or periodical publication which has first enter- d him, and in which he has first had an opportunity to see elf in print, without the risk of exposing his name. I elf recollect such impressions from "THE SCOTS MAGAZINE," h was begun at Edinburgh in the year 1739, and has been conducted with judgement, accuracy, and propriety. I yet ot help thinking of it with an affectionate regard. John- has dignified the Gentleman's Magazine, by the importance which he invests the life of Cave; but he has given it still ter lustre by the various admirable Essays which he wrote .

hough Johnson was often solicited by his friends to make

a complete list of his writings, and talked of doing it, I be
with a serious intention that they should all be collected o
own account, he put it off from year to year, and at last
without having done it perfectly. I have one in his own h
writing, which contains a certain number; I indeed dou
he could have remembered every one of them, as they
so numerous, so various, and scattered in such a multipl
of unconnected publications; nay, several of them publi
under the names of other persons, to whom he liberally
tributed from the abundance of his mind. We must, th
fore, be content to discover them, partly from occasi
information given by him to his friends, and partly from int
evidence.[1]

His first performance in the Gentleman's Magazine, w
for many years was his principal source for employment
support, was a copy of Latin verses, in March 1738, addre
to the editor in so happy a style of compliment, that
must have been destitute both of taste and sensibility, ha
not felt himself highly gratified.

Ad URBANUM.*

URBANE, *nullis fesse laboribus,*
URBANE, *nullis victe calumniis,*
Cui fronte sertum in eruditâ
Perpetuò viret et virebit;

Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, solicitus parùm,
Vacare, solis perge Musis,
Juxta animo studiisque felix.

Linguæ procacis plumbea spicula,
Fidens, superbo frange silentio;
Victrix per obstantes catervas
Sedulitas animosa tendet.

Intende nervos, fortis, inanibus
Risurus olim nisibus æmuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes operæ Camœnas.

Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

[1] While in the course of my narrative I enumerate his writings, I shall take car
my readers shall not be left to waver in doubt, between certainty and conjecture
regard to their authenticity; and, for that purpose, shall mark with an *asterisk* (*
which he acknowledged to his friends, and with a *dagger* (†) those which are asser
to be his by internal evidence. When any other pieces are ascribed to him, I sha
my reasons.

Texante Nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Immista, sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis,[1] S. J.

appears that he was now enlisted by Mr. Cave as a regular
jutor in his magazine, by which he probably obtained a
able livelihood. At what time, or by what means, he had
ired a competent knowledge both of French and Italian,
not know; but he was so well skilled in them, as to be
iently qualified for a translator. That part of his labour
h consisted in emendation and improvement of the pro-
ons of other contributors, like that employed in levelling
nd, can be perceived only by those who had an oppor-
y of comparing the original with the altered copy. What
ertainly know to have been done by him in this way, was
Debates in both houses of Parliament, under the name of

[1] translation of this Ode, by an unknown correspondent, appeared in the Magazine month of May following:

"Hail URBAN! indefatigable man,
Unwearied yet by all thy useful toil!
Whom num'rous slanderers assault in vain;
Whom no base calumny can put to foil.
But still the laurel on thy learned brow
Flourishes fair, and shall for ever grow.

"What means the servile imitating crew,
What their vain blust'ring, and their empty noise,
Ne'er seek: but still thy noble ends pursue,
Unconquer'd by the rabble's venal voice,
Still to the Muse thy studious mind apply,
Happy in temper as in industry.

"The senseless sneerings of an haughty tongue,
Unworthy thy attention to engage,
Unheeded pass: and tho' they mean thee wrong,
By manly silence disappoint their rage.
Assiduous diligence confounds its foes,
Resistless, tho' malicious crowds oppose.

"Exert thy powers, nor slacken in the course,
Thy spotless fame shall quash all false reports:
Exert thy powers, nor fear a rival's force,
But thou shalt smile at all his vain efforts;
Thy labours shall be crown'd with large success:
The Muse's aid thy Magazine shall bless.

"No page more grateful to th' harmonious nine
Than that wherein thy labours we survey;
Where solemn themes in fuller splendour shine,
(Delightful mixture,) blended with the gay,
Where in improving, various joys we find,
A welcome respite to the wearied mind.

"Thus when the nymphs in some fair verdant mead,
Of various flow'rs a beauteous wreath compose,
The lovely violet's azure-painted head
Adds lustre to the crimson-blushing rose.
Thus splendid Iris, with her varied dye,
Shines in the æther, and adorns the sky.

"BRITON."

"The Senate of Lilliput," sometimes with feigned denom
tions of the several speakers, sometimes with denominati
formed of the letters of their real names, in the manne
what is called anagram, so that they might easily be decyphe
Parliament then kept the press in a kind of mysterious a
which made it necessary to have recourse to such devices.
our time it has acquired an unrestrained freedom, so that
people in all parts of the kingdom have a fair, open, and e
report of the actual proceedings of their representatives
legislators, which in our constitution is highly to be valu
though, unquestionably, there has of late been too m
reason to complain of the petulance with which obsc
scribblers have presumed to treat men of the most respecta
character and situation.

This important article of the Gentleman's Magazine was,
several years, executed by Mr. William Guthrie, a man
deserves to be respectably recorded in the literary annal
this country. He was descended of an ancient family in S
land; but having a small patrimony, and being an adheren
the unfortunate house of Stuart, he could not accept of
office in the state; he therefore came to London, and
ployed his talents and learning as an "Authour by professi
His writings in history, criticism, and politicks, had considera
merit.[1] He was the first English historian who had recou
to that authentick source of information, the Parliamen
Journals; and such was the power of his political pen, t
at an early period, Government thought it worth their whil
keep it quiet by a pension, which he enjoyed till his de
Johnson esteemed him enough to wish that his life should
written. The debates in Parliament, which were brought ho
and digested by Guthrie, whose memory, though surpassed
others who have since followed him in the same departm
was yet very quick and tenacious, were sent by Cave to John
for his revision; and, after some time, when Guthrie
attained to greater variety of employment, and the speec
were more and more enriched by the accession of Johns
genius, it was resolved that he should do the whole hims
from the scanty notes furnished by persons employed to att
in both houses of Parliament. Sometimes, however, as
himself told me, he had nothing more communicated to

[1] How much poetry he wrote, I know not; but he informed me that he was the au
of the beautiful little piece, "The Eagle and Robin Redbreast," in the collectio
poems entitled, "This Union," though it is there said to be written by Archibald S
before the year 1600.

n the names of the several speakers, and the part which y had taken in the debate.

Thus was Johnson employed during some of the best years his life, as a mere literary labourer "for gain, not glory," ely to obtain an honest support. He however indulged self in occasional little sallies, which the French so happily ress by the term *jeux d'esprit*, and which will be noticed in ir order, in the progress of this work.

But what first displayed his transcendent powers, and "gave world assurance of the MAN," was his "LONDON, a Poem, Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal:" which came out May this year, and burst forth with a splendour, the rays of ch will for ever encircle his name. Boileau had imitated same satire with great success, applying it to Paris: but an ntive comparison will satisfy every reader, that he is much elled by the English Juvenal. Oldham had also imitated it, applied it to London: all which performances concur to ve, that great cities, in every age, and in every country, will nish similar topicks of satire. Whether Johnson had pre-isly read Oldham's imitation, I do not know; but it is not tle remarkable, that there is scarcely any coincidence found ween the two performances, though upon the very same ject. The only instances are, in describing London as the of foreign worthlessness:

"———the *common shore*,
Where France doth all her filth and ordure pour."
OLDHAM.

"The *common shore* of Paris and of Rome."
JOHNSON.

"No calling or profession comes amiss,
A *needy monsieur* can be what he please."
OLDHAM.

"All sciences a *fasting monsieur* knows."
JOHNSON.

ne particulars which Oldham has collected, both as exhibit-he horrours of London, and of the times, contrasted with r days, are different from those of Johnson, and in general chosen, and well exprest.[1]

wn it pleased me to find amongst them one trait of the manners of the age in Lon-the last century, to shield from the sneer of English ridicule, what was some time common a practice in my native city of Edinburgh:

"If what I've said can't from the town affright
Consider other *dangers of the night*;
When brickbats are from upper stories thrown,
And *empties* [illegible] *pots came pouring down*
From garret windows."

There are, in Oldham's imitation, many prosaick verses bad rhymes, and his poem sets out with a strange inadver blunder:

> "Tho' much concern'd to *leave* my dear old friend,
> I must, however, *his* design commend
> Of fixing in the country——."

It is plain he was not going to leave his *friend*; his friend going to leave *him*. A young lady at once corrected this good critical sagacity, to

> "Tho' much concern'd to *lose* my dear old friend."

There is one passage in the original, better transfused Oldham than by Johnson:

> "*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,*
> *Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit.*"

which is an exquisite remark on the galling meanness contempt annexed to poverty: JOHNSON's imitation is,

> "Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
> Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest."

OLDHAM's, though less elegant, is more just:

> "Nothing in poverty so ill is borne,
> As its exposing men to grinning scorn."

Where, or in what manner this poem was composed, I sorry that I neglected to ascertain with precision, from J son's own authority. He has marked upon his corrected of the first edition of it, "Written in 1738;" and, as it published in the month of May in that year, it is evident much time was not employed in preparing it for the p The history of its publication I am enabled to give in a satisfactory manner; and judging from myself, and man my friends, I trust that it will not be uninteresting to readers.

We may be certain, though it is not expressly name the following letters to Mr. Cave, in 1738, that they all r to it:

"To MR. CAVE.

"Castle-street, Wednesday Morn

"SIR, [*No date.* 1738.]

"WHEN I took the liberty of writing to you a few ago, I did not expect a repetition of the same pleasure so s for a pleasure I shall always think it, to converse in any ner with an ingenuous and candid man; but having

losed poem in my hands to dispose of for the benefit of the hour, (of whose abilities I shall say nothing, since I send i his performance,) I believed I could not procure more vantageous terms from any person than from you, who have much distinguished yourself by your generous encourage- nt of poetry; and whose judgement of that art nothing but ur commendation of my trifle[1] can give me any occasion to l in question. I do not doubt but you will look over this m with another eye, and reward it in a different manner m a mercenary bookseller, who counts the lines he is to rchase, and considers nothing but the bulk. I cannot help ing notice, that besides what the authour may hope for on count of his abilities, he has likewise another claim to your ard, as he lies at present under very disadvantageous circum nces of fortune. I beg, therefore, that you will favour me h a letter to-morrow, that I may know what you can afford allow him, that he may either part with it to you, or find out, nich I do not expect,) some other way more to his satisfac n.

"I have only to add, that as I am sensible I have transcribed very coarsely, which, after having altered it, I was obliged to , I will, if you please to transmit the sheets from the press, rrect it for you; and take the trouble of altering any stroke satire which you may dislike.

"By exerting on this occasion your usual generosity, you l not only encourage learning, and relieve distress, but ough it be in comparison of the other motives of very small count) oblige in a very sensible manner, Sir,

"Your very humble Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"To MR. CAVE.

"SIR, "Monday, No. 6, Castle street.

"I AM to return you thanks for the present you were so d as to send by me, and to intreat that you will be pleased inform me by the penny-post, whether you resolve to print poem. If you please to send it me by the post, with a note Dodsley, I will go and read the lines to him, that we may ve his consent to put his name in the title page. As to the nting, if it can be set immediately about, I will be so much authour's friend, as not to content myself with mere solici- ions in his favour. I propose, if my calculation be near the th, to engage for the reimbursement of all that you shall lose

[1] His Ode "Ad Urbanum," probably.—NICHOLS.

by an impression of 500; provided, as you very generously propose, that the profit, if any, be set aside for the authour's use, excepting the present you made, which, if he be a gainer it is fit he should repay. I beg that you will let one of your servants write an exact account of the expense of such an impression, and send it with the poem, that I may know what I engage for. I am very sensible, from your generosity on this occasion, of your regard to learning, even in its unhappiest state; and cannot but think such a temper deserving of the gratitude of those who suffer so often from a contrary disposition. I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"To Mr. Cave.

"SIR, [*No date*

"I WAITED on you to take the copy to Dodsley's: as I remember the number of lines which it contains, it will be no longer than EUGENIO,[1] with the quotations, which must be subjoined at the bottom of the page; part of the beauty of the performance (if any beauty be allowed it) consisting in adapting Juvenal's sentiments to modern facts and persons. It will, with those additions, very conveniently make five sheets. And since the expense will be no more, I shall contentedly insure it, as I mentioned in my last. If it be not therefore gone to Dodsley's, I beg it may be sent me by the penny-post, that I may have it in the evening. I have composed a Greek Epigram to Eliza,[2] and think she ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Lewis le Grand. Pray send me word when you will begin upon the poem, for it is a long way to walk. I would leave my Epigram, but have not daylight to transcribe it. I am, Sir, "Your's, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"To Mr. Cave.

"SIR, [*No date*

"I AM extremely obliged by your kind letter, and will not fail to attend you to-morrow with IRENE, who looks upon you as one of her best friends.

"I was to-day with Mr. Dodsley, who declares very warmly in favour of the paper you sent him, which he desires to have a share in, it being, as he says, *a creditable thing to be concern*

[1] A poem, published in 1737, of which see an account under April 30, 1737.

[2] [The learned Mrs. Elizabeth Carter. This lady, of whom frequent mention will be found in these Memoirs, was daughter of Nicholas Carter, D.D. She died in Clarges street, Feb. 19, 1806, in her eighty ninth year. —M.]

. I knew not what answer to make till I had consulted you, or what to demand on the authour's part, but am very willing at, if you please, he should have a part in it, as he will ndoubtedly be more diligent to disperse and promote it. If ou can send me word to-morrow what I shall say to him, I ll settle matters, and bring the poem with me for the press, hich, as the town empties, we cannot be too quick with. I n, Sir,

"Your's, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

To us who have long known the manly force, bold spirit, nd masterly versification of this poem, it is a matter of riosity to observe the diffidence with which its authour rought it forward into publick notice, while he is so cautious not to avow it to be his own production; and with what umility he offers to allow the printer to "alter any stroke of tire which he might dislike." That any such alteration was ade, we do not know. If we did, we could not but feel an dignant regret; but how painful is it to see that a writer of ch vigorous powers of mind was actually in such distress, at the small profit which so short a poem, however excellent, ould yield, was courted as a "relief."

It has been generally said, I know not with what truth, that hnson offered his "London" to several booksellers, none of hom would purchase it. To this circumstance Mr. Derrick ludes in the following lines of his "FORTUNE, A RHAPSODY:"

> "Will no kind patron JOHNSON own?
> Shall JOHNSON friendless range the town?
> And every publisher refuse
> The offspring of his happy Muse?"

ut we have seen that the worthy, modest, and ingenious r. Robert Dodsley, had taste enough to perceive its uncom- on merit, and thought it creditable to have a share in it. he fact is, that, at a future conference, he bargained for the hole property of it, for which he gave Johnson ten guineas; no told me, "I might perhaps have accepted of less; but at Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a em; and I would not take less than Paul Whitehead."

I may here observe, that Johnson appeared to me to under- lue Paul Whitehead upon every occasion when he was entioned, and, in my opinion, did not do him justice; but hen it is considered that Paul Whitehead was a member of a btous and profane club, we may account for Johnson's having prejudice against him. Paul Whitehead was indeed, unfor-

tunate in being not only slighted by Johnson, but violent attacked by Churchill, who utters the following imprecation:

> "May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
> Be born a Whitehead, and baptized a Paul!"

yet I shall never be persuaded to think meanly of the autho of so brilliant and pointed a satire as "MANNERS."

Johnson's "London" was published in May, 1738;[1] and is remarkable, that it came out on the same morning wi Pope's satire, entitled "1738;" so that England had at on its Juvenal and Horace as poetical monitors. The Reverer Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, to whom I am indebte for some obliging communications, was then a student Oxford, and remembers well the effect which "London" pr duced. Every body was delighted with it; and there being name to it, the first buz of the literary circle was, "here is unknown poet, greater even than Pope." And it is record in the Gentleman's Magazine of that year,[2] that it "got to t second edition in the course of a week."

One of the warmest patrons of this poem on its fi appearance was General OGLETHORPE, whose "strong benev lence of soul" was unabated during the course of a very lo life; though it is painful to think, that he had but too mu reason to become cold and callous, and discontented with t world, from the neglect which he experienced of his publick a private worth, by those in whose power it was to gratify gallant a veteran with marks of distinction. This extraordina person was as remarkable for his learning and taste, as for other eminent qualities; and no man was more prom active, and generous, in encouraging merit. I have hea Johnson gratefully acknowledge, in his presence, the kind a effectual support which he gave to his "London," thou unacquainted with its authour.

POPE, who then filled the poetical throne without a rival,

[1] Sir John Hawkins, p. 86, tells us, "The event is *antedated*, in the poem of 'L don;' but in every particular, except the difference of a year, what is there said of departure of Thales, must be understood of Savage, and looked upon as *true histo* This conjecture is, I believe, entirely groundless. I have been assured that Johnson he was not so much as acquainted with Savage, when he wrote his "London." If departure mentioned in it was the departure of Savage, the event was not *antedated* *foreseen*; for "London" was published in May, 1738, and Savage did not set out Wales till July, 1739. However well Johnson could defend the credibility of *second sig* he did not pretend that he himself was possessed of that faculty.

[The assertion that Johnson was not even acquainted with Savage, when he publi his "London," may be doubtful. Johnson took leave of Savage when he went to W in 1738, and must have been acquainted with him before that period. See his Life Savage. A. CHALMERS.]

[2] Page 269.

reasonably be presumed, must have been particularly ck by the sudden appearance of such a poet; and, to his lit, let it be remembered, that his feelings and conduct on occasion were candid and liberal. He requested Mr. hardson, son of the painter, to endeavour to find out who new authour was. Mr. Richardson, after some inquiry, ing informed him that he had discovered only that his ne was Johnson, and that he was some obscure man, Pope , "He will soon be *déterré*."[1] We shall presently see, n a note written by Pope,[2] that he was himself afterwards re successful in his inquiries than his friend.

That in this justly-celebrated poem may be found a few nes which the critical precision of English prosody at this would disallow, cannot be denied; but with this small erfection, which in the general blaze of its excellence is not ceived, till the mind has subsided into cool attention, it is, oubtedly, one of the noblest productions in our language, n for sentiment and expression. The nation was then in ferment against the Court and the Ministry, which some rs after ended in the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole; and t has been said, that Tories are Whigs when out of place, Whigs Tories when in place; so, as a Whig Administra- ruled with what force it could, a Tory Opposition had all animation and all the eloquence of resistance to power, ed by the common topicks of patriotism, liberty, and ependence! Accordingly, we find in Johnson's "London" most spirited invectives against tyranny and oppression, warmest predilection for his own country, and the purest e of virtue; interspersed with traits of his own particular racter and situation, not omitting his prejudices as a ue-born Englishman,"[3] not only against foreign countries, against Ireland and Scotland. On some of these topicks I ll quote a few passages:

> "The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see;
> Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me."

> "Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
> No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
> No secret island in the boundless main?
> No peaceful desart yet unclaim'd by Spain?

[1] Sir Joshua Reynolds, from the information of the younger Richardson. [See p. 81.—M.]

[2] It is, however, remarkable, that he uses the epithet, which undoubtedly, since the Union between England and Scotland, ought to denominate the natives of both parts of the island,

> "Was early taught a BRITON'S right to prize."

> Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
> And bear Oppression's insolence no more."
>
> "How, when competitors like these contend,
> Can *surly Virtue* hope to find a friend?"
>
> "This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
> SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D!"

We may easily conceive with what feeling a great mind lik his, cramped and galled by narrow circumstances, uttered th last line, which he marked by capitals. The whole of th poem is eminently excellent, and there are in it such proofs a knowledge of the world, and of a mature acquaintance wi life, as cannot be contemplated without wonder, when w consider that he was then only in his twenty-ninth year, an had yet been so little in the "busy haunts of men."

Yet, while we admire the poetical excellence of this poe candour obliges us to allow, that the flame of patriotism an zeal for popular resistance with which it is fraught, had no ju cause. There was, in truth, *no* "oppression;" the "nation was *not* "cheated." Sir Robert Walpole was a wise and benevolent minister, who thought that the happiness an prosperity of a commercial country like ours, would be be promoted by peace, which he accordingly maintained wi credit, during a very long period. Johnson himself afterward honestly acknowledged the merit of Walpole, whom he calle "a fixed star;" while he characterised his opponent, Pitt, "a meteor." But Johnson's juvenile poem was natural impregnated with the fire of opposition, and upon eve account was universally admired.

Though thus elevated into fame, and conscious of uncomm powers, he had not that bustling confidence, or, I may rath say, that animated ambition, which one might have suppos would have urged him to endeavour at rising in life. But su was his inflexible dignity of character, that he could not sto to court the great; without which hardly any man has ma his way to a high station. He could not expect to produ many such works as his "LONDON," and he felt the hardshi of writing for bread; he was therefore, willing to resume t office of a schoolmaster, so as to have a sure, though modera income for his life; and an offer being made to him of t mastership of a school,[1] provided he could obtain the degr

[1] In a billet written by Mr. Pope in the following year, this school is said to have b *Shropshire*; but as it appears from a letter from Earl Gower, that the trustees o were "some worthy gentlemen in Johnson's neighbourhood," I in my first edit suggested that Pope must have by mistake, written Shropshire, instead of Staffordsh

Master of Arts, Dr. Adams was applied to, by a common nd, to know whether that could be granted him as a favour n the University of Oxford. But though he had made such gure in the literary world, it was then thought too great a our to be asked.

Pope, without any knowledge of him but from his "London," ommended him to Earl Gower, who endeavoured to procure him a degree from Dublin, by the following letter to a nd of Dean Swift:

'SIR,

"MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON (authour of LONDON, a satire, and ne other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and ch respected by some worthy gentlemen in his neighbour-od, who are trustees of a charity-school now vacant; the tain salary is sixty pounds a year, of which they are irous to make him master; but, unfortunately, he is not able of receiving their bounty, which *would make him happy life*, by not being *a Master of Arts*; which, by the statutes his school, the master of it must be.

'Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I ve interest enough in you, to prevail upon you to write to

I have since been obliged to Mr. Spearing, attorney-at-law, for the following informa-:—"William Adams, formerly citizen and haberdasher of London, founded a school ewport, in the county of Salop, by deed dated 27th November, 1656, by which he ted the 'yearly sum of *sixty pounds* to such able and learned schoolmaster, from to time, being of godly life and conversation, who should have been educated at one e Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, and had taken the degree of *Master of Arts*, was well read in the Greek and Latin tongues, as should be nominated from time to by the said William Adams, during his life, and after the decease of the said William ms by the governours (namely, the Master and Wardens of the Haberdashers' Com-y of the City of London) and their successors.' The manour and lands out of which revenues for the maintenance of the school were to issue are situate *at Knighton and aston, in the county of Stafford.*" From the foregoing account of this foundation, icularly the circumstances of the salary being sixty pounds, and the degree of Master rts being a requisite qualification in the teacher, it seemed probable that this was the ol in contemplation; and that Lord Gower erroneously supposed that the gentleman possessed the lands, out of which the revenues issued, were trustees of the charity. ich was probable conjecture. But in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for May, 1793, e is a letter from Mr. Henn, one of the masters of the school of Appleby, in Leicester-e, in which he writes as follows:

I compared time and circumstance together, in order to discover whether the school estion might not be this of Appleby. Some of the trustees at that period were rthy gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Lichfield.' Appleby itself is not far from the hbourhood of Lichfield: the salary, the degree requisite, together with the *time of tion*, all agreeing with the statutes of Appleby. The election, as said in the letter, uld not be delayed longer than the 11th of next month,' which was the 11th of tember, just three months after the annual audit-day of Appleby school, which is ays on the 11th of June; and the statutes enjoin, *ne ullius præceptorum electio diutius us mensibus moraretur*, &c.

These I thought to be convincing proofs that my conjecture was not ill-founded, and , in a future edition of that book, the circumstance might be recorded as fact.

But what banishes every shadow of doubt is the *Minute-book* of the school, which ares the head-mastership to be *at that time* VACANT."

cannot omit returning thanks to this learned gentleman for the very handsome manner hich he has in that letter been so good as to speak of this work.

Dean Swift, to persuade the University of Dublin to send diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts their University. They highly extol the man's learning ar probity; and will not be persuaded that the University w make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a strange if he is recommended by the Dean. They say, he is not afra of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey and will venture it, if the Dean thinks it necessary; choosi rather to die upon the road, *than be starved to death in transla ing for booksellers;* which has been his only subsistence f some time past.

"I fear there is more difficulty in this affair, than tho good-natured gentlemen apprehended; especially as the election cannot be delayed longer than the 11th of ne month. If you see this matter in the same light that appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me f giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thin but, if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favo asked, I am sure your humanity, and propensity to relie merit in distress, will incline you to serve the poor ma without my adding any more to the trouble I have alrea given you, than assuring you that I am, with great truth, Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"GOWER."

"Trentham, Aug. 1, 1739."

It was, perhaps, no small disappointment to Johnson th this respectable application had not the desired effect; y how much reason has there been, both for himself and country, to rejoice that it did not succeed, as he mig probably have wasted in obscurity those hours in which afterwards produced his incomparable works.

About this time he made one other effort to emancip himself from the drudgery of authorship. He applied to Adams, to consult Dr. Smalbroke of the Commons, whether person might be permitted to practise as an advocate the without a doctor's degree in Civil Law. "I am (said he total stranger to these studies; but whatever is a professi and maintains numbers, must be within the reach of comm abilities, and some degree of industry." Dr. Adams was mu pleased with Johnson's design to employ his talents in t manner, being confident he would have attained to gr eminence. And, indeed, I cannot conceive a man bet qualified to make a distinguished figure as a lawyer; for,

uld have brought to his profession a rich store of various owledge, an uncommon acuteness, and a command of guage, in which few could have equalled, and none have passed him. He who could display eloquence and wit in ence of the decision of the House of Commons upon Mr. lkes's election for Middlesex, and of the unconstitutional ation of our fellow-subjects in America, must have been a werful advocate in any cause. But here, also, the want of a gree was an insurmountable bar.

He was, therefore, under the necessity of persevering in that urse, into which he had been forced; and we find, that his oposal from Greenwich to Mr. Cave, for a translation of ther Paul Sarpi's History, was accepted.[1]

Some sheets of this translation were printed off, but the sign was dropt; for it happened, oddly enough, that another rson of the name of Samuel Johnson, Librarian of St. artin's in the Fields, and Curate of that parish, engaged in e same undertaking, and was patronised by the Clergy, rticularly by Dr. Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. veral light skirmishes passed between the rival translators, the news-papers of the day; and the consequence was that ey destroyed each other, for neither of them went on with e work. It is much to be regretted, that the able performance that celebrated genius FRA PAOLO, lost the advantage of ing incorporated into British Literature by the masterly nd of Johnson.

I have in my possession, by the favour of Mr. John Nichols, paper in Johnson's hand-writing, entitled "Account between r. Edward Cave and Sam. Johnson, in relation to a version Father Paul, &c. begun August the 2d, 1738;" by which it pears, that from that day to the 21st of April, 1739, Johnson ceived for this work 49*l.* 7*s.* in sums of one, two, three, and metimes four guineas at a time, most frequently two. And

[1] In the Weekly Miscellany, October 21, 1738, there appeared the following advertise. t: "Just published, proposals for printing the History of the Council of Trent, slated from the Italian of Father Paul Sarpi; with the Author's Life, and Notes logical, historical, and critical, from the French edition of Dr. Le Courayer. To ch are added, Observations on the History, and Notes and Illustrations from various hours, both printed and manuscript. By S. Johnson. 1. The work will consist of hundred sheets, and be two volumes in quarto, printed on good paper and letter. 2. price will be 10s each volume, to be paid, half a guinea at the delivery of the first me, and the rest at the delivery of the second volume in sheets. 3. Twopence to be ed for every sheet less than two hundred. It may be had on a large paper, in three mes, at the price of three guineas; one to be paid at the time of subscribing, another e delivery of the first, and the rest at the delivery of the other volumes. The work w in the press, and will be diligently prosecuted. Subscriptions are taken in by Mr. sley in Pall-Mall, Mr. Rivington, in St. Paul's Churchyard, by E. Cave at St. John's e, and the Translator, at No. 6, in Castle-street, by Cavendish-square."

it is curious to observe the minute and scrupulous accura with which Johnson had pasted upon it a slip of paper, wh he has entitled "Small account," and which contains o article, "Sept. 9th, Mr. Cave laid down 2s. 6d." There subjoined to this account, a list of some subscribers to work, partly in Johnson's handwriting, partly in that of anot person; and there follows a leaf or two on which are writte number of characters which have the appearance of a sh hand, which, perhaps, Johnson was then trying to learn.

"To Mr. Cave.

"Sir, Wednesd

"I did not care to detain your servant while I wr an answer to your letter, in which you seem to insinuate tha had promised more than I am ready to perform. If I ha raised your expectations by any thing that may have escap my memory, I am sorry; and if you remind me of it, sh thank you for the favour. If I made fewer alterations th usual in the Debates, it was only because there appeared, a still appears to be, less need of alteration. The verses Lady Firebrace[1] may be had when you please, for you kn that such a subject neither deserves much thought, nor requi it.

"The Chinese stories[2] may be had folded down when y please to send, in which I do not recollect that you desired a alterations to be made.

"An answer to another query I am very willing to write, a had consulted with you about it last night, if there had be time; for I think it the most proper way of inviting such correspondence as may be an advantage to the paper, no load upon it.

"As to the Prize Verses, a backwardness to determine th degrees of merit is not peculiar to me. You may, if you ple still have what I can say; but I shall engage with little spi in an affair, which I shall *hardly* end to my own satisfactio and *certainly* not to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

"As to Father Paul, I have not yet been just to my propos but have met with impediments, which, I hope, are now at

[1] They afterwards appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine with this title -"Verses Lady Firebrace, at Bow. A. 1737."

[2] Du Halde's Description of China was then publishing by Mr. Cave in wee numbers, whence Johnson was to select pieces for the embellishment of the Magazine Numbers.

[3] The premium of forty pounds proposed for the best poem on the Divine Attribute here alluded to. Numbers.

d; and if you find the progress hereafter not such as you ve a right to expect, you can easily stimulate a negligent nslator.

"If any or all of these have contributed to your discontent, will endeavour to remove it; and desire you to propose the estion to which you wish for an answer.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO MR. CAVE.

"SIR, [*No date.*]

"I AM pretty much of your opinion, that the Commentary cannot be prosecuted with any appearance of success; as the names of the authours concerned are of more weight the performance than its own intrinsick merit, the publick l be soon satisfied with it. And I think the Examen should pushed forward with the utmost expedition. Thus, 'This y, &c. An Examen of Mr. Pope's Essay, &c. containing a cinct Account of the Philosophy of Mr. Leibnitz on the stem of the Fatalists, with a Confutation of their Opinions, d an Illustration of the Doctrine of Free-will;' [with what e you think proper.]

"It will, above all, be necessary to take notice, that it is a ng distinct from the Commentary.

"I was so far from imagining they stood still,[1] that I conived them to have a good deal beforehand, and therefore was s anxious in providing them more. But if ever they stand ll on my account, it must doubtless be charged to me; and atever else shall be reasonable, I shall not oppose; but beg a spense of judgement till morning, when I must entreat you to nd me a dozen proposals, and you shall then have copy to are.

"I am, Sir,

"Your's, *impransus*,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Pray muster up the Proposals if you can, or let the boy call them from the booksellers."

But although he corresponded with Mr. Cave concerning a anslation of Crousaz's Examen of Pope's Essay on Man, and ve advice as one anxious for its success, I was long ago con-

[1] The Compositors in Mr. Cave's printing-office, who appeared by this letter to have n waited for copy.—NICHOLS.

vinced by a perusal of the Preface, that this translation
erroneously ascribed to him; and I have found this p
ascertained, beyond all doubt, by the following article in
Birch's Manuscripts in the British Museum:

"Elisæ Carteræ, S. P. D. Thomas Birch.

"*Versionem tuam Examinis Crousaziani jam perlegi. S*
mam styli et elegantiam, et in re difficillimâ proprietatem, admira
"*Dabam Novemb.* 27° 1738."[1]

Indeed Mrs. Carter has lately acknowledged to Mr. Sewa
that she was the translator of the "Examen."

It is remarkable, that Johnson's last quoted letter to
Cave concludes with a fair confession that he had not a dinn
and it is no less remarkable, that though in this state of w
himself, his benevolent heart was not insensible to the nece
ties of an humble labourer in literature, as appears from
very next letter:

"To Mr. Cave.

"DEAR SIR, [*No da*

"You may remember I have formerly talked with you ab
a Military Dictionary. The eldest Mr. Macbean, who was w
Mr. Chambers, has very good materials for such a work, wh
I have seen, and will do it at a very low rate.[2] I think
terms of War and Navigation might be comprised, with g
explanations, in one 8vo. Pica, which he is willing to do
twelve shillings a sheet, to be made up a guinea at the sec
impression. If you think on it, I will wait on you with him

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"Sam. Johnso

"Pray lend me Topsel on Animals."

I must not omit to mention, that this Mr. Macbean wa
native of Scotland.

In the Gentleman's Magazine of this year, Johnson gav
Life of Father P[illegible]; * and he wrote the Preface to the Volum
which, though prefixed to it when bound, is always publis
with the Appendix, and is therefore the last composit
belonging to it. The ability and nice adaptation with which
could draw up a prefatory address, was one of his pecu
excellencies.

It appears too, that he paid a friendly attention to M

[1] Birch MSS. Brit. Mus. 4323. [2] This book was published.

abeth Carter; for in a letter from Mr. Cave to Dr. Birch, ember 28, this year, I find "Mr. Johnson advises Miss C. ndertake a translation of *Boethius de Cons.* because there is se and verse, and to put her name to it when published." s advice was not followed; probably from an apprehension the work was not sufficiently popular for an extensive sale. w well Johnson himself could have executed a translation of philosophical poet, we may judge from the following speci- n which he has given in the Rambler: (*Motto to No.* 7.)

"*O qui perpetuâ mundum ratione gubernas,*
Terrarum cœlique sator!
Disjice terrenæ nebulas et pondera molis,
Atque tuo splendore mica! Tu namque serenum
Tu requies tranquilla piis. Te cernere finis,
Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus, idem."

"O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And chear the clouded mind with light divine.
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end!"

n 1739, beside the assistance which he gave to the Parlia- ntary Debates, his writings in the Gentleman's Magazine re, "The Life of Boerhaave,"* in which it is to be observed, t he discovers that love of chymistry which never forsook ; "An Appeal to the Publick in behalf of the Editor;"† n Address to the Reader;"† "An Epigram both in Greek l Latin to Eliza,"* and also English verses to her;* and, Greek Epigram to Dr. Birch."* It has been erroneously pposed, that an Essay published in that Magazine this year, itled "The Apotheosis of Milton," was written by Johnson; l on that supposition it has been improperly inserted in the tion of his works by the Booksellers, after his decease. Were re no positive testimony as to this point, the style of the formance, and the name of Shakspeare not being mentioned an Essay professedly reviewing the principal English poets, uld ascertain it not to be the production of Johnson. But re is here no occasion to resort to internal evidence; for my rd Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Douglas) has assured me, that it s written by Guthrie. His separate publications were, "A mplete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage, from the licious and scandalous Aspersions of Mr. Brooke, Authour of stavus Vasa,"* being an ironical Attack upon them for their

Suppression of that Tragedy; and, "Marmor Norfolciense; or a Essay on an ancient prophetical Inscription, in monkish Rhym lately discovered near Lynne in Norfolk, by PROBUS BR TANNICUS." * In this performance, he, in a feigned inscri tion, supposed to have been found in Norfolk, the county Sir Robert Walpole, then the obnoxious prime minister of th country, inveighs against the Brunswick succession, and th measures of government consequent upon it.[1] To th supposed prophecy he added a Commentary, making eac expression apply to the times, with warm Anti-Hanoveria zeal.

This anonymous pamphlet, I believe, did not make so muc noise as was expected, and, therefore, had not a very extensiv circulation. Sir John Hawkins relates, that "warrants we issued, and messengers employed to apprehend the autho who, though he had forborne to subscribe his name to th pamphlet, the vigilance of those in pursuit of him had di covered;" and we are informed, that he lay concealed in Lambet marsh till the scent after him grew cold. This, however, altogether without foundation; for Mr. Steele, one of the Secr taries of the Treasury, who amidst a variety of important busines politely obliged me with his attention to my enquiry, informe me, that "he directed every possible search to be made in th records of the Treasury and Secretary of State's Office, b could find no trace whatever of any warrant having been issue to apprehend the author of this pamphlet."

"Marmor Norfolciense" became exceedingly scarce, so th I for many years endeavoured in vain to procure a copy of At last I was indebted to the malice of one of Johnson numerous petty adversaries, who, in 1775, published a ne edition of it, "with Notes and a Dedication to SAMUEL JOH SON, LL.D. by TRIBUNUS;" in which some puny scribbl invidiously attempted to found upon it a charge of inconsisten against its author, because he had accepted of a pension fro his present Majesty and had written in support of the measur of government. As a mortification to such impotent malice, which there are so many instances towards men of eminence, am happy to relate, that this *telum imbelle* did not reach exalted object, till about a year after it thus appeared, when mentioned it to him, supposing that he knew of the publication. To my surprise he had not yet heard of it.

[1] The Inscription and the Translation of it are preserved in the London Magazine the year 1739, p. 244.

ıested me to go directly and get it for him, which I
He looked at it and laughed, and seemed to be much
:rted with the feeble efforts of his unknown adversary, who,
)pe, is alive to read this account. "Now (said he) here is
ebody who thinks he has vexed me sadly; yet, if it had
been for you, you rogue, I should probably never have
ı it."

.s Mr. Pope's note concerning Johnson, alluded to in a
ıer page, refers both to his "London," and his "Marmor
folciense," I have deferred inserting it till now. I am
:bted for it to Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who per-
ed me to copy it from the original in his possession. It
presented to his Lordship by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom
as given by the son of Mr. Richardson the painter, the
on to whom it is addressed. I have transcribed it with
ute exactness, that the peculiar mode of writing, and im-
ect spelling of that celebrated poet, may be exhibited to
curious in literature. It justifies Swift's epithet of "paper-
ing Pope." for it is written on a slip no larger than a
mon message-card, and was sent to Mr. Richardson, along
the imitation of Juvenal.

This is imitated by one Johnson who put in for a Publick-
)ol in Shropshire,[1] but was disappointed. He has an
mity of the convulsive kind, that attacks him sometimes, so
) make Him a sad Spectacle. Mr P. from the Merit of This
k which was all the knowledge he had of Him endeavour'd
erve Him without his own application; & wrote to my L^d^.
, but he did not succeed. Mr. Johnson published afterw^ds^
her Poem in Latin with Notes the whole very Humerous
d the Norfolk Prophecy.

"P."

)hnson had been told of this note; and Sir Joshua Rey-
ls informed him of the compliment which it contained, but,
ı delicacy, avoided shewing him the paper itself. When Sir
ıua observed to Johnson that he seemed very desirous to see
e's note, he answered, "Who would not be proud to have
ı a man as Pope so solicitous in enquiring about him?"
he infirmity to which Mr. Pope alludes, appeared to me
as I have elsewhere[2] observed, to be of the convulsive
, and of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus's dance;
in this opinion I am confirmed by the description which

[1] See note, p. 72.
[2] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides (Introduction).

Sydenham gives of that disease. "This disorder is a kind convulsion. It manifests itself by halting or unsteadiness one of the legs, which the patient draws after him like an idl If the hand of the same side be applied to the breast, or other part of the body, he cannot keep it a moment in the sa posture, but it will be drawn into a different one by a con sion, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary." Joshua Reynolds, however, was of a different opinion, favoured me with the following paper.

"Those motions or tricks of Dr. Johnson are improp called convulsions. He could sit motionless, when he was so to do, as well as any other man. My opinion is, that it ceeded from a habit[1] which he had indulged himself in accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, those actions always appeared to me as if they were mean reprobate some part of his past conduct. Whenever he not engaged in conversation, such thoughts were sure to into his mind; and, for this reason, any company, any emp ment whatever, he preferred to being alone. The great busi of his life (he said) was to escape from himself; this disposi he considered as the disease of his mind, which nothing cu but company.

"One instance of his absence of mind and particularity it is characteristick of the man, may be worth relating. W he and I took a journey together into the West, we visited late Mr. Banks, of Dorsetshire: the conversation turning u pictures, which Johnson could not well see, he retired t corner of the room, stretching out his right leg as far as could reach before him, then bringing up his left leg, stretching his right still further on. The old gentle observing him, went up to him, and in a very courte manner assured him, though it was not a new house, the fl ing was perfectly safe. The Doctor started from his rev like a person waked out of his sleep, but spoke not a word.

While we are on this subject, my readers may not be pleased with another anecdote, communicated to me by same friend, from the relation of Mr. Hogarth.

Johnson used to be a pretty frequent visitor at the hous Mr. Richardson, author of Clarissa, and other novels extensive reputation. Mr. Hogarth came one day to

[1] [Sir Joshua Reynolds's notion on this subject is confirmed by what Johnson h said to a young lady, the niece of his friend Christopher Smart. See a note by Boswell on some particulars communicated by Reynolds, in vol. iii. under Marc 1763.—M.]

hardson, soon after the execution of Dr. Cameron, for
ng taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1745-6; and
g a warm partisan of George the Second, he observed to
hardson, that certainly there must have been some very
vourable circumstances lately discovered in this particular
, which had induced the King to approve of an execution
rebellion so long after the time when it was committed, as
had the appearance of putting a man to death in cold
od,[1] and was very unlike his Majesty's usual clemency.
le he was talking, he perceived a person standing at a
low in the room, shaking his head, and rolling himself
it in a strange ridiculous manner. He concluded that he
an ideot, whom his relations had put under the care of
Richardson, as a very good man. To his great surprize,
ever, this figure stalked forwards to where he and Mr.
hardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument,
burst out into an invective against George the Second,
one, who, upon all occasions, was unrelenting and barbar-
; mentioning many instances, particularly, that when an
er of high rank had been acquitted by a Court Martial,
rge the Second had with his own hand struck his name off
list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence,
Hogarth looked at him with astonishment, and actually
gined that this ideot had been at the moment inspired.
ther Hogarth nor Johnson were made known to each other
is interview.

1740 he wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine the "Pre-
" † "the Life of Admiral Blake," * and the first parts of
e of "Sir Francis Drake," * and "Philip Barretier," *[2]
which he finished the following year. He also wrote
Essay on Epitaphs," * and an "Epitaph on Phillips, a
ician," * which was afterwards published with some other
es of his, in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. This Epitaph
exquisitely beautiful, that I remember even Lord Kames,

[1] Impartial posterity may, perhaps, be as little inclined as Dr. Johnson was, to justify
uncommon rigour exercised in the case of Dr. Archibald Cameron. He was an
e and truly honest man; and his offence was owing to a generous, though mistaken
ple of duty. Being obliged, after 1746, to give up his profession as a physician, and
into foreign parts, he was honoured with the rank of Colonel, both in the French
panish service. He was a son of the ancient and respectable family of Cameron, of
l; and his brother, who was the Chief of that brave clan, distinguished himself by
ation and humanity, while the Highland army marched victorious through Scot-
It is remarkable of this Chief, that though he had earnestly remonstrated against
empt as hopeless, he was of too heroick a spirit not to venture his life and fortune
cause, when personally asked by him whom he thought his Prince.

[2] to which in 1742 he made very large additions, which have never yet been incor-
d in any edition of Barretier's Life.—A. Chalmers.]

strangely prejudiced as he was against Dr. Johnson, was co
pelled to allow it very high praise. It has been ascribed
Mr. Garrick, from its appearing at first with the signature
but I have heard Mr. Garrick declare, that it was written
Dr. Johnson, and give the following account of the manner
which it was composed. Johnson and he were sitt
together; when, amongst other things, Garrick repeated
Epitaph upon this Phillips by a Dr. Wilkes, in these wor

"Exalted soul! whose harmony could please
The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease:
Could jarring discord, like Amphion, move
To beauteous order and harmonious love:
Rest here in peace, till angels bid thee rise,
And meet thy blessed Saviour in the skies."

Johnson shook his head at these common-place fun
lines, and said to Garrick, "I think, Davy, I can mak
better." Then stirring about his tea for a little while, i
state of meditation, he almost extempore produced
following verses:

"Phillips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love;
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!"[1]

At the same time that Mr. Garrick favoured me with
anecdote, he repeated a very pointed Epigram by Johnson

[1] [The epitaph of Phillips is in the porch of Wolverhampton church. The prose p
it is curious:

"Near this place lies
CHARLES CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS,
Whose absolute contempt of riches
and inimitable performances upon the violin,
made him the admiration of all that knew him.
He was born in Wales,
made the tour of Europe,
and, after the experience of both kinds of fortune
Died in 1732."

Mr. Garrick appears not to have recited the verses correctly, the original be
follows. One of the various readings is remarkable, as it is the germ of Joh
concluding line:

"Exalted soul, *thy various sounds* could please
The love-sick virgin, and the gouty ease;
Could jarring *crowds*, like *old* Amphion, move
To beauteous order and harmonious love;
Rest here in peace, till Angels bid thee rise,
And meet thy SAVIOUR'S *consort* in the skies."

Dr. Wilkes, the authour of these lines, was a Fellow of Trinity College, in Oxfo
rector of Pitchford, in Shropshire, he collected materials for a history of that c
and is spoken of by Brown Willis, in his History of Mitred Abbies, vol. ii. p. 180.
was a native of Staffordshire; and to the antiquities of that county was his at
chiefly confined. Mr. Shaw has had the use of his papers.—BLAKEWAY.]

ge the Second and Colley Cibber, which has never yet
ared, and of which I know not the exact date. Dr. Johnson
vards gave it to me himself:

> "Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
> And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
> Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
> For Nature form'd the Poet for the King.

1741 he wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine "the Pre-
" † "Conclusion of his lives of Drake and Barretier," *
ree translation of the Jests of Hierocles, with an Intro-
on;" † and, I think, the following pieces: "Debate on
'roposal of parliament to Cromwell, to assume the Title
ing, abridged, modified, and digested;" † "Translation
bbé Guyon's Dissertation on the Amazons;" † "Trans-
n of Fontenelle's Panegyrick on Dr. Morin." † Two
upon this appear to me undoubtedly his. He this year,
he two following, wrote the Parliamentary Debates. He
me himself, that he was the sole composer of them for
three years only. He was not, however, precisely exact
; statement, which he mentioned from hasty recollection;
: is sufficiently evident, that his composition of them
n November 19, 1740, and ended February 23, 1742–3.
appears from some of Cave's letters to Dr. Birch, that
had better assistance for that branch of his Magazine,
has been generally supposed; and that he was indefatig-
n getting it made as perfect as he could.

us 21st July, 1735, "I trouble you with the inclosed,
se you said you could easily correct what is here given
ord C——ld's speech. I beg you will do so as soon as
an for me, because the month is far advanced."

d 15th July, 1737, "As you remember the debates so far
perceive the speeches already printed are not exact, I beg
vour that you will peruse the inclosed, and, in the best
er your memory will serve, correct the mistaken passages,
d any thing that is omitted. I should be very glad to
something of the Duke of N——le's speech, which would
rticularly of service.
gentleman has Lord Bathurst's speech to add something

d July 3, 1744, "You will see what stupid, low, abomin-
stuff is put [1] upon your noble and learned friend's [2]

[1] I suppose in another compilation of the same kind
[2] Doubtless, Lord Hardwick.

character, such as I should quite reject, and endeavour to
something better towards doing justice to the character. B
as I cannot expect to attain my desire in that respect, it wou
be a great satisfaction, as well as an honour to our work,
have the favour of the genuine speech. It is a method th
several have been pleased to take, as I could show, but
think myself under a restraint. I shall say so far, that I ha
had some by a third hand, which I understood well enough
come from the first; others by penny-post, and others by t
speakers themselves, who have been pleased to visit St. Joh
gate, and show particular marks of their being pleased."[1]

There is no reason, I believe, to doubt the veracity of Ca
It is, however, remarkable, that none of these letters are in t
years during which Johnson alone furnished the Debates, a
one of them is in the very year after he ceased from th
labour. Johnson told me, that as soon as he found that
speeches were thought genuine, he determined that he wou
write no more of them; "for he would not be accessary to
propagation of falsehood." And such was the tenderness
his conscience, that a short time before his death he expres
his regret for his having been the author of fictions, which h
passed for realities.

He nevertheless agreed with me in thinking, that
debates which he had framed were to be valued as oratio
upon questions of publick importance. They have accordin
been collected in volumes, properly arranged, and recommend
to the notice of parliamentary speakers by a preface, writ
by no inferior hand.[2] I must, however, observe, that altho
there is in those debates a wonderful store of polit
information, and very powerful eloquence, I cannot agree
they exhibit the manner of each particular speaker, as
John Hawkins seems to think. But, indeed, what opin
can we have of his judgment, and taste in publick speak
who presumes to give, as the characteristicks of two celebra
orators, "the deep mouthed rancour of Pulteney, and
yelping pertinacity of Pitt."[3]

This year I find that his tragedy of IRENE had been for s
time ready for the stage, and that his necessities made
desirous of getting as much as he could for it, without de
for there is the following letter from Mr. Cave to Dr. Birch

[1] Birch's MSS. in the British Museum, 4302.
[2] I am assured that the editor is Mr. George Chalmers, whose commercial wor
well known and esteemed.
[3] Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 100.

same volume of manuscripts in the British Museum, from ch I copied those above quoted. They were most oblig- y pointed out to me by Sir William Musgrave, one of the ators of that noble repository.

"Sept. 9, 1741.

"I HAVE put Mr. Johnson's play into Mr. Gray's[1] hands, order to sell it to him, if he is inclined to buy it; but I bt whether he will or not. He would dispose of the copy, whatever advantage may be made by acting it. Would r society,[2] or any gentleman, or body of men that you w, take such a bargain? He and I are very unfit to deal theatrical persons. Fleetwood was to have acted it last on, but Johnson's diffidence or [3] prevented it."

have already mentioned that "Irene" was not brought into lick notice till Garrick was manager of Drury-lane theatre. n 1742[4] he wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine the reface,"† the "Parliamentary Debates,"* "Essay on the ount of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough,"* the popular topick of conversation. This Essay is a short masterly performance. We find him in No. 13 of his bler, censuring a profligate sentiment in that "Account;" again insisting upon it strenuously in conversation.[5] "An ount of the Life of Peter Burman,"* I believe chiefly taken a foreign publication; as, indeed, he could not himself w much about Burman; "Additions to his Life of Barre- "* "The Life of Sydenham,"* afterwards prefixed to Swan's edition of his works; "Proposals for printing iotheca Harleiana, or a Catalogue of the Library of the of Oxford."* His account of that celebrated collection ooks, in which he displays the importance to literature, of the French call a *catalogue raisonné*, when the subjects of e extensive and various, and it is executed with ability, ot fail to impress all his readers with admiration of his logical attainments. It was afterwards prefixed to the

bookseller of London.

ot the Royal Society: but the Society for the encouragement of learning, of which rch was a leading member. Their object was, to assist authors in printing ex- e works. It existed from about 1735 to 1746, when, having incurred a considerable t was dissolved.

ere is no erasure here, but a mere blank: to fill up which may be an exercise for us conjecture.

rom one of his letters to a friend, written in June, 1742, it should seem that he irposed to write a play on the subject of Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, and to ready for the ensuing winter. The passage alluded to, however, is somewhat ious; and the work which he then had in contemplation may have been a history monarch.—M.]

rnal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit. p. 167 [Sept. 10].

first volume of the Catalogue, in which the Latin accounts
books were written by him. He was employed in this business
Mr. Thomas Osborne the bookseller, who purchased the libra
for 13,000*l.* a sum which Mr. Oldys says, in one of his man
scripts, was not more than the binding of the books had cos
yet, as Dr. Johnson assured me, the slowness of the sale w
such, that there was not much gained by it. It has been co
fidently related, with many embellishments, that Johnson o
day knocked Osborne down in his shop, with a folio, and p
his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from Johns
himself. "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat hi
But it was not in his shop: it was in my own chamber."

A very diligent observer may trace him where we should
easily suppose him to be found. I have no doubt that
wrote the little abridgement entitled "Foreign History," in
Magazine for December. To prove it, I shall quote the Int
duction. "As this is that season of the year in which Nat
may be said to command a suspension of hostilities, and wh
seems intended, by putting a short stop to violence a
slaughter, to afford time for malice to relent, and animosity
subside; we can scarce expect any other account than of pla
negociations and treaties, of proposals for peace, and prep
tions for war." As also this passage: "Let those who des
the capacity of the Swiss, tell us by what wonderful policy, o
what happy conciliation of interests, it is brought to pass, tha
a body made up of different communities and different religi
there should be no civil commotions, though the people
so war-like, that to nominate and raise an army is the same

I am obliged to Mr. Astle for his ready permission to
the two following letters, of which the originals are in
possession. Their contents shew that they were written a
this time, and that Johnson was now engaged in preparin
historical account of the British Parliament.

"To Mr. Cave.

"SIR, [*No*

"I BELIEVE I am going to write a long letter, and
therefore taken a whole sheet of paper. The first thing
written about is our historical design.

"You mentioned the proposal of printing in numbers,
alteration in the scheme, but I believe you mistook, some
or other, my meaning; I had no other view than that
might rather print too many of five sheets than of five and t

With regard to what I shall say on the manner of proceed- I would have it understood as wholly indifferent to me, my opinion only, not my resolution. *Emptoris sit eligere.* think the insertion of the exact dates of the most im- nt events in the margin, or of so many events as may enable reader to regulate the order of facts with sufficient exact- the proper medium between a journal, which has regard to time, and a history which ranges facts according to dependence on each other, and postpones or anticipates ding to the convenience of narration. I think the work t to partake of the spirit of history, which is contrary to te exactness, and of the regularity of a journal, which is sistent with spirit. For this reason, I neither admit bers or dates, nor reject them.

am of your opinion with regard to placing most of the utions, &c. in the margin, and think we shall give the most plete account of Parliamentary proceedings that can be ived. The naked papers, without an historical treatise woven, require some other book to make them under- l. I will date the succeeding facts with some exactness, think in the margin. You told me on Saturday that I received money on this work, and found set down 2*s.* 6*d.* reckoning the half guinea of last Saturday. As inted to me that you had many calls for money, I would press you too hard, and therefore shall desire only, as I it in, two guineas for a sheet of copy; the rest you may ne when it may be more convenient; and even by this payment I shall, for some time, be very expensive.

The Life of Savage I am ready to go upon; and in Great er, and Pica notes, I reckon on sending in half a sheet a but the money for that shall likewise lye by in your s till it is done. With the debates, shall not I have busi- enough? if I had but good pens.

Towards Mr. Savage's Life what more have you got? I l willingly have his trial, &c. and know whether his de- be at Bristol, and would have his collection of Poems, ccount of the Preface;—"The Plain Dealer,"[1]—all the zines that have any thing of his or relating to him.

thought my letter would be long, but it is now ended: am, Sir,

"Your's, &c.
"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] 'The Plain Dealer' was published in 1724, and contained some account of Savage.

"The boy found me writing this almost in the dark, when I could not quite easily read yours.

"I have read the Italian:—nothing in it is well.

"I had no notion of having anything for the Inscription.[1] I hope you don't think I kept it to extort a price. I could think of nothing, till to-day. If you could spare me another guinea for the history, I should take it very kindly, to-night; but if you do not, I shall not think it an injury.——I am almost well again."

"To Mr. Cave.

"SIR,

"You did not tell me your determination about the *Soldier's Letter*,[2] which I am confident was never printed. I think it will not do by itself, or in any other place, so well as the Mag. Extraordinary. If you will have it at all, I believe you do not think I set it high, and I will be glad if what you give, you will give quickly.

"You need not be in care about something to print, for I have got the State Trials, and shall extract Layer, Atterbury and Macclesfield from them, and shall bring them to you in a fortnight; after which I will try to get the South Sea Report."

[*No date, nor signature.*]

I would also ascribe to him an "Essay on the Description of China, from the French of Du Halde." †

His writings in the Gentleman's Magazine in 1743, are, the "Preface," † the "Parliamentary Debates," † "Consideration on the Dispute between Crousaz and Warburton, on Pope's Essay on Man;" † in which while he defends Crousaz, he shews an admirable metaphysical acuteness and temperance in controversy; "Ad Lauram parituram Epigramma[3];" * and

1 [Perhaps the Runick Inscription, Gent. Mag. vol. xii. p. 132.—M.]

2 I have not discovered what this was.

3 *Anglicas inter pulcherrima Laura puellas,*
Mox uteri pondus deposiura grave,
Adsit, Laura, tibi facilis Lucina dolenti,
Nec tibi noceat præniuisse Deæ.

Mr. Hector was present when this Epigram was made *impromptu*. The first line proposed by Dr. James, and Johnson was called upon by the company to finish it, which he instantly did.

[The following elegant Latin Ode, which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1743, (vol. xiii. p. 543,) was many years ago pointed out to James Bindley, Esq. as written by Johnson, and may safely be attributed to him

AD ORNATISSIMAM PUELLAM.

Vanæ sit arti, sit studio modus,
Formosa virgo: sit speculo quies
Curamque quærendi decoris
Mitte, supervacuosque cultus.

Latin Translation of Pope's Verses on his Grotto;" * and, e could employ his pen with equal success upon a small er as a great, I suppose him to be the authour of an rtisement for Osborne, concerning the great Harleian logue.

ut I should think myself much wanting, both to my illus- us friend and my readers, did I not introduce here, with e than ordinary respect, an exquisitely beautiful Ode, which not been inserted in any of the collections of Johnson's ry, written by him at a very early period, as Mr. Hector rms me, and inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine of this

FRIENDSHIP, *an* ODE.*

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd.

Ut fortuitis verna coloribus
Depicta vulgo rura magis placent,
Nec invident horto nitenti
Divitias operosiores:

Lenique fons cum murmure pulchrior
Obliquat ultro præcipitem fugam
Inter reluctantes lapillos, et
Ducit aquas temerè sequentes:

Utque inter undas, inter et arbores,
Jam vere primo dulce strepunt aves,
Et arte nulla gratiores
Ingeminant sine lege cantus:

Nativa sic te gratia, te nitor
Simplex decebit, te veneres tuæ;
Nudus Cupido suspicatur
Artifices nimis apparatûs.

Ergo fluentem tu; malè sedula,
Ne sæva inuras semper acu comam;
Nec sparsa odorato nitentes
Pulvere dedecores capillos;

Quales nec olim vel Ptolemæia
Jactabat uxor, sidereo in choro
Utcunque devotæ refulgent
Verticis exuviæ decori;

Nec diva mater, cum similem tuæ
Mentita formam, et pulchrior aspici,
Permisit incomtas protervis
Fusa comas agitare ventis.

*. xiv. p. 46, of the same work, an elegant Epigram was inserted, in answer to the ong Ode, which was written by Dr. Inyon of Pulham, in Norfolk, a physician, and cellent classical scholar:

Ad Authorem Carminis AD ORNATISSIMAM PUELLAM

O cui non potuit, quia culta, placere puella,
Qui speras Musam posse placere tuam?—M.]

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,
The savage and the human breast
Torments alike with raging fires;

With bright, but oft destructive, gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,
On fools and villains ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardour cease to glow,
When souls to blissful climes remove:
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

Johnson had now an opportunity of obliging his schoolfel
Dr. James, of whom he once observed, "no man brings m
mind to his profession." James published this year his 'Me
cinal Dictionary," in three volumes folio. Johnson, as I und
stood from him, had written, or assisted in writing, the propo
for this work; and being very fond of the study of physick
which James was his master, he furnished some of the artic
He, however, certainly wrote for it the Dedication to Dr. Mea
which is conceived with great address, to conciliate the patr
age of that very eminent man.[1]

It has been circulated, I know not with what authentic
that Johnson considered Dr. Birch as a dull writer, and said
him, "Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but
sooner does he take a pen in his hand, than it become
torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties." That
literature of this country is much indebted to Birch's acti
and diligence must certainly be acknowledged. We have s

1 "To Dr. Mead.

"Sir,

"That the *Medicinal Dictionary* is dedicated to you, is to be imputed only to
reputation for superiour skill in those sciences which I have endeavoured to explain
facilitate and you are, therefore, to consider this address, if it be agreeable to you, a
of the rewards of merit; and if otherwise, as one of the inconveniences of eminence.

"However you shall receive it, my design cannot be disappointed; because
publick appeal to your judgement will shew that I do not found my hopes of approb
upon the ignorance of my readers, and that I fear his censure least, whose knowled
most extensive. I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"R. James

Johnson honoured him with a Greek Epigram; and his espondence with him, during many years, proves that he no mean opinion of him.

"To Dr. Birch.

SIR, Thursday, Sept. 29, 1743.

"I HOPE you will excuse me for troubling you on an sion on which I know not whom else I can apply to; I am loss for the Lives and Characters of Earl Stanhope, the Craggs, and the minister Sunderland; and beg that you inform [me] where I may find them, and send my phlets, &c. relating to them to Mr. Cave to be perused for w days by, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

His circumstances were at this time embarrassed; yet his ction for his mother was so warm, and so liberal, that he upon himself a debt of hers, which, though small in itself, then considerable to him. This appears from the following er which he wrote to Mr. Levett, of Lichfield, the original of ch lies now before me.

"To Mr. Levett; in Lichfield.

SIR, December 1, 1743.

"I AM extremely sorry that we have encroached so much n your forbearance with respect to the interest, which a t perplexity of affairs hindered me from thinking of with attention that I ought, and which I am not immediately to remit to you, but will pay it (I think twelve pounds,) in months. I look upon this, and on the future interest of mortgage, as my own debt; and beg that you will ased to give me directions how to pay it, and not mention my dear mother. If it be necessary to pay this in less e, I believe I can do it; but I take two months for certainty, beg an answer whether you can allow me so much time. hink myself very much obliged to your forbearance, and l esteem it a great happiness to be able to serve you. ve great opportunities of dispersing any thing that you may k it proper to make publick. I will give a note for the ney, payable at the time mentioned, to any one here that shall appoint. I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient

"And most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson.

Mr. Osborne's, bookseller, in Gray's Inn."

It does not appear that he wrote anything in 1744 for t Gentleman's Magazine, but the Preface.† His life of Barret was now re-published in a pamphlet by itself. But he produc one work this year, fully sufficient to maintain the high repu tion which he had acquired. This was "THE LIFE OF RICHA SAVAGE;" * a man, of whom it is difficult to speak impartia without wondering that he was for some time the intimate co panion of Johnson; for his character[1] was marked by profliga insolence, and ingratitude: yet, as he undoubtedly had a wa and vigorous, though unregulated mind, had seen life in all varieties, and been much in the company of the statesmen a wits of his time, he could communicate to Johnson an abund supply of such materials as his philosophical curiosity m eagerly desired; and as Savage's misfortunes and miscond had reduced him to the lowest state of wretchedness as a wri for bread, his visits to St. John's Gate naturally brought Johns and him together.[2]

It is melancholy to reflect, that Johnson and Savage w sometimes in such extreme indigence,[3] that they could not

[1] As a specimen of his temper, I insert the following letter from him to a noble Lor whom he was under great obligations, but who, on account of his bad conduct, obliged to discard him. The original was in the hands of the late Francis Cockayne Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel learned in the law:

"*Right Honourable* BRUTE, *and* BOOBY,

"I FIND you want (as Mr. —— is pleased to hint,) to swear away my life, that is life of your creditor, because he asks you for a debt. The Publick shall soon be quainted with this, to judge whether you are not fitter to be an Irish Evidence, than t an Irish Peer.—I defy and despise you.

"I am,

"Your determined adversary,

"R

[2] Sir John Hawkins gives the world to understand, that Johnson, "being an adm of genteel manners, was captivated by the address and demeanour of Savage, who, his exterior, was to a remarkable degree accomplished."—Hawkins's Life, p. 52. Bu John's notions of gentility must appear somewhat ludicrous, from his stating the follo circumstance as presumptive evidence that Savage was a good swordsman: "Tha understood the exercise of a gentleman's weapon, may be inferred from the use made in that rash encounter which is related in his life." The dexterity here alluded to that Savage, in a nocturnal fit of drunkenness, stabbed a man at a coffee house, and k him: for which he was tried at the Old Bailey, and found guilty of murder.

Johnson, indeed, describes him as having "a grave and manly deportment, a sol dignity of mien; but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an enga easiness of manners." How highly Johnson admired him for that knowledge whic himself so much cultivated, and what kindness he entertained for him, appears from following lines in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1738, which I am assured written by Johnson:

Ad RICARDUM SAVAGE.

"*Humani studium generis cui pectore fervet*
O colas humanum te foveatque genus."

[3] [The following striking proof of Johnson's extreme indigence, when he published Life of Savage, was communicated to Mr. Boswell, by Mr. Richard Stowe, of Apsley Bedfordshire, from the information of Mr. Walter Harte, authour of the Life of Gusta Adolphus:

"Soon after Savage's Life was published, Mr. Harte dined with Edward Cave, occasionally praised it. Soon after, meeting him, Cave said, 'You made a man happy t'other day.'—'How could that be,' says Harte; 'nobody was there but ourselv

a lodging; so that they have wandered together whole hts in the streets.[1] Yet in these almost incredible scenes distress, we may suppose that Savage mentioned many of anecdotes with which Johnson afterwards enriched the his unhappy companion, and those of other Poets.

He told Sir Joshua Reynolds, that one night in particular, en Savage and he walked round St. James's-square for want a lodging, they were not at all depressed by their situation; t in high spirits and brimful of patriotism, traversed the uare for several hours, inveighed against the minister, and esolved they would *stand by their country*."

I am afraid, however, that by associating with Savage, who s habituated to the dissipation and licentiousness of the vn, Johnson, though his good principles remained steady, l not entirely preserve that conduct, for which, in days of eater simplicity, he was remarked by his friend Mr. Hector; t was imperceptibly led into some indulgences which occa- ned much distress to his virtuous mind.

That Johnson was anxious that an authentick and favourable count of his extraordinary friend should first get possession the publick attention, is evident from a letter which he wrote the Gentleman's Magazine for August of the year preceding publication.

"MR. URBAN,

"As your collections show how often you have owed the naments of your poetical pages to the correspondence of the nfortunate and ingenious Mr. Savage, I doubt not but you ve so much regard to his memory as to encourage any design at may have a tendency to the preservation of it from insults calumnies; and therefore, with some degree of assurance, treat you to inform the publick, that his life will speedily be blished by a person who was favoured with his confidence,

---

ve answered, by reminding him that a plate of victuals was sent behind a screen, which s to Johnson, dressed so shabbily, that he did not choose to appear; but on hearing conversation, he was highly delighted with the encomiums on his book."—M.]

[As Johnson was married before he settled in London, and must have always had abitation for his wife, some readers have wondered, how he ever could have been ven to stroll about with Savage, all night, for want of a lodging. But it should be membered, that Johnson, at different periods, had lodgings in the vicinity of London; d his finances certainly would not admit of a double establishment. When, therefore, spent a convivial day in London, and found it too late to return to any country idence he may occasionally have had, having no lodging in town, he was obliged to ss the night in the manner described above; for, though at that period, it was not un- mmon for two men to sleep together, Savage it appears, could accommodate him with thing but his company in the open air.—The Epigram given above, which doubtless s written by Johnson, shews that their acquaintance commenced before April, 1738. e p. 70, n.—M.]

and received from himself an account of most of the tran
actions which he proposes to mention, to the time of h
retirement to Swansea in Wales.

"From that period, to his death in the prison of Bristol, t
account will be continued from materials still less liable
objection; his own letters, and those of his friends, some
which will be inserted in the work, and abstracts of othe
subjoined in the margin.

"It may be reasonably imagined, that others may have t
same design; but as it is not credible that they can obtain t
same materials, it must be expected they will supply fro
invention the want of intelligence; and that under the title
'The Life of Savage,' they will publish only a novel, filled wi
romantick adventures, and imaginary amours. You may ther
fore, perhaps, gratify the lovers of truth and wit, by giving n
leave to inform them in your Magazine, that my account w
be published in 8vo. by Mr. Roberts, in Warwick-lane."

[*No signatur*

In February, 1744, it accordingly came forth from the sho
of Roberts, between whom and Johnson I have not traced a
connection, except the casual one of this publication.
Johnson's "Life of Savage," although it must be allowed th
its moral is the reverse of—"*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumq
jubebo*," a very useful lesson is inculcated, to guard men
warm passions from a too free indulgence of them; and t
various incidents are related in so clear and animated a manne
and illuminated throughout with so much philosophy, that it
one of the most interesting narratives in the English languag
Sir Joshua Reynolds told me, that upon his return from Ita
he met with it in Devonshire, knowing nothing of its author
and began to read it while he was standing with his arm leanin
against a chimney-piece. It seized his attention so strongl
that, not being able to lay down the book till he had finishe
it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally b
numbed. The rapidity with which this work was composed,
a wonderful circumstance. Johnson has been heard to say,
wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages of the Life
Savage at a sitting; but then I sat up all night."[1]

He exhibits the genius of Savage to the best advantage,
the specimens of his poetry which he has selected, some
which are of uncommon merit. We, indeed, occasionally fi
such vigour and such point, as might make us suppose that t

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit., p. 55 [Aug. 19].

nerous aid of Johnson had been imparted to his friend. r. Thomas Warton made this remark to me; and, in sup rt of it, quoted from the poem entitled "The Bastard," a line which the fancied superiority of one "stamped in Nature's nt with extasy," is contrasted with a regular lawful descendant some great and ancient family:

"No tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

t the fact is, that this poem was published some years before nson and Savage were acquainted.

It is remarkable, that in this biographical disquisition there pears a very strong symptom of Johnson's prejudice against yers; a prejudice that may be attributed to the following ses: first, the imperfection of his organs, which were so fective that he was not susceptible of the fine impressions ich theatrical excellence produces upon the generality of nkind; secondly, the cold rejection of his tragedy; and, ly, the brilliant success of Garrick, who had been his pupil, o had come to London at the same time with him, not in a ch more prosperous state than himself, and whose talents he doubtedly rated low, compared with his own. His being stripped by his pupil in the race of immediate fame, as well of fortune, probably made him feel some indignation, as nking that whatever might be Garrick's merits in his art, the ard was too great when compared with what the most cessful efforts of literary labour could attain. At all periods his life Johnson used to talk contemptuously of players; but this work he speaks of them with peculiar acrimony; for ch, perhaps, there was formerly too much reason from the ntious and dissolute manners of those engaged in that fession. It is but justice to add, that in our own time such hange has taken place, that there is no longer room for such nfavourable distinction.

His schoolfellow and friend, Dr. Taylor, told me a pleasant cdote of Johnson's triumphing over his pupil, David rick. When that great actor had played some little time Goodman's-fields, Johnson and Taylor went to see him orm, and afterwards passed the evening at a tavern with and old Giffard. Johnson, who was ever depreciating e-players, after censuring some mistakes in emphasis, h Garrick had committed in the course of that night's acting, "the players, Sir, have got a kind of rant, with which run on, without any regard either to accent or emphasis." Garrick and Giffard were offended at this sarcasm, and

endeavoured to refute it; upon which Johnson rejoined, "W now, I'll give you something to speak, with which you a little acquainted, and then we shall see how just my obs vation is. That shall be the criterion. Let me hear y repeat the ninth Commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear fal witness against thy neighbour.'" Both tried at it, said T Taylor, and both mistook the emphasis, which should be up *not* and *false witness*.[1] Johnson put them right, and enjoy his victory with great glee.

His "Life of Savage" was no sooner published, than t following liberal praise was given to it, in "The Champion," periodical paper: "This pamphlet is, without flattery to authour, as just and well written a piece as of its kind I e saw; so that at the same time that it highly deserves, certainly stands very little in need of this recommendation. to the history of the unfortunate person, whose memoirs compo this work, it is certainly penned with equal accuracy a spirit, of which I am so much the better judge, as I know ma of the facts mentioned to be strictly true, and very fai related. Besides, it is not only the story of Mr. Savage, b innumerable incidents relating to other persons, and oth affairs, which renders this a very amusing, and, withal, a very structive and valuable performance. The authour's observati are short, significant, and just, as his narrative is remarka smooth, and well disposed. His reflections open to all recesses of the human heart; and, in a word, a more just pleasant, a more engaging or a more improving treatise, on the excellencies and defects of human nature, is scarce to found in our own, or perhaps, any other language."[2]

Johnson's partiality for Savage made him entertain no do of his story, however extraordinary and improbable. It ne occurred to him to question his being the son of the Count of Macclesfield, of whose unrelenting barbarity he so lou complained, and the particulars of which are related in strong and affecting a manner in Johnson's Life of h Johnson was certainly well warranted in publishing narrative, however offensive it might be to the lady and

[1] I suspect Dr. Taylor was inaccurate in this statement. The emphasis shoul equally upon *shalt* and *not*, as both concur to form the negative injuction: and *witness*, like the other acts prohibited in the Decalogue, should not be marked by peculiar emphasis, but only be distinctly enunciated.

[A moderate emphasis should be placed on *false*.—KEARNEY.]

[2] This character of the Life of Savage was not written by Fielding, as has been supp but most probably by Ralph, who, as appears from the minutes of the Partners of Champion in the possession of Mr. Reed of Staple Inn, succeeded Fielding in his of the paper, before the date of that eulogium.

tions, because her alledged unnatural and cruel conduct to
son, and shameful avowal of guilt, were stated in a Life of
age now lying before me, which came out so early as 1727,
no attempt had been made to confute it, or to punish the
nour or printer as a libeller: but for the honour of human
ure, we should be glad to find the shocking tale not true;
from a respectable gentleman[1] connected with the lady's
ily, I have received such information and remarks, as joined
ny own inquiries, will, I think, render it at least somewhat
btful, especially when we consider that it must have
inated from the person himself who went by the name of
hard Savage.

f the maxim, *falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus*, were to be
eived without qualification, the credit of Savage's narrative,
conveyed to us, would be annihilated; for it contains
e assertions which, beyond a question, are not true.

. In order to induce a belief that the Earl Rivers, on
ount of a criminal connection with whom, Lady Macclesfield
aid to have been divorced from her husband, by Act of
liament,[2] had a peculiar anxiety about the child which she
e to him, it is alledged, that his Lordship gave him his
name, and had it duly recorded in the register of St.
drew's, Holborn. I have carefully inspected that register,
no such entry is to be found.[3]

he late Francis Cockayne Cust, Esq. one of his Majesty's Counsel.

997.

Mr. Cust's reasoning, with respect to the filiation of Richard Savage, always ap-
d to me extremely unsatisfactory; and is entirely overturned by the following
ve observations, for which the reader is indebted to the unwearied researches of Mr.
ey.—The story on which Mr. Cust so much relies, that Savage was a suppositious
not the son of Lord Rivers and Lady Macclesfield, but the offspring of a shoemaker,
uced in consequence of her real son's death, was, without doubt, grounded on the
istance of Lady Macclesfield's having, in 1696, previously to the birth of Savage, had
ghter by the Earl Rivers, who died in her infancy: a fact, which, as the same
man observes to me, was proved in the course of the proceedings on Lord
estfield's Bill of Divorce. Most fictions of this kind have some admixture of truth
m.—M.]

om "the Earl of Macclesfield's Case," which, in 1697-8, was presented to the Lords
er to procure an act of divorce, it appears, that "Anne, Countess of Macclesfield,
the name of Madam SMITH, was delivered of a male child in Fox Court, near
-street, Holborn, by Mrs. Wright, a midwife, on Saturday the 16th of January,
, at six o'clock in the morning, who was baptized on the Monday following, and
red by the name of RICHARD, the son of John Smith, by Mr. Burbridge, assistant
Manningham's Curate for St. Andrew's, Holborn: that the child was christened on
ay the 18th of January, in Fox Court; and, from the privacy, was supposed by
urbridge to be 'a by-blow, or bastard.' It also appears, that during her delivery,
y wore a mask; and that Mary Pegler on the next day after the baptism (Tuesday)
male-child, whose mother was called Madam Smith, from the house of Mrs.
nt, in Fox Court, [running from Brook-street into Gray's-Inn Lane,] who went by
ne of Mrs. Lee."

ormable to this statement is the entry in the Register of St. Andrew's, Holborn,
is as follows, and which unquestionably records the baptism of Richard Savage, to
Lord Rivers gave his own Christian name, prefixed to the assumed surname of his

2. It is stated, that "Lady Macclesfield having lived f
some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought
publick confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditio
method of obtaining her liberty;" and Johnson, assuming th
to be true, stigmatises her with indignation, as "the wret
who had, without scruple, proclaimed herself an adulteress."
But I have perused the Journals of both houses of Parliame
at the period of her divorce, and there find it authentica
ascertained, that so far from voluntarily submitting to t
ignominious charge of adultery, she made a strenuous defen
by her Counsel; the bill having been first moved the 15th
January, 1697 8, in the house of Lords, and proceeded c
(with various applications for time to bring up witnesses at
distance, &c.) at intervals, till the 3d of March, when it passe
It was brought to the Commons, by a message from the Lor
the 5th of March, proceeded on the 7th, 10th, 11th, 14th, a
15th, on which day, after a full examination of witnesses on bo
sides, and hearing of Counsel, it was reported without amer
ments, passed, and carried to the Lords. That Lady Macclesfi
was convicted of the crime of which she was accused, cant
be denied; but the question now is, whether the person calli
himself Richard Savage was her son.

It has been said,[2] that when Earl Rivers was dying, a
anxious to provide for all his natural children, he was inform
by Lady Macclesfield that her son by him was dead. Wheth
then, shall we believe that this was a malignant lie, inven
by a mother to prevent her own child from receiving
bounty of his father, which was accordingly the consequen
if the person whose life Johnson wrote, was her son; or sh
we not rather believe that the person who then assumed
name of Richard Savage was an impostor, being in reality
son of the shoe-maker, under whose wife's care [3] L
Macclesfield's child was placed; that after the death of the
Richard Savage, he attempted to personate him; and that
fraud being known to Lady Macclesfield, he was theref
repulsed by her with just resentment.

There is a strong circumstance in support of the last

mother. Jan. 1696-7. "RICHARD, son of John Smith and Mary, in Fox Cou
Grave's-Inn Lane, baptised the 18th."—RINDLEY.]

[1] [No divorce can be obtained in the Courts, on confession of the party. There mu
proofs.—KEARNEY.]

[2] [By Johnson, in his Life of Savage.—M.]

[3] [This, as an accurate friend remarks to me, is not correctly stated. The shoem
under whose care Savage was placed, with a view to his becoming his apprentice
not the husband of his nurse.—See Johnson's Life of Savage.—J. BOSWELL.]

sition; though it has been mentioned as an aggravation of
ady Macclesfield's unnatural conduct, and that is, her having
evented him from obtaining the benefit of a legacy left to
m by Mrs. Lloyd, his god-mother. For if there was such a
gacy left, his not being able to obtain payment of it, must be
puted to his consciousness that he was not the real person.
he just inference should be, that by the death of Lady
acclesfield's child before its god-mother, the legacy became
osed, and therefore that Johnson's Richard Savage was an
postor.

If he had a title to the legacy, he could not have found any
fficulty in recovering it; for had the executors resisted his claim,
e whole costs, as well as the legacy, must have been paid by
em, if he had been the child to whom it was given.

The talents of Savage, and the mingled fire, rudeness, pride,
eanness, and ferocity of his character,[1] concur in making it
edible that he was fit to plan and carry on an ambitious and
ring scheme of impostor, similar instances of which have not
en wanting in higher spheres, in the history of different
untries, and have had a considerable degree of success.

Yet, on the other hand, to the companion of Johnson, (who,
ough whatever medium he was conveyed into this world,—
it ever so doubtful "To whom related, or by whom begot,"
s, unquestionably, a man of no common endowments,) we
ust allow the weight of general repute as to his *Status* or
rentage, though illicit; and supposing him to be an impostor,
seems strange that Lord Tyrconnel, the nephew of Lady
acclesfield, should patronise him, and even admit him as a
est in his family.[2] Lastly, it must ever appear very sus-

Johnson's companion appears to have persuaded that lofty-minded man, that he
mbled him in having a noble pride; for Johnson, after painting in strong colours the
rrel between Lord Tyrconnel and Savage, asserts that "the spirit of Mr. Savage,
ed, never suffered him to solicit a reconciliation: he returned reproach for reproach,
insult for insult." But the respectable gentleman to whom I have alluded, has in
possession a letter from Savage, after Lord Tyrconnel had discarded him, addressed
he Reverend Mr. Gilbert, his Lordship's Chaplain, in which he requests him, in the
blest manner, to represent his case to the Viscount.

Trusting to Savage's information, Johnson represents this unhappy man's being re
ed as a companion by Lord Tyrconnel, and pensioned by his Lordship, as posteriour
avage's conviction and pardon. But I am assured, that Savage had received the
ntary bounty of Lord Tyrconnel, and had been dismissed by him long before the
der was committed, and that his Lordship was very instrumental in procuring
age's pardon, by his intercession with the Queen, through Lady Hertford. If,
efore, he had been desirous of preventing the publication by Savage, he would have
him to his fate. Indeed I must observe, that although Johnson mentions that Lord
connel's patronage of Savage was "upon his promise to lay aside his design of ex-
ng the cruelty of his mother," the great biographer has forgotten that he himself has
tioned, that Savage's story had been told several years before in "The Plain
ler;" from which he quotes this strong saying of the generous Sir Richard Steele,
the "inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his

picious, that three different accounts of the Life of Richar Savage, one published in "The Plain Dealer," in 1724, anoth in 1727, and another by the powerful pen of Johnson, in 174 and all of them while Lady Macclesfield was alive, shoul notwithstanding the severe attacks upon her, have bee suffered to pass without any publick and effectual contr diction.

I have thus endeavoured to sum up the evidence upon th case, as fairly as I can; and the result seems to be, that th world must vibrate in a state of uncertainty as to what was th truth.

This digression, I trust, will not be censured, as it relates a matter exceedingly curious, and very intimately connecte with Johnson, both as a man and an authour.[1]

He this year wrote "the Preface to the Harleian Mi cellany." * The selection of the pamphlets of which was composed was made by Mr. Oldys, a man of eag curiosity, and indefatigable diligence, who first exerted th spirit of inquiry into the literature of the old English write by which the works of our great dramatic poet have late been so signally illustrated.

In 1745 he published a pamphlet entitled, "Miscellaneo Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks Sir T. H.'s (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) Edition of Shakspeare." To which he affixed, proposals for a new edition of th poet.

As we do not trace any thing else published by hi during the course of this year, we may conjecture that was occupied entirely with that work. But the little encourag ment which was given by the publick to his anonymo proposals for the execution of a task which Warburton w known to have undertaken, probably damped his ardour. pamphlet, however, was highly esteemed, and was fortuna

father." At the same time it must be acknowledged, that Lady Macclesfield and relations might still wish that her story should not be brought into more conspic notice by the satirical pen of Savage.

[1] Miss Mason, after having forfeited the title of Lady Macclesfield by divorce, married to Colonel Brett, and, it is said, was well known in all the polite cir Colley Cibber, I am informed, had so high an opinion of her taste and judgemen to genteel life and manners, that he submitted every scene of his "Careless Husba to Mrs. Brett's revisal and correction. Colonel Brett was reported to be free in gallantry with his Lady's Maid. Mrs. Brett came into a room one day in her house, and found the Colonel and her maid both fast asleep in two chairs. She t white handkerchief round her husband's neck, which was a sufficient proof that had discovered his intrigue; but she never at any time took notice of it to him. incident as I am told, gave occasion to the well-wrought scene of Sir Charles and L Easy and Edging.

ugh to obtain the approbation even of the supercilious rburton himself, who, in the Preface to his Shakspeare olished two years afterwards, thus mentioned it: "As to all se things which have been published under the titles of *ays*, *Remarks*, *Observations*, &c. on Shakspeare, if you ept some Critical Notes on Macbeth, given as a specimen a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of ts and genius, the rest are absolutely below a serious ice."

Of this flattering distinction shewn to him by Warburton, ery grateful remembrance was ever entertained by Johnson, said, "He praised me at a time when praise was of value me."

n 1746 it is probable that he was still employed upon Shakspeare, which perhaps he laid aside for a time, upon ount of the high expectations which were formed of rburton's edition of that great poet. It is somewhat ous, that his literary career appears to have been almost lly suspended in the years 1745 and 1746, those years which e marked by a civil war in Great-Britain, when a rash mpt was made to restore the House of Stuart to the one. That he had a tenderness for that unfortunate use, is well known; and some may fancifully imagine, a sympathetick anxiety impeded the exertion of his llectual powers: but I am inclined to think, that he was, ing this time, sketching the outlines of his great philological k.

None of his letters during those years are extant, so far as n discover. This is much to be regretted. It might afford e entertainment to see how he then expressed himself to his ate friends concerning State affairs. Dr. Adams informs that "at this time a favourite object which he had in emplation was 'The Life of Alfred;' in which, from warmth with which he spoke about it, he would, I ve, had he been master of his own will, have engaged elf, rather than on any other subject."

n 1747 it is supposed that the Gentleman's Magazine for was enriched by him with five short poetical pieces, nguished by three asterisks. The first is a translation, ather a paraphrase, of a Latin Epitaph on Sir Thomas mer. Whether the Latin was his, or not, I have never d, though I should think it probably was, if it be certain he wrote the English; as to which my only cause of

doubt is, that his slighting character of Hanmer as an edito
in his "Observations on Macbeth," is very different fro
that in the Epitaph. It may be said, that there is the sam
contrariety between the character in the Observations, an
that in his own Preface to Shakspeare; but a considerab
time elapsed between the one publication and the othe
whereas the Observations and the Epitaph came close togethe
The others are, "To Miss ——, on her giving the Authour
gold and silk net-work Purse of her own weaving;" "Stel
in Mourning;" "The Winter's Walk;" "An Ode;" an
"To Lyce, an elderly Lady." I am not positive that
these were his productions;[1] but as "The Winter's Walk
has never been controverted to be his, and all of them ha
the same mark, it is reasonable to conclude that they a
all written by the same hand. Yet to the Ode, in whi
we find a passage very characteristick of him, being a learn
description of the gout,

> "Unhappy, whom to beds of pain
> *Arthritick* tyranny consigns;"

there is the following note, "The authour being ill of the gout
but Johnson was not attacked with that distemper till a ve
late period of his life. May not this, however, be a poetic
fiction? Why may not a poet suppose himself to have t
gout, as well as suppose himself to be in love, of whi
we have innumerable instances, and which has been admirab
ridiculed by Johnson in his "Life of Cowley"? I have al
some difficulty to believe that he could produce such a gro
of *conceits* as appear in the verses to Lyce, in which
claims for this ancient personage as good a right to
assimilated to *heaven*, as nymphs whom other poets ha
flattered: he therefore ironically ascribes to her the attribu
of the *sky*, in such stanzas as this:

> "Her teeth the *night* with *darkness* dies,
> She's *starr'd* with pimples o'er;
> Her tongue like nimble *lightning* plies,
> And can with *thunder* roar."

But as at a very advanced age he could condescend to trifle
namby-pamby rhymes, to please Mrs. Thrale and her daught

[1] [In the UNIVERSAL VISITER, to which Johnson contributed, the mark whic
affixed to some pieces unquestionably his, is also found subjoined to others, of wh
he certainly was not the authour. The mark therefore will not ascertain the po
in question to have been written by him. Some of them were probably the pro
tions of Hawkesworth, who, it is believed, was afflicted with the gout. The verses
a Purse were inserted afterwards in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, and are, unq
tionably, Johnson's.—M.]

may have, in his earlier years, composed such a piece as is.

It is remarkable, that in this first edition of "The Winter's alk," the concluding line is much more Johnsonian than was afterwards printed; for in subsequent editions, after aying Stella to "snatch him to her arms," he says,

"And *shield* me from the *ills* of life."

hereas in the first edition it is

"And *hide* me from the *sight* of life."

horrour at life in general is more consonant with Johnson's bitual gloomy cast of thought.

I have heard him repeat with great energy the following rses, which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for April s year; but I have no authority to say they were his own. deed one of the best criticks of our age suggests to me, t "the word *indifferently* being used in the sense of *thout concern*, and being also very unpoetical, renders it probable that they should have been his composition."

"*On Lord* LOVAT'S *Execution.*

"Pity'd by *gentle minds* KILMARNOCK died;
The *brave*, BALMERINO, were on thy side;
RADCLIFFE, unhappy in his crimes of youth,
Steady in what he still mistook for truth,
Beheld his death so decently unmov'd,
The *soft* lamented, and the *brave* approv'd.
But LOVAT'S fate indifferently we view,
True to no *King*, to no *religion* true:
No *fair* forgets the *ruin* he has done;
No *child* laments the *tyrant* of his *son*;
No *tory* pities, thinking what he was;
No *whig* compassions, *for he left the cause*;
The *brave* regret not, for he was not brave;
The *honest* mourn not, knowing him a knave!"[1]

This year his old pupil and friend, David Garrick, having come joint patentee and manager of Drury-lane theatre, nson honoured his opening of it with a Prologue,* which just and manly dramatick criticism on the whole range of

[1] These verses are somewhat too severe on the extraordinary person who is the f figure in them; for he was undoubtedly brave. His pleasantry during his in trial (in which, by the way, I have heard Mr. David Hume observe, that we one of the very few speeches of Mr. Murray, now Earl of Mansfield, authen- y given) was very remarkable. When asked if he had any questions to put to Everard Fawkener, who was one of the strongest witnesses against him, he ered "I only wish him joy of his young wife." And after sentence of death, in horrible terms in such cases of treason, was pronounced upon him, and he was ng from the bar, he said, "Fare you well, my Lords, we shall not all meet; gain e place." He behaved with perfect composure at his execution, and called out *ulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*"

[1] *D

the English stage, as well as for poetical excellence,[1] i unrivalled. Like the celebrated Epilogue to the "Distresse Mother," it was, during the season, often called for by th audience. The most striking and brilliant passages of it hav been so often repeated, and are so well recollected by all th lovers of the drama, and of poetry, that it would be superfluou to point them out. In the Gentleman's Magazine for Decembe this year, he inserted an "Ode on Winter," which is, I think an admirable specimen of his genius for lyrick poetry.

But the year 1747 is distinguished as the epoch, whe Johnson's arduous and important work, his DICTIONARY O THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, was announced to the world, b the publication of its Plan or PROSPECTUS.

How long this immense undertaking had been the object o his contemplation, I do not know. I once asked him by wha means he had attained to that astonishing knowledge of ou language, by which he was enabled to realize a design of suc extent and accumulated difficulty. He told me, that "it wa not the effect of particular study; but that it had grown up i his mind insensibly." I have been informed by Mr. Jame Dodsley, that several years before this period, when Johnso was one day sitting in his brother Robert's shop, he heard h brother suggest to him, that a Dictionary of the Englis Language would be a work that would be well received by th publick; that Johnson seemed at first to catch at the pr position, but, after a pause, said, in his abrupt decisiv manner, "I believe I shall not undertake it." That h however, had bestowed much thought upon the subjec before he published his "Plan," is evident from the enlarge clear, and accurate views which it exhibits; and we find hi mentioning in that tract, that many of the writers whose tes monies were to be produced as authorities, were selected Pope; which proves that he had been furnished, probabl by Mr. Robert Dodsley, with whatever hints that emine poet had contributed towards a great literary project, th had been the subject of important consideration in a form reign.

[1] My friend Mr. Courtenay, whose eulogy on Johnson's Latin Poetry has b inserted in this Work, is no less happy in praising his English Poetry.

But hark, he sings! the strain even Pope admires;
Indignant virtue her own bard inspires,
Sublime as Juvenal he pours his lays,
And with the Roman shares congenial praise:—
In glowing numbers now he fires the stage,
And Shakspeare's sun relumes the clouded stage.

The booksellers who contracted with Johnson, single and aided, for the execution of a work, which in other countries not been effected but by the co-operating exertions of many, e Mr. Robert Dodsley, Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew llar, the two Messieurs Longman, and the two Messieurs apton. The price stipulated was fifteen hundred and enty-five pounds.

The "Plan" was addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesfield, then one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of te; a nobleman who was very ambitious of literary tinction, and who, upon being informed of the design, l expressed himself in terms very favourable to its success. ere is, perhaps, in every thing of any consequence, a secret tory which it would be amusing to know, could we have it hentically communicated. Johnson told me,[1] "Sir, the way which the plan of my Dictionary came to be inscribed to rd Chesterfield, was this: I had neglected to write it by the e appointed. Dodsley suggested a desire to have it addressed Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, t it might be better done, and let Dodsley have his desire. aid to my friend, Dr. Bathurst, 'Now if any good comes my addressing to Lord Chesterfield, it will be ascribed deep policy,' when, in fact, it was only a casual excuse for ness."

t is worthy of observation, that the "Plan" has not only the stantial merit of comprehension, perspicuity, and precision, that the language of it is unexceptionably excellent; it ng altogether free from that inflation of style, and those common but apt and energetick words, which in some of his tings have been censured, with more petulance than justice; never was there a more dignified strain of compliment n that in which he courts the attention of one, who, had been persuaded to believe, would be a respectable on.

With regard to questions of purity or propriety, (says he) as once in doubt whether I should not attribute to myself much in attempting to decide them, and whether my vince was to extend beyond the proposition of the question, the display of the suffrages on each side; but I have been e determined by your Lordship's opinion, to interpose my judgement, and shall therefore endeavour to support what ears to me most consonant to grammar and reason.

[1] September 22, 1777, going from Ashbourne in Derbyshire, to see Islam.

Ausonius thought that modesty forbade him to plead inabilit for a task to which Cæsar had judged him equal:

Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat?

And I may hope, my Lord, that since you, whose authorit in our language is so generally acknowledged, have con missioned me to declare my own opinion, I shall be considere as exercising a kind of vicarious jurisdiction; and that th power which might have been denied to my own claim, w be readily allowed me as the delegate of your Lordship."

This passage proves, that Johnson's addressing his "Plan to Lord Chesterfield was not merely in consequence of th result of a report by means of Dodsley, that the Ea favoured the design; but that there had been a particul communication with his Lordship concerning it. Dr. Tayl told me, that Johnson sent his "Plan" to him in manuscrip for his perusal; and that when it was lying upon his tabl Mr. William Whitehead happened to pay him a visit, an being shewn it, was highly pleased with such parts of it he had time to read, and begged to take it home with hi which he was allowed to do; that from him it got into th hands of a noble Lord, who carried it to Lord Chesterfiel When Taylor observed this might be an advantage, Johnso replied, "No, Sir, it would have come out with more bloo if it had not been seen before by any body."

The opinion conceived of it by another noble autho appears from the following extract of a letter from the Earl Orrery to Dr. Birch:

"Caledon, Dec. 30, 174

"I have just now seen the specimen of Mr. Johnso Dictionary, addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I am mu pleased with the plan, and I think the specimen is one of t best that I have ever read. Most specimens disgust, rather th prejudice us in favour of the work to follow: but the langua of Mr. Johnson's is good, and the arguments are prope and modestly expressed. However, some expressions may cavilled at, but they are trifles. I'll mention one: the *bar* laurel. The laurel is not barren, in any sense whatever bears fruits and flowers. *Sed hæ sunt nugæ*, and I have gr expectations from the performance." [1]

That he was fully aware of the arduous nature of the und taking, he acknowledges; and shews himself perfectly sensible

[1] Birch MSS. Brit. Mus. 4303.

in the conclusion of his "Plan;" but he had a noble nsciousness of his own abilities, which enabled him to go on th undaunted spirit.

Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary, when e following dialogue ensued.—"ADAMS. This is a great rk, Sir. How are you to get all the etymologies? HNSON. Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, d others; and there is a Welch gentleman who has published collection of Welch proverbs, who will help me with the elch. ADAMS. But, Sir, how can you do this in three ars? JOHNSON. Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in ee years. ADAMS. But the French Academy, which consists forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary. HNSON. Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me e; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen ndred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a French- an." With so much ease and pleasantry could he talk of it prodigious labour which he had undertaken to execute.

The publick has had, from another pen,[1] a long detail of at had been done in this country by prior Lexicographers; d no doubt Johnson was wise, to avail himself of them, so as they went: but the learned, yet judicious research of ymology, the various, yet accurate display of definition, and e rich collection of authorities, were reserved for the periour mind of our great philologist. For the mechanical rt he employed, as he told me, six amanuenses; and let be remembered by the natives of North-Britain, to whom is supposed to have been so hostile, that five of them were that country. There were two Messieurs Macbean; Mr. ils, who, we shall hereafter see, partly wrote the Lives of the ets to which the name of Cibber is affixed:[2] Mr. Stewart, n of Mr. George Stewart, bookseller at Edinburgh; and a . Maitland. The sixth of these humble assistants was Mr. yton, who, I believe, taught French, and published some mentary tracts.

To all these painful labourers Johnson shewed a never-ceasing dness, so far as they stood in need of it. The elder Mr. cbean had afterwards the honour of being Librarian to hibald, Duke of Argyle, for many years, but was left with- a shilling. Johnson wrote for him a Preface to "A

[1] See Sir John Hawkins's Life of Johnson.
Sir John Hawkins's list of former English Dictionaries is, however, by no means plete.—M.]
[2] See *post*, under April 10, 1776.

System of Ancient Geography;" and, by the favour of Lor Thurlow, got him admitted a poor brother of the Charte house. For Shiels, who died of a consumption, he had muc tenderness; and it has been thought that some choic sentences in the Lives of the Poets were supplied by hir Peyton, when reduced to penury, had frequent aid from th bounty of Johnson, who at last was at the expence of buryin him and his wife.

While the Dictionary was going forward, Johnson lived pa of the time in Holborn, part in Gough-square, Fleet-stree and he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house f the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their sever task. The words, partly taken from other dictionaries, ar partly supplied by himself, having been first written down wi spaces left between them, he delivered in writing the etymologies, definitions, and various significations. Th authorities were copied from the books themselves, in whic he had marked the passages with a black-lead pencil, th traces of which could easily be effaced. I have seen sever of them, in which that trouble had not been taken; so th they were just as when used by the copyists. It is remarkabl that he was so attentive in the choice of the passages in whic words were authorised, that one may read page after pag of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and should not pass unobserved, that he has quoted no auth whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion ar morality.

The necessary expence of preparing a work of such magn tude for the press, must have been a considerable deductio from the price stipulated to be paid for the copyright. understand that nothing was allowed by the booksellers o that account; and I remember his telling me, that a lar portion of it having, by mistake, been written upon both sid of the paper, so as to be inconvenient for the compositor, cost him twenty pounds to have it transcribed upon one sid only.

He is now to be considered as "tugging at his oar," engaged in a steady continued course of occupatio sufficient to employ all his time for some years; and which w the best preventive of that constitutional melancholy whic was ever lurking about him, ready to trouble his quiet. B his enlarged and lively mind could not be satisfied witho more diversity of employment, and the pleasure of animate

axation.[1] He therefore not only exerted his talents in asional composition, very different from Lexicography, but ned a club in Ivy lane, Paternoster Row, with a view to ov literary discussion, and amuse his evening hours. The mbers associated with him in this little society were, his oved friend Dr. Richard Bathurst, Mr. Hawkesworth, rwards well known by his writings, Mr. John Hawkins, an orney,[2] and a few others of different professions.

n the Gentleman's Magazine for May of this year he wrote a ife of Roscommon," * with Notes; which he afterwards ch improved, (indenting the notes into text,) and inserted ongst his Lives of the English Poets.

Mr. Dodsley this year brought out his PRECEPTOR, one of most valuable books for the improvement of young minds t has appeared in any language; and to this meritorious rk Johnson furnished "The Preface,"* containing a general tch of the book, with a short and perspicuous recommenda- n of each article; as also, "The Vision of Theodore, the rmit, found in his Cell," * a most beautiful allegory of man life, under the figure of ascending the mountain of istence. The Bishop of Dromore heard Dr. Johnson say, t he thought this was the best thing he ever wrote.

In January, 1749, he published "THE VANITY OF HUMAN SHES, being the Tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated."* He, I ieve, composed it the preceding year.[3] Mrs. Johnson, for sake of country air, had lodgings at Hampstead, to ich he resorted occasionally, and there the greatest part, if the whole, of this Imitation was written. The fervid idity with which it was produced, is scarcely credible. I re heard him say, that he composed seventy lines of it in e day, without putting one of them upon paper till they

[1] For the sake of relaxation from his literary labours, and probably also for Mrs. nson's health, he this summer visited Tunbridge Wells, then a place of much greater rt than it is at present. Here he met Mr. Cibber, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Samuel ardson, Mr Whiston, Mr. Onslow, (the Speaker,) Mr. Pitt, Mr. Lyttelton, and ral other distinguished persons. In a print, representing some of "the remarkable acters" who were at Tunbridge Wells in 1748, and copied from a drawing of the size, (See RICHARDSON'S CORRESPONDENCE,) Dr. Johnson stands the first e.—M.]

[2] He was afterwards for several years Chairman of the Middlesex Justices, and upon sion of presenting an address to the King, accepted the usual offer of Knighthood. is authour of "A History of Musick," in five volumes in quarto. By assiduous adance upon Johnson in his last illness, he obtained the office of one of his executors; nsequence of which, the booksellers of London employed him to publish an edition of Johnson's works, and to write his Life.

[3] Sir John Hawkins, with solemn inaccuracy, represents this poem as a consequence of indifferent reception of his tragedy. But the fact is, that the poem was pub- d on the 9th of January, and the tragedy was not acted till the 6th of the February wing.

were finished. I remember when I once regretted to him tha he had not given us more of Juvenal's Satires, he said, h probably should give more, for he had them all in his head by which I understood, that he had the originals and corre spondent allusions floating in his mind, which he could, whe he pleased, embody and render permanent without muc labour. Some of them, however, he observed were too gros for imitation.

The profits of a single poem, however excellent, appear t have been very small in the last reign, compared with what publication of the same size has since been known to yiel I have mentioned upon Johnson's own authority, that for h LONDON he had only ten guineas; and now, after his fam was established, he got for his "Vanity of Human Wishes but five guineas more, as is proved by an authentick documer in my possession.[1]

It will be observed, that he reserves to himself the right printing one edition of this satire, which was his practice upo occasion of the sale of all his writings; it being his fixe intention to publish at some period, for his own profit, complete collection of his works.

His "Vanity of Human Wishes" has less of common lif but more of a philosophick dignity than his "London." Mo readers, therefore, will be delighted with the pointed spirit "London," than with the profound reflection of "The Vani of Human Wishes." Garrick, for instance, observed in h sprightly manner, with more vivacity than regard to ju discrimination, as is usual with wits, "When Johnson live much with the Herveys, and saw a good deal of what wa passing in life, he wrote his 'London,' which is lively an easy: when he became more retired, he gave us his 'Vanity Human Wishes,' which is as hard as Greek. Had he gone to imitate another satire, it would have been as hard Hebrew."[2]

But "The Vanity of Human Wishes" is, in the opinion the best judges, as high an effort of ethick poetry as an language can shew. The instances of variety of disappoi ment are chosen so judiciously, and painted so strongly, tha the moment they are read, they bring conviction to eve

[1] "Nov. 25, 1748. I received of Mr. Dodsley fifteen guineas, for which I assign him the right of copy of an Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, written by m reserving to myself the right of printing one edition. "SAM. JOHNSO

"London, 29 June, 1756. A true copy, from the original in Dr. Johnson's handwrit "JAS DODSLE

[2] From Mr. Langton.

nking mind. That of the scholar must have depressed the
sanguine expectations of many an ambitious student.[1]
at of the warrior, Charles of Sweden, is, I think, as
hly finished a picture as can possibly be conceived.
Were all the other excellencies of this poem annihilated, it
st ever have our grateful reverence from its noble conclusion;
which we are consoled with the assurance that happiness
y be attained, if we "apply our hearts" to piety:

"Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
Shall dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Shall no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries attempt the mercy of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His hand, whose eye discerns afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore His aid, in His decisons rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best:
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, which panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal for retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find."[2]

In this poem one of the instances mentioned of unfortunate learned men is
iat:

"Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end."

he History of Lydiat being little known, the following account of him may be
ptable to many of my readers. It appeared as a note in the Supplement to the
tleman's Magazine for 1748, in which some passages extracted from Johnson's poem
inserted, and it should have been added in the subsequent editions.—"A very
ned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College, Oxon, and Rector of Okerton,
Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatise '*De natura cæli, &c.*' in
h he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle, not bearing to hear it
d, *that some things are true in philosophy, and false in divinity.* He made above
Sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his
ks, he lay in the prison of Becardo at Oxford, and in the King's Bench, till Bishop
er, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts.
petitioned King Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having
ken in favour of Monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces,
twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and afterwards had not a shirt to
him in three months, without he borrowed it, and died very poor in 1646."
In this poem, a line in which the danger attending on female beauty is mentioned,
very generally, I believe, been misunderstood:

"Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king."

Garrick being now vested with theatrical power by being manager of Drury-lane theatre, he kindly and generously made use of it to bring out Johnson's tragedy, which had been long kept back for want of encouragement. But in this benevolent purpose he met with no small difficulty from the temper of Johnson, which could not brook that a drama which he had formed with much study, and had been obliged to keep more than the nine years of Horace, should be revised and altered at the pleasure of an actor. Yet Garrick knew well, that without some alterations it would not be fit for the stage. A violent dispute having ensued between them, Garrick applied to the Reverend Dr. Taylor to interpose. Johnson was at first very obstinate. "Sir, (said he) the fellow wants me to make Mahomet run mad, that he may have an opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels."[1] He was, however, at last with difficulty, prevailed on to comply with Garrick's wishes, so as to allow of some changes; but still there were not enough.

Dr. Adams was present the first night of the representation of IRENE, and gave me the following account: "Before the curtain drew up, there were catcalls whistling, which alarmed Johnson's friends. The Prologue, which was written by himself in a manly strain, soothed the audience,[2] and the play went

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The lady mentioned in the first of these verses, was not the celebrated Lady Vane whose memoirs were given to the publick by Dr. Smollett, but Anne Vane, who was mistress to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and died in 1736, not long before Johnson settled in London. Some account of this lady was published, under the title of The Secret History of Vanella, 8vo. 1732. See also Vanella in the Straw, 4to., 1732. In Mr. Boswell's TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES (Aug. 17), we find some observations respecting the lines in question:

"In Dr. Johnson's VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES there is the following passage:

"The teeming mother anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane," &c.

"Lord Hailes told him, [Johnson] he was mistaken in the instances he had given of unfortunate fair ones, for neither Vane nor Sedley had a title to that description."—His lordship therefore thought, that the lines should rather have run thus:

Yet *Shore* could tell——
And *Valiere* curs'd——

"Our friend (he added in a subsequent note, addressed to Mr. Boswell on this subject) chose Vane, who was far from being well-look'd, and Sedley, who was so ugly that Charles II. said—his brother had her by way of penance."—M.]

[1] Mahomet was in fact played by Mr. Barry, and Demetrius by Mr. Garrick: but probably at this time the parts were not yet cast.

[2] The expression used by Dr. Adams was "soothed." I should rather think the audience was *awed* by the extraordinary spirit and dignity of the following lines:

"Be this at least his praise, be this his pride,
To force applause no modern arts are tried:
Should partial catcalls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound;
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit;
No snares to captivate the judgement spreads,
Nor bribes your eyes, to prejudice your heads.

tolerably, till it came to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, e Heroine of the piece, was to be strangled upon the stage, d was to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. he audience cried out '*Murder! Murder!*'[1] She several nes attempted to speak; but in vain. At last she was liged to go off the stage alive." This passage was afterwards uck out, and she was carried off to be put to death behind e scenes, as the play now has it. The Epilogue, as Johnson formed me, was written by Sir William Yonge. I know not w his play came to be thus graced by the pen of a person en so eminent in the political world.

Notwithstanding all the support of such performers as rrick, Barry, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and every vantage of dress and decoration, the tragedy of Irene did t please the publick.[2] Mr. Garrick's zeal carried it through

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Unmov'd, though witlings sneer and rivals rail,
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail,
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain;
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust;
Ye fops be silent, and ye wits be just!"

[This shews, how ready modern audiences are to condemn in a new play what they e frequently endured very quietly in an old one. Rowe has made Moneses in MERLANE die by the bow-string, without offence.—M.]

[I know not what Sir John Hawkins means by the *cold reception* of IRENE. [See e, p. 111.] I was at the first representation, and most of the subsequent. It was ch applauded the first night, particularly the speech on *to-morrow*. It ran nine hts at least. It did not indeed become a stock-play, but there was not the least osition during the representation, except the first night in the last act, where Irene to be strangled on the stage, which *John* could not bear, though a dramatick poet stab or slay by hundreds. The bow-string was not a Christian nor an ancient ek or Roman death. But this offence was removed after the first night, and Irene t off the stage to be strangled.—Many stories were circulated at the time, of the nour's being observed at the representation to be dissatisfied with some of the speeches conduct of the play, himself; and, like la Fontaine, expressing his disapprobation d.—BURNEY.]

Mr. Murphy in his Life of Johnson, p. 53, says, "the amount of the three benefit ts for the tragedy of IRENE, it is to be feared, were not very considerable, as the profit, stimulating motive, never invited the authour to another dramatick attempt."

n the word "profit," the late Mr. Isaac Reed in his copy of that Life, which I chased at the sale of his library, has added a manuscript note, containing the follow- receipts on Johnson's three benefit nights:

"3rd night's receipt	£177	1	6
6th	106	4	0
9th	101	11	6
	384	17	0
Charges of the House	289	0	0
Profit	195	17	0
He also received for the Copy	100	0	0
In all	295	17	0"

a preceding page (52) Mr. Murphy says, "IRENE was acted at Drury-lane on day, Feb. 6, and from that time, without interruption, to Monday, February the being in all thirteen nights."

this Mr. Reed somewhat indignantly has written,—"This is false. It was acted

for nine nights, so that the authour had his three night profits; and from a receipt signed by him, now in the hand of Mr. James Dodsley, it appears that his friend, Mr. Robe Dodsley, gave him one hundred pounds for the copy, with h usual reservation of the right of one edition.

IRENE, considered as a poem, is entitled to the praise superiour excellence. Analysed into parts, it will furnish rich store of noble sentiments, fine imagery, and beautif language; but it is deficient in pathos, in that delicate pow of touching the human feelings, which is the principal end the drama.[1] Indeed Garrick has complained to me, th Johnson not only had not the faculty of producing th impressions of tragedy, but that he had not the sensibility perceive them. His great friend Mr. Walmsley's predictio that he would "turn out a fine tragedy writer," was, therefor ill-founded. Johnson was wise enough to be convinced th he had not the talents necessary to write successfully for t stage, and never made another attempt in that species of co position.

When asked how he felt upon the ill success of his traged he replied, "Like the Monument;" meaning that he continue firm and unmoved as that column. And let it be remembere as an admonition to the *genus irritabile* of dramatick writer that this great man, instead of peevishly complaining of t bad taste of the town, submitted to its decision without murmur. He had, indeed, upon all occasions a great deferen for the general opinion: "A man (said he) who writes a boo thinks himself wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind; supposes that he can instruct or amuse them, and the public to whom he appeals, must, after all, be the judges of h pretensions."

On occasion of this play being brought upon the stag Johnson had a fancy that as a dramatick authour his dre should be more gay than what he ordinarily wore; he therefo appeared behind the scenes, and even in one of the side boxe in a scarlet waistcoat, with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced h

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only nine nights, and never repeated afterwards. Mr. Murphy, in making the abs calculation, includes both the Sundays and Lent days."

The blunder, however, is that of the Monthly Reviewer, from whom Murphy to without acknowledgment, the greater part of his Essay. M. R. vol. lxxvii. p. 145 A. CHALMERS.]

[1] Aaron Hill (Vol. II. p. 155,) in a letter to Mr. Mallet, gives the following acco of Irene after having seen it. "I was at the rehearsals Mr Johnson's benefit, a found the play his proper representative; strong sense ungraced by sweetness decorum."

e humourously observed to Mr. Langton, "that when in that
ess he could not treat people with the same ease as when in
s usual plain clothes." Dress indeed, we must allow, has
ore effect even upon strong minds than one should suppose,
thout having had the experience of it. His necessary
endance while his play was in rehearsal, and during its
rformance, brought him acquainted with many of the per-
rmers of both sexes, which produced a more favourable
inion of their profession than he had harshly expressed in
s Life of Savage. With some of them he kept up an
quaintance as long as he and they lived, and was ever ready
shew them acts of kindness. He for a considerable time
ed to frequent the *Green-Room*, and seemed to take delight
dissipating his gloom, by mixing in the sprightly chit-chat
the motley circle then to be found there. Mr. David Hume
lated to me from Mr. Garrick, that Johnson at last denied
mself this amusement, from considerations of rigid virtue;
ying, "I'll come no more behind your scenes, David; for
e silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite
y amorous propensities."

In 1750 he came forth in the character for which he was
inently qualified, a majestick teacher of moral and religious
sdom. The vehicle which he chose was that of a periodical
per, which he knew had been, upon former occasions,
nployed with great success. The Tatler, Spectator, and
uardian, were the last of the kind published in England,
nich had stood the test of a long trial; and such an interval
d now elapsed since their publication, as made him justly
ink that, to many of his readers, this form of instruction
ould, in some degree, have the advantage of novelty. A few
ys before the first of his Essays came out, there started
other competitor for fame in the same form, under the title
"The Tatler Revived," which I believe was "born but to
e." Johnson was, I think, not very happy in the choice of
s title,—"The Rambler;" which certainly is not suited to a
ries of grave and moral discourses; which the Italians have
erally, but ludicrously, translated by *Il Vagabondo*; and which
s been lately assumed as the denomination of a vehicle of
entious tales, "The Rambler's Magazine." He gave Sir
shua Reynolds the following account of its getting this
me: "What *must* be done, Sir, *will* be done. When I was
begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it.
sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I

would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The Rambler seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."[1]

With what devout and conscientious sentiments this paper was undertaken, is evidenced by the following prayer, which he composed and offered up on the occasion: "Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly: grant, I beseech Thee, that in this undertaking thy Holy Spirit may not be with-held from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others: grant this, O Lord, for the sake of thy son, JESUS CHRIST. Amen."[2]

The first paper of the Rambler was published on Tuesday the 20th of March, 1749–50; and its authour was enabled to continue it, without interruption, every Tuesday and Saturday till Saturday the 17th of March,[3] 1752, on which day it closed. This is a strong confirmation of the truth of a remark of his which I have had occasion to quote elsewhere,[4] that "a man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it;" for, notwithstanding his constitutional indolence, his depression of spirits, and his labour in carrying on his Dictionary, he answered the stated calls of the press twice a week from the stores of his mind, during all that time; having received no assistance, except four billets in No. 10, by Miss Mulso, now Mrs. Chapone; No. 30, by Mrs. Catharine Talbot; No. 97, by Mr. Samuel Richardson, whom he describes in an introductory note as "An authour who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue;" and Numbers 44 and 100, by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Posterity will be astonished when they are told, upon the authority of Johnson himself, that many of these discourses which we should suppose had been laboured with all the slow attention of literary leisure, were written in haste as the

[1] I have heard Dr. Warton mention, that he was at Mr. Robert Dodsley's with the late Mr. Moore, and several of his friends, considering what should be the name of a periodical paper which Moore had undertaken. Garrick proposed the *Ballad*, which by a curious coincidence, was afterwards applied to himself by Goldsmith:

"Our Garrick's a sallad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree!"

At last, the company having separated, without any thing of which they approved having been offered, Dodsley himself thought of *The World*.

[2] Prayers and Meditations, p. 9.

[3] [This is a mistake, into which the authour was very pardonably led by the inaccuracy of the original folio edition of the Rambler, in which the concluding paper of that work is dated on "Saturday, March 17." But Saturday was in fact the *fourteenth* of March. This circumstance, though it may at first appear of very little importance, is yet worthy of notice; for Mrs. Johnson died on the *seventeenth* of March. M.]

[4] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit., p. 28 [Aug. 19].

oment pressed, without even being read over by him before ey were printed. It can be accounted for only in this way; at by reading and meditation, and a very close inspection of e, he had accumulated a great fund of miscellaneous knowlge, which, by a peculiar promptitude of mind, was ever ady at his call, and which he had constantly accustomed nself to clothe in the most apt and energetick expression. Joshua Reynolds once asked him by what means he had ained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. He d him, that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do best on every occasion, and in every company: to impart atever he knew in the most forcible language he could put n; and that by constant practice, and never suffering any reless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his oughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it came habitual to him.[1]

Yet he was not altogether unprepared as a periodical writer; I have in my possession a small duodecimo volume, in ich he has written, in the form of Mr. Locke's Commonce Book, a variety of hints for essays on different subjects. has marked upon the first blank leaf of it, "To the 128th ge, collections for the RAMBLER;" and in another place, "In y-two there were seventeen provided; in 97—21; in 190—" At a subsequent period (probably after the work was shed) he added, "In all, taken of provided materials, 30." Sir John Hawkins, who is unlucky upon all occasions, tells that "this method of accumulating intelligence had been ctised by Mr. Addison, and is humourously described in of the Spectators, wherein he feigns to have dropped paper of *notanda*, consisting of a diverting medley of ken sentences and loose hints, which he tells us he had lected, and meant to make use of. Much of the same d is Johnson's Adversaria."[2] But the truth is, that there no resemblance at all between them. Addison's note was a ion, in which unconnected fragments of his lucubrations e purposely jumbled together, in as odd a manner as he ld, in order to produce a laughable effect. Whereas nson's abbreviations are all distinct, and applicable to each ject of which the head is mentioned.

[1] The rule which Dr. Johnson observed, is sanctioned by the authority of two great ers of antiquity "Ne id quidem tacendum est, quod eidem Ciceroni placet, nullum um usquam negligentem esse sermonem: *quicquid loquemur, ubicunque, sit pro cilicet portione perfectum.*" Quinctil. x. 7.—M.]

[2] Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 268.

For instance, there is the following specimen :

Youth's Entry, &c.

Baxter's account of things in which he had changed his mind as he grew up. Voluminous.—No wonder.—If every man was to tell, or mark, on how many subjects he has changed it would make vols. but the changes not always observed by man's self.—From pleasure to bus. [*business*] to quiet ; from thoughtfulness to reflect. to piety ; from dissipation to domestic by impercept. gradat. but the change is certain. Dial. *non progredi, progress. esse conspicimus.* Look back, consider what was thought at some dist. period.

"*Hope predom. in youth. Mind not willingly indulges unpleasing thoughts.* The world lies all enamelled before him as a distant prospect sun-gilt ;[1]—inequalities only found by coming to it. *Love is to be all joy—children excellent*—Fame to be constant—caresses of the great—applauses of the learned—smiles of Beauty.

"*Fear of disgrace—Bashfulness*—Finds things of less importance. Miscarriages forgot like excellencies ;—if remembered, of no import. Danger of sinking into negligence of reputation ;—lest the fear of disgrace destroy activity.

"*Confidence in himself.*—Long tract of life before him.—No thought of sickness.—Embarrassment of affairs.—Distraction of family. Publick calamities.—No sense of the prevalence of bad habits. Negligent of time—ready to undertake—careless to pursue—all changed by time.

"*Confident of others*—unsuspecting as unexperienced—imagining himself secure against neglect, never imagines they will venture to treat him ill. Ready to trust ; expecting to be trusted. Convinced by time of the selfishness, the meanness, the cowardice, the treachery of men.

"Youth ambitious, as thinking honours easy to be had.

"Different kinds of praise pursued at different periods. Of the gay in youth.—dang. hurt, &c. despised.

"Of the fancy in manhood. Ambit.—stocks—bargains.—Of the wise and sober in old age—seriousness—formality—maxims, but general—only of the rich, otherwise age is happy—but at last every thing referred to riches—no having fame, honour, influence, without subjection to caprice.

"Horace.

"Hard it would be if men entered life with the same view

[1] This most beautiful image of the enchanting delusion of youthful prospect has not been used in any of Johnson's essays.

th which they leave it, or left as they enter it.—No hope—
undertaking—no regard to benevolence—no fear of disgrace,
c.

"Youth to be taught the piety of age—age to retain the
nour of youth."

This, it will be observed, is the sketch of Number 196 of
e Rambler. I shall gratify my readers with another speci-
en:

"*Confederacies difficult; why.*

"Seldom in war a match for single persons—nor in peace;
erefore kings make themselves absolute. Confederacies in
arning—every great work the work of one. *Bruy.* Scholars'
endship like ladies. Scribebamus, &c. Mart.[1] The apple
discord—the poverty of criticism. Swift's opinion of the
wer of six geniuses united. That union scarce possible.
is remarks just;—man a social, not steady nature. Drawn
man by words, repelled by passions. Orb drawn by
raction, rep. [*repelled*] by centrifugal.

"Common danger unites by crushing other passions—but
ey return. Equality hinders compliance. Superiority pro-
ces insolence and envy. Too much regard in each to private
erest;—too little.

"The mischiefs of private and exclusive societies.—The
ness of social attraction diffused through the whole. The
schiefs of too partial love of our country. Contraction of
oral duties—Οι φιλοι, ου φιλος.

"Every man moves upon his own center, and therefore
pels others from too near a contact, though he may comply
h some general laws.

"Of confederacy with superiors every one knows the
convenience. With equals, no authority;—every man his
n opinion—his own interest.

"Man and wife hardly united;—scarce ever without
ldren. Computation, if two to one against two, how many
inst five? If confederacies were easy—useless;—many
presses many.—If possible only to some, dangerous.
incipum amicitias."

Here we see the embryo of Number 45 of the Adventurer;
d it is a confirmation of what I shall presently have occasion
mention, that the papers in that collection marked T.
e written by Johnson.

[1] [Lib. xii. 96. "In Tuccam æmulum omnium suorum studiorum."—M.]

This scanty preparation of materials will not, however, muc diminish our wonder at the extraordinary fertility of his mind for the proportion which they bear to the number of essay which he wrote, is very small; and it is remarkable, that thos for which he had made no preparation, are as rich and a highly finished, as those for which the hints were lying by hin It is also to be observed, that the papers formed from his hin are worked up with such strength and elegance, that we almo lose sight of the hints, which become like "drops in th bucket." Indeed, in several instances, he has made a ver slender use of them, so that many of them remain still u applied.[1]

As the Rambler was entirely the work of one man, there wa of course, such a uniformity in its texture, as very much exclude the charm of variety; and the grave and often solem cast of thinking, which distinguished it from other periodic papers, made it, for some time, not generally liked. So slow did this excellent work, of which twelve editions have no issued from the press, gain upon the world at large, that eve in the closing number the authour says, "I have never bee much a favourite of the publick."[2]

[1] Sir John Hawkins has selected from this little collection of materials, what he ca the "Rudiments of two of the papers of the Rambler." But he has not been able read the manuscript distinctly. Thus he writes, p 266, "Sailor's fate any mansion whereas the original is "Sailor's life my aversion." He has also transcribed the appropriated hints on *Writers for bread*, in which he decyphers these notable passag one in Latin, *famæ non famæ*, instead of *fami non famæ*; Johnson having in his m what Thuanus says of the learned German antiquary and linguist, Xylander, who, tells us, lived in such poverty, that he was supposed *fami non famæ scribere*; a another in French, *Degoute de fate et affamé d'argent*, instead of *Degouté de fame* (old word for *renommé*) *et affamé d'argent*. The manuscript being written in exceedingly small hand, is indeed very hard to read; but it would have been better have left blanks than to write nonsense.

[2] The Ramblers certainly were little noticed at first. Smart, the poet, first mentio them to me as excellent papers, before I had heard any one else speak of them. Whe went into Norfolk, in the autumn of 1751, I found but one person (the Rev. Mr. Squir a man of learning, and a general purchaser of new books,) who knew any thing of the But he had been misinformed concerning the true authour, for he had been told they w written by a Mr. Johnson of Canterbury, the son of a clergyman who had had a cont versy with Bentley, and who had changed the readings of the old ballad entitled *Mor Falgate*, in Bentley's bold style, (*meo periculo*) till not a single word of the original s was left. Before I left Norfolk in the year 1760, the Ramblers were in high fav among persons of learning and good taste. Others there were, devoid of both, who s that the *hard words* in the Rambler were used by the authour to render his Diction indispensably necessary.—BURNEY.)

[It may not be improper to correct a slight errour in the preceding note, though it d not at all affect the principal object of Dr. Burney's remark. The clergyman above allu to, was Mr. Richard Johnson, School-master at Nottingham, who in 1717 publish octavo volume in Latin, against Bentley's edition of Horace, entitled ARISTARCHUS A BENTLEIANUS. In the middle of this Latin work (as Mr Bentley observes to me,) has introduced four pages of English criticism, in which he humorously contrasts, Bentley's manner, one stanza, not of the ballad the hero of which lived in Nor Falgate, but of a ballad celebrating the achievements of TOM BOSTOCK, who in a s fight performed prodigies of valour. The stanza, on which this ingenious writer exercised his wit, is as follows:

Yet, very soon after its commencement, there were who felt
d acknowledged its uncommon excellence. Verses in its
ise appeared in the newspapers; and the editor of the
ntleman's Magazine mentions, in October, his having
eived several letters to the same purpose from the learned.
The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany," in
ich Mr. Bonnell Thornton and Mr. Colman were the
ncipal writers, describes it as "a work that exceeds any thing
the kind ever published in this kingdom, some of the
ectators excepted,—if indeed they may be excepted." And
erwards, "May the publick favours crown his merits, and
y not the English, under the auspicious reign of GEORGE
e second, neglect a man, who, had he lived in the first
ntury, would have been one of the greatest favourites of
gustus." This flattery of the monarch had no effect. It
too well known, that the second George never was an
gustus to learning or genius.

Johnson told me, with an amiable fondness, a little pleasing
cumstance relative to this work. Mrs. Johnson, in whose
dgement and taste he had great confidence, said to him, after
ew numbers of the Rambler had come out, "I thought very
ll of you before; but I did not imagine you could have
itten any thing equal to this." Distant praise, from what-
er quarter, is not so delightful as that of a wife whom a man
res and esteems. Her approbation may be said to "come
me to his *bosom*;" and being so near, its effect is most
nsible and permanent.

Mr. James Elphinston, who has since published various
rks, and who was ever esteemed by Johnson as a worthy
n. happened to be in Scotland while the Rambler was
ming out in single papers at London. With a laudable zeal
once for the improvement of his countrymen, and the
putation of his friend, he suggested and took the charge of
edition of those Essays at Edinburgh, which followed pro-
ssively the London publication.[1]

"Then old Tom Bostock he fell to the work,
He prayed like a Christian, but fought like a Turk,
And cut 'em off all in a jerk,
Which no body can deny," &c.—M.]

[1] It was executed in the printing-office of Sands, Murray, and Cochran, with uncommon elegance, upon writing paper, of a duodecimo size, and with the greatest correctness; and Mr. Elphinston enriched it with translations of the mottos. When twelves it made eight handsome volumes. It is, unquestionably, the most accurate beautiful edition of this work; and there being but a small impression, it is now ome scarce, and sells at a very high price.

The following letter written at this time, though not dated will show how much pleased Johnson was with this publication and what kindness and regard he had for Mr. Elphinston.

"To Mr. James Elphinston.

"DEAR SIR, [*No date.*

"I cannot but confess the failures of my correspondence but hope the same regard which you express for me on ever other occasion, will incline you to forgive me. I am often very often, ill; and, when I am well, am obliged to work: and indeed, have never much used myself to punctuality. You are however, not to make unkind inferences, when I forbear t reply to your kindness; for be assured, I never receive a lette from you without great pleasure, and a very warm sense of you generosity and friendship, which I heartily blame myself for no cultivating with more care. In this, as in many other cases, go wrong, in opposition to conviction; for I think scarce an temporal good equally to be desired with the regard and familiarit of worthy men. I hope we shall be some time nearer to eac other, and have a more ready way of pouring out our hearts.

"I am glad that you still find encouragement to proceed i your publication, and shall beg the favour of six more volume to add to my former six, when you can, with any convenience send them me. Please to present a set, in my name, to M Ruddiman,[1] of whom, I hear, that his learning is not h highest excellence. I have transcribed the mottos, and re turned them, I hope not too late, of which I think many ver happily performed. Mr. Cave has put the last in the magazine in which I think he did well. I beg of you to write soon, an to write often, and to write long letters, which I hope in time repay you; but you must be a patient creditor. I have, ho ever, this of gratitude, that I think of you with regard, wher do not, perhaps, give the proofs which I ought, of being, Sir,

"Your most obliged and

"Most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

[With respect to the correctness of this edition, the authour probably derived information from some other person, and appears to have been misinformed; for it *not* accurately printed, as we learn from Mr. A. Chalmers.—J. Boswell.]

[1] Mr. Thomas Ruddiman, the learned grammarian of Scotland, well known for various excellent works, and for his accurate editions of several authours. He was a man of a most worthy private character. His zeal for the Royal House of Stewart not render him less estimable in Dr. Johnson's eye.

[2] [If the Magazine here referred to be that for October 1752, (See Gent. Mag. vol p. 468,) then this letter belongs to a later period. If it relates to the Magazine for S 1750, (See Gent. Mag. vol. 20, p. 406,) then it may be ascribed to the month of Oct in that year, and should have followed the subsequent letter.—M.]

his year he wrote to the same gentleman another letter
n a mournful occasion.

"To Mr. James Elphinston.

DEAR SIR, September 25, 1750.

"You have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an
llent mother; and I hope you will not think me incapable
artaking of your grief. I have a mother, now eighty-two
s of age, whom, therefore, I must soon lose, unless it please
that she should rather mourn for me. I read the letters
hich you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan, and
k I do myself honour, when I tell you that I read them with
s; but tears are neither to *you* nor to *me* of any farther use,
n once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business
fe summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the
rcise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our depriva-
. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon
ther, is to guard, and excite, and elevate, his virtues. This
r mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the
nory of her life, and of her death: a life, so far as I can
n, useful, wise, and innocent; and a death resigned, peace-
and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason
revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her
piness by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her
sent state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to
ch her instructions or example have contributed. Whether
be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of
arate spirits, is, indeed, of no great importance to us, when
consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God: yet,
ly, there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separa-
from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may
a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made
bable, that that union that has received the divine approba-
shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient by which you may, in some degree,
tinue her presence. If you write down minutely what you
ember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with
t pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing
llection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you,
your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, how-
painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a
ce of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come; for all

comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, de
Sir,

"Your most obliged, most obedient,
"And most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

The Rambler has increased in fame as in age. Soon af its first folio edition was concluded, it was published in duodecimo volumes;[1] and its authour lived to see ten numero editions of it in London, beside those of Ireland and Scotlar

I profess myself to have ever entertained a profound vene tion for the astonishing force and vivacity of mind, which t Rambler exhibits. That Johnson had penetration enough see, and seeing would not disguise the general misery of man this state of being, may have given rise to the superficial noti of his being too stern a philosopher. But men of reflecti will be sensible that he has given a true representation human existence, and that he has, at the same time, with generous benevolence displayed every consolation which c state affords us; not only those arising from the hopes futurity, but such as may be attained in the immediate progr through life. He has not depressed the soul to desponden and indifference. He has every where inculcated study, labo and exertion. Nay, he has shewn, in a very odious light man whose practice is to go about darkening the views of othe by perpetual complaints of evil, and awakening those conside tions of danger and distress, which are, for the most part, lull into a quiet oblivion. This he has done very strongly in character of Suspirius,[2] from which Goldsmith took that Croaker, in his comedy of "The Good-natured Man," Johnson told me he acknowledged to him, and which is, inde very obvious.

To point out the numerous subjects which the Ramb treats, with a dignity and perspicuity which are there united a manner which we shall in vain look for anywhere else, wou take up too large a portion of my book, and would, I trust,

[1] This is not quite accurate. In the GENT. MAG. for Nov. 1751, while the work yet proceeding, is an advertisement, announcing that *four* volumes of the Ram would speedily be published; and it is believed that they were published in the month. The fifth and sixth volumes, with tables of contents and translations of mottos, were published in July 1752, by Payne (the original publisher,) three mo after the close of the work.

When the Rambler was collected into volumes, Johnson revised and correcte through it. Mr. Boswell was not aware of this circumstance, which has lately been covered and accurately stated by Mr. Alexander Chalmers in a new edition of these various other periodical Essays, under the title of "the British Essayists."—M.]

[2] No. 55.

perfluous, considering how universally those volumes are now sseminated. Even the most condensed and brilliant sentences nich they contain, and which have very properly been selected nder the name of "BEAUTIES,"[1] are of considerable bulk. ut I may shortly observe, that the Rambler furnishes such an semblage of discourses on practical religion and moral duty, critical investigations, and allegorical and oriental tales, that mind can be thought very deficient that has, by constant udy and meditation, assimilated to itself all that may be und there. No. 7, written in Passion-week on abstraction d self-examination, and No. 110, on penitence and the acability of the Divine Nature, cannot be too often read. o. 54, on the effect which the death of a friend should have on us, though rather too dispiriting, may be occasionally ry medicinal to the mind. Every one must suppose the iter to have been deeply impressed by a real scene; but he ld me that was not the case; which shews how well his fancy uld conduct him to the "house of mourning" Some of ese more solemn papers, I doubt not, particularly attracted e notice of Dr. Young, the authour of "The Night Thoughts," whom my estimation is such, as to reckon his applause an nour even to Johnson. I have seen volumes of Dr. Young's py of the Rambler, in which he has marked the passages nich he thought particularly excellent, by folding down a rner of the page; and such as he rated in a super-eminent gree are marked by double folds. I am sorry that some of e volumes are lost. Johnson was pleased when told of the inute attention with which Young had signified his approbation his Essays.

I will venture to say, that in no writings whatever can be und more *bark and steel for the mind*, if I may use the ex- ession; more that can brace and invigorate every manly and ble sentiment. No. 32 on patience, even under extreme isery, is wonderfully lofty, and as much above the rant of icism, as the Sun of Revelation is brighter than the twilight Pagan philosophy. I never read the following sentence thout feeling my frame thrill: "I think there is some reason r questioning whether the body and mind are not so pro- rtioned, that the one can bear all which can be inflicted on

[1] Dr. Johnson was gratified by seeing this selection, and wrote to Mr. Kearsley, book- ler in Fleet-street, the following note:
'Mr. Johnson sends compliments to Mr. Kearsley, and begs the favour of seeing him soon as he can. Mr. Kearsley is desired to bring with him the last edition of what he honoured with the name of BEAUTIES.
'May 20, 1782."

the other; whether virtue cannot stand its ground as long as life, and whether a soul well principled will not be sooner separated than subdued."

Though instruction be the predominant purpose of the Rambler, yet it is enlivened with a considerable portion of amusement. Nothing can be more erroneous than the notion which some persons have entertained, that Johnson was then a retired authour, ignorant of the world; and, of consequence, that he wrote only from his imagination, when he described characters and manners. He said to me, that before he wrote that work, he had been "running about the world," as he expressed it, more than almost any body; and I have heard him relate, with much satisfaction, that several of the characters in the Rambler were drawn so naturally, that when it first circulated in numbers, a club in one of the towns in Essex imagined themselves to be severally exhibited in it, and were much incensed against a person who, they suspected, had thus made them objects of publick notice; nor were they quieted till authentick assurance was given them, that the Rambler was written by a person who had never heard of any one of them. Some of the characters are believed to have been actually drawn from the life, particularly that of Prospero from Garrick, who never entirely forgave its pointed satire. For instances of fertility of fancy, and accurate description of real life, I appeal to No. 19, a man who wanders from one profession to another with most plausible reason for every change: No. 34, female fastidiousness and timorous refinement: No. 82, a Virtuoso who has collected curiosities: No. 88, petty modes of entertaining a company, and conciliating kindness: No. 182, fortune-hunting: No. 194-195, a tutor's account of the follies of his pupil: No. 197-198, legacy-hunting. He has given a specimen of his nice observation of the mere external appearances of life, in the following passage in No. 179, against affectation, that frequent and most disgusting quality: "He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers, whose air and motions it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examine what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involun-

[1] [That of GELIDUS in No. 24, from Professor Colson, (see p. 54 of this vol.) and that EUPHUES in the same paper, which, with many others, was doubtless drawn from the EUPHUES, I once thought, might have been intended to represent either Lord Chesterfield or Soame Jenyns: but Mr. Bindley, with more probability, thinks, that George Bubb Dodington, who was remarkable for the homeliness of his person, and the finery of his dress, was the person meant under that character.—M.]

y or painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult, awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, e liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the ightly trip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty en; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks borately formed as evidences of importance."

Every page of the Rambler shews a mind teeming with ssical allusion and poetical imagery: illustrations from other iters are, upon all occasions, so ready, and mingle so easily his periods, that the whole appears of one uniform vivid ture.

The style of this work has been censured by some shallow ticks as involved and turgid, and abounding with antiquated d hard words. So ill-founded is the first part of this ob- tion, that I will challenge all who may honour this book h a perusal, to point out any English writer whose language nveys his meaning with equal force and perspicuity. It st, indeed, be allowed, that the structure of his sentences is panded, and often has somewhat of the inversion of Latin; d that he delighted to express familiar thoughts in philosoph- l language; being in this the reverse of Socrates, who, it is d, reduced philosophy to the simplicity of common life. t let us attend to what he himself says in his concluding per: "When common words were less pleasing to the ear, less distinct in their signification, I have familiarised the ms of philosophy, by applying them to popular ideas."[1] d, as to the second part of this objection, upon a late careful ision of the work, I can with confidence say, that it is azing how few of those words, for which it has been unjustly racterised, are actually to be found in it; I am sure, not the portion of one to each paper. This idle charge has been oed from one babbler to another, who have confounded nson's Essays with Johnson's Dictionary; and because he ght it right in a Lexicon of our language to collect many ds which had fallen into disuse, but were supported by t authorities, it has been imagined that all of these have n interwoven into his own compositions. That some of h have been adopted by him unnecessarily, may, perhaps, llowed; but, in general they are evidently an advantage, without them his stately ideas would be confined and pped. "He that thinks with more extent than another, will

[1] his style did not escape the harmless shafts of pleasant humour: for the ingenious ll Thornton published a mock Rambler in the Drury-lane Journal.

want words of larger meaning."[1] He once told me, that he had formed his style upon that of Sir William Temple, and upon Chambers's Proposal for his Dictionary.[2] He certainly was mistaken; or if he imagined at first that he was imitating Temple, he was very unsuccessful;[3] for nothing can be more unlike than the simplicity of Temple, and the richness of Johnson. Their styles differ as plain cloth and brocade. Temple, indeed, seems equally erroneous in supposing that he himself had formed his style upon Sandys's View of the State of Religion in the Western parts of the World.

The style of Johnson was, undoubtedly, much formed upon that of the great writers in the last century, Hooker, Bacon, Sanderson, Hakewell, and others; those "GIANTS," as they were well characterised by A GREAT PERSONAGE, whose authority, were I to name him, would stamp a reverence on the opinion.

We may, with the utmost propriety, apply to his learned style that passage of Horace, a part of which he has taken as the motto to his Dictionary:

> "*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti;*
> *Audebit quæcumque parùm splendoris habebunt*
> *Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,*
> *Verba movere loco, quamvis invita recedant,*
> *Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ.*
> *Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque*
> *Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,*
> *Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,*
> *Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:*
> *Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus:*
> *Vehemens, et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,*
> *Fundet opes Latiumque beabit divite linguâ.*"[4]

To so great a master of thinking, to one of such vast and various knowledge as Johnson, might have been allowed a liberal indulgence of that licence which Horace claims in another place:

> "*——Si fortè necesse est*
> *Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,*

[1] Idler, No. 70.

[2] [The paper here alluded to was, I believe, Chambers's Proposal for a second and improved edition of his Dictionary, which, I think, appeared in 1748. This Proposal was probably in circulation in 1737, when Johnson first came to London.—M.]

[3] [The authour appears to me to have misunderstood Johnson in this instance. He did not, I conceive, mean to say, that, when he first began to write, he made Sir William Temple his model, with a view to form a style that should resemble his in all its parts, but that he formed his style on that of Temple and others; by taking from each the characteristic excellencies which were most worthy of imitation.—See this matter further explained *post*, under April 9, 1778; where, in a conversation at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, Johnson himself mentions the particular improvements which Temple made in the English style. These, doubtless, were the objects of his imitation, so far as that writer was his model.—M.]

[4] Horat. Epist. Lib. ii. Epist. ii.

Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter:
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca
Si possum, invideor; cum lingua Catonis et Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum præsente notâ producere nomen."[1]

Yet Johnson assured me, that he had not taken upon him to
d more than four or five words to the English language, of
own formation; and he was very much offended at the
neral licence by no means "modestly taken" in his time,
t only to coin new words, but to use many words in senses
te different from their established meaning, and those
quently very fantastical.

Sir Thomas Brown, whose Life Johnson wrote, was remark-
y fond of Anglo-Latin diction; and to his example we are
ascribe Johnson's sometimes indulging himself in this kind
phraseology.[2] Johnson's comprehension of mind was the
uld for his language. Had his conceptions been narrower,
expression would have been easier. His sentences have a
nified march; and, it is certain, that his example has given
eneral elevation to the language of his country, for many of
best writers have approached very near to him; and, from
influence which he has had upon our composition, scarcely
thing is written now that is not better expressed than was
ıal before he appeared to lead the national taste.

This circumstance, the truth of which must strike every
tical reader, has been so happily enforced by Mr. Courtenay,
his "Moral and Literary Character of Dr. Johnson," that I
not prevail on myself to withhold it, notwithstanding his,
haps, too great partiality for one of his friends:

"By nature's gifts ordain'd mankind to rule,
He, like a Titian, form'd his brilliant school;
And taught congenial spirits to excel,
While from his lips impressive wisdom fell.
Our boasted GOLDSMITH felt the sovereign sway;
From him deriv'd the sweet, yet nervous lay.
To Fame's proud cliff he bade our Raffaelle rise:
Hence REYNOLDS' pen with REYNOLDS' pencil vies.

[1] Horat. De Arte Poetica.

[2] The observation of his having imitated Sir Thomas Brown has been made by many
ple; and lately it has been insisted on, and illustrated by a variety of quotations from
n, in one of the popular Essays written by the Reverend Mr. Knox, master of
ridge-school, whom I have set down in my list of those who have sometimes not
cessfully imitated Dr. Johnson's style.

With Johnson's flame melodious BURNEY glows,
While the grand strain in smoother cadence flows.
And you, MALONE, to critick learning dear,
Correct and elegant, refin'd though clear,
By studying him, acquir'd that classick taste,
Which high in Shakspeare's fane thy statue plac'd.
Near Johnson STEEVENS stands, on scenick ground,
Acute, laborious, fertile, and profound.
Ingenious HAWKESWORTH to this school we owe,
And scarce the pupil from the tutor know.
Here early parts accomplish'd JONES sublimes,
And science blends with Asia's lofty rhymes:
Harmonious JONES! who in his splendid strains
Sings Camdeo's sports, on Agra's flowery plains,
In Hindu fictions while we fondly trace
Love and the Muses, deck'd with Attick grace.
Amid these names can BOSWELL be forgot,
Scarce by North Britons now esteem'd a Scot?[1]
Who to the sage devoted from his youth,
Imbib'd from him the sacred love of truth;
The keen research, the exercise of mind,
And that best art, the art to know mankind.—
Nor was his energy confin'd alone
To friends around his philosophick throne;
Its influence wide improv'd our letter'd isle,
And lucid vigour mark'd the general style:
As Nile's proud waves, swoln from their oozy bed,
First o'er the neighbouring meads majestick spread;
Till gathering force, they more and more expand,
And with new virtue fertilise the land."

Johnson's language, however, must be allowed to be to masculine for the delicate gentleness of female writing. H ladies, therefore, seem strangely formal, even to ridicule; an are well denominated by the names which he has given them as Misella, Zozima, Properantia, Rhodoclia.

It has of late been the fashion to compare the style Addison and Johnson, and to depreciate, I think, very unjustl the style of Addison as nerveless and feeble, because it has n the strength and energy of that of Johnson. Their prose m be balanced like the poetry of Dryden and Pope. Both a excellent, though in different ways. Addison writes with t ease of a gentleman. His readers fancy that a wise a

[1] The following observation in Mr. Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* sufficiently account for that Gentleman's being "now scarcely esteemed a Scot" by m of his countrymen. "If he [Dr. Johnson] was particularly prejudiced against the Sc it was because they were more in his way; because he thought their success in Engl rather exceeded the due proportion of their real merit; and because he could not but in them that nationality which, I believe, no liberal-minded Scotchman will des Mr. Boswell, indeed, is so free from national prejudices, that he might with e propriety have been described as—

"Scarce by *South* Britons now esteem'd a Scot."

—COURTENAY.

complished companion is talking to them; so that he insinuates his sentiments and taste into their minds by an imperceptible influence. Johnson writes like a teacher. He dictates to his readers as if from an academical chair. They attend with awe and admiration; and his precepts are impressed upon them by his commanding eloquence. Addison's style, like a light wine, pleases everybody from the first. Johnson's, like a liquor of more body, seems too strong at first, but, by degrees, is highly relished; and such is the melody of his periods, so much do they captivate the ear, and seize upon the attention, that there is scarcely any writer, however considerable, who does not aim, in some degree, at the same species of excellence. But let us not ungratefully undervalue that beautiful style, which has pleasingly conveyed to us much instruction and entertainment. Though comparatively weak, opposed to Johnson's Herculean vigour, let us not call it positively feeble. Let us remember the character of his style, as given by Johnson himself: "What he attempted he performed: he is *never feeble*, and he did not wish to be energetick; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have either studied amplitude, nor affected brevity: his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy.[1] Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."[2]

Though the Rambler was not concluded till the year 1752, I shall, under this year, say all that I have to observe upon it. Some of the translations of the mottos by himself, are admirably done. He acknowledges to have received "elegant translations" of many of them from Mr. James Elphinston; and some are very happily translated by a Mr. *F. Lewis*, of whom I never heard more, except that Johnson thus described him to Mr. Malone: "Sir, he lived in London, and

[1] When Johnson shewed me a proof-sheet of the character of Addison, in which he highly extols his style, I could not help observing, that it had not been his own model, "so two styles could differ more from each other.—" Sir, Addison had his style, and I have mine."—When I ventured to ask him, whether the difference did not consist in this, that Addison's style was full of idioms, colloquial phrases, and proverbs; and his own be strictly grammatical, and free from such phraseology and modes of speech as can ever be literally translated or understood by foreigners; he allowed the discrimination to be just.—Let any one who doubts it, try to translate one of Addison's Spectators into Latin, French, or Italian; and though so easy, familiar, and elegant to an Englishman, so to give the intellect no trouble; yet he would find the transfusion into another language extremely difficult, if not impossible. But a Rambler, Adventurer, or Idler, of Johnson, would fall into any classical or European language, as easily as if it had been originally conceived in it.—BURNEY.]

[2] I shall probably, in another work, maintain the merit of Addison's poetry, which has been very unjustly depreciated.

hung loose upon society."[1] The concluding paper of his Rambler is at once dignified and pathetick. I cannot, however, but wish, that he had not ended it with an unnecessary Greek verse, translated[2] also into an English couplet. It is too much like the conceit of those dramatick poets, who used to conclude each act with a rhyme; and the expression in the first line of his couplet, "*Celestial powers*," though proper in Pagan poetry, is ill suited to Christianity, with "a conformity" to which he consoles himself. How much better would it have been, to have ended with the prose sentence "I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."

His friend, Dr. Birch, being now engaged in preparing an edition of Ralegh's smaller pieces, Dr. Johnson wrote the following letter to that gentleman:

To Dr. Birch.

"SIR, Gough-square, May 12, 1750

"KNOWING that you are now preparing to favour the publick with a new edition of Ralegh's miscellaneous pieces I have taken the liberty to send you a Manuscript, which fell by chance within my notice. I perceive no proofs of forgery in my examination of it; and the owner tells me, that *he* has heard, the hand-writing is Sir Walter's. If you should find reason to conclude it genuine, it will be a kindness to the owner, a blind person,[3] to recommend it to the booksellers. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON"

His just abhorrence of Milton's political notions was ever strong. But this did not prevent his warm admiration of Milton's great poetical merit, to which he has done illustrious justice, beyond all who have written upon the subject. An

[1] [In the Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1752, p. 468, he is styled "the Rev. Francis Lewis, of Chiswick." The late Lord Macartney, while he resided at Chiswick at my request, made some inquiry concerning him at that place, but no intelligence was obtained.

The translations of the mottos supplied by Mr. Elphinston, appeared first in the Edinburgh edition of the Rambler, and in some instances were revised and improved, probably by Johnson, before they were inserted in the London octavo edition. The translations of the mottos affixed to the first thirty numbers of the Rambler, were published, from the Edinburgh edition, in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1750, before the work was collected into volumes.—M.]

[2] [Not in the original edition, in folio.—M.]

[3] Mrs. Williams is probably the person meant.

s year he not only wrote a Prologue, which was spoken by r. Garrick before the acting of Comus at Drury-lane theatre, the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, but took a very alous interest in the success of the charity. On the day eceding the performance, he published the following letter the "General Advertiser," addressed to the printer of that per:

"SIR,

"THAT a certain degree of reputation is acquired merely approving the works of genius, and testifying a regard to e memory of authours, is a truth too evident to be denied; d therefore to ensure a participation of fame with a cele- ated poet, many, who would, perhaps, have contributed to rve him when alive, have heaped expensive pageants upon grave.[1]

"It must, indeed, be confessed, that this method of coming known to posterity with honour, is peculiar to the eat, or at least to the wealthy: but an opportunity now offers almost every individual to secure the praise of paying a st regard to the illustrious dead, united with the pleasure of ing good to the living. To assist industrious indigence, uggling with distress and debilitated by age, is a display of tue, and an acquisition of happiness and honour.

"Whoever, then, would be thought capable of pleasure in ading the works of our incomparable Milton, and not so stitute of gratitude as to refuse to lay out a trifle in rational d elegant entertainment, for the benefit of his living remains, the exercise of their own virtue, the increase of their putation, and the pleasing consciousness of doing good, ould appear at Drury-lane theatre to-morrow, April 5, when mus will be performed for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth oster, grand-daughter to the authour,[2] and the only surviving anch of his family.

"N.B. There will be a new prologue on the occasion, itten by the authour of Irene, and spoken by Mr. Garrick; d, by particular desire, there will be added to the Masque dramatick satire, called Lethe, in which Mr. Garrick will rform.'

In 1751 we are to consider him as carrying on both his ctionary and Rambler. But he also wrote "The Life of heynel," * in the miscellany called "The Student;" and the

[1] [Alluding probably to Mr. Auditor Benson. See the Dunciad, b. iv.—M.]
[2] [Mrs. Elizabeth Foster died May 9, 1754.—A. CHALMERS.]

Reverend Dr. Douglas having with uncommon acuteness clearly detected a gross forgery and imposition upon the publick by William Lauder, a Scotch schoolmaster, who had, with equal impudence and ingenuity, represented Milton as a plagiary from certain modern Latin poets, Johnson, who had been so far imposed upon as to furnish a Preface and Postscript to his work, now dictated a letter for Lauder, addressed to Dr. Douglas, acknowledging his fraud in terms of suitable contrition.[1]

This extraordinary attempt of Lauder was no sudden effort. He had brooded over it for many years: and to this hour it is uncertain what his principal motive was, unless it were a vain notion of his superiority, in being able, by whatever means, to deceive mankind. To effect this, he produced certain passages from Grotius, Masenius, and others, which had a faint resemblance to some parts of the "Paradise Lost." In these he interpolated some fragments of Hog's Latin translation of that poem, alledging that the mass thus fabricated was the archetype from which Milton copied. These fabrications he published from time to time in the Gentleman's Magazine; and, exulting in his fancied success, he in 1750 ventured to collect them into a pamphlet, entitled "An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost." To this pamphlet Johnson wrote a Preface, in full persuasion of Lauder's honesty, and a Postscript recommending, in the most persuasive terms, a subscription for the relief of a grand-daughter of Milton, of whom he thus speaks: "It is yet in the power of a great people to reward the poet whose name they boast, and from their alliance to whose genius they claim some kind of superiority to every other nation of the earth; that poet, whose works may possibly be read when even

[1] Lest there should be any person, at any future period, absurd enough to suspect that Johnson was a partaker in Lauder's fraud, or had any knowledge of it, when he assisted him with his masterly pen, it is proper here to quote the words of Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, at the time when he detected the imposition. "It is true hope may it is *expected*, that the elegant and nervous writer, whose judicious sentiments and inimitable style point out the authour of Lauder's Preface and postscript, will no long allow one to *plume himself with his feathers*, who appeareth so little to deserve assistance an assistance which I am persuaded would never have been communicated, had there been the least suspicion of those facts which I have been the instrument of conveying to the world in these sheets." *Milton no Plagiary*, 2d. edit. p. 78. And his Lordship has been pleased now to authorise me to say, in the strongest manner, that there is no ground whatever for any unfavourable reflection against Dr. Johnson, who expresses the strongest indignation against Lauder.

[Lauder renewed his attempts on Milton's character in 1754, in a pamphlet entitled "The Grand Impostor detected, or Milton convicted of forgery against King Charles I;"—which was reviewed, probably by Johnson, in the Gent. Mag. 1754, p. 97.—Chalmers.]

[Lauder afterwards went to Barbadoes, where he died very miserably about the year 1771.—M.]

ther monument of British greatness shall be obliterated; to ward him, not with pictures or with medals, which, if he ees, he sees with contempt, but with tokens of gratitude, hich he, perhaps, may even now consider as not unworthy ie regard of an immortal spirit." Surely this is inconsistent ith "enmity towards Milton," which Sir John Hawkins nputes to Johnson upon this occasion, adding, "I could all ong observe that Johnson seemed to approve not only of the esign, but of the argument; and seemed to exult in a ersuasion, that the reputation of Milton was likely to suffer y this discovery. That he was not privy to the imposture, I n well persuaded; that he wished well to the argument, may e inferred from the Preface, which indubitably was written by ohnson." Is it possible for any man of clear judgement to ppose that Johnson, who so nobly praised the poetical cellence of Milton in a Postscript to this very "discovery," he then supposed it, could, at the same time, exult in a rsuasion that the great poet's reputation was likely to suffer it? This is an inconsistency of which Johnson was in-pable; nor can any thing more be fairly inferred from the eface, than that Johnson, who was alike distinguished for lent curiosity and love of truth, was pleased with an investiga-n by which both were gratified. That he was actuated by se motives, and certainly by no unworthy desire to depre-te our great epick poet, is evident from his own words; for, er mentioning the general zeal of men of genius and litera-e, "to advance the honour, and distinguish the beauties of radise Lost," he says, "Among the inquiries to which this lour of criticism has naturally given occasion, none is more scure in itself, or more worthy of rational curiosity, than a rospect of the progress of this mighty genius in the con-uction of his work; a view of the fabrick gradually rising, haps, from small beginnings, till its foundation rests in the tre, and its turrets sparkle in the skies; to trace back the ucture through all its varieties, to the simplicity of its first n; to find what was first projected, whence the scheme was en, how it was improved, by what assistance it was executed, from what stores the materials were collected; whether its nder dug them from the quarries of Nature, or demolished er buildings to embellish his own."[1]—Is this the language ne who wished to blast the laurels of Milton?

[1] "Proposals (written evidently by Johnson) for printing the ADAMUS EXUL of us, with a Translation and Notes by Wm. Lauder, A.M." Gent. Mag. 1747. vol. 404.—M.]

Though Johnson's circumstances were at this time far from being easy, his humane and charitable disposition was constantly exerting itself. Mrs. Anna Williams, daughter of a very ingenious Welsh physician, and a woman of more than ordinary talents and literature, having come to London in hopes of being cured of a cataract in both her eyes, which afterwards ended in total blindness, was kindly received as a constant visitor at his house while Mrs. Johnson lived; and, after her death, having come under his roof in order to have an operation upon her eyes performed with more comfort to her than in lodgings, she had an apartment from him during the rest of her life, at all times when he had a house.

In 1752 he was almost entirely occupied with his Dictionary. The last paper of his Rambler was published March 2,[1] this year; after which, there was a cessation for some time of any exertion of his talents as an essayist. But, in the same year, Dr. Hawkesworth, who was his warm admirer, and a studious imitator of his style, and then lived in great intimacy with him, began a periodical paper, entitled, "THE ADVENTURER," in connection with other gentlemen, one of whom was Johnson's much-loved friend, Dr. Bathurst; and, without doubt, they received many valuable hints from his conversation, most of his friends having been so assisted in the course of their works.

That there should be a suspension of his literary labours during a part of the year 1752, will not seem strange, when it is considered that soon after closing his Rambler, he suffered a loss which, there can be no doubt, affected him with the deepest distress. For on the 17th of March, O. S., his wife died. Why Sir John Hawkins should unwarrantably take upon him even to *suppose* that Johnson's fondness for her was *dissembled* (meaning simulated or assumed,) and to assert, that if it was not the case, "it was a lesson he had learned by rote," I cannot conceive; unless it proceeded from a want of similar feelings in his own breast. To argue from her being much older than Johnson, or any other circumstances, that he could not really love her, is absurd; for love is not a subject

[1] [Here the author's memory failed him, for, according to the account given in a former page, (see p. 118,) we should here read March 17; but in truth, as has been already observed, the Rambler closed on Saturday the *fourteenth* of March; at which time Mrs. Johnson was near her end, for she died on the following Tuesday, March 17. Had the concluding paper of that work been written on the day of her death, it would have been still more extraordinary than it is, considering the extreme grief into which the author was plunged by that event.—The melancholy cast of that concluding essay is sufficiently accounted for by the situation of Mrs. Johnson at the time it was written, and her death three days afterwards put an end to the Paper.—M.]

f reasoning, but of feeling, and therefore there are no common rinciples upon which one can persuade another concerning it. very man feels for himself, and knows how he is affected by articular qualities in the person he admires, the impressions f which are too minute and delicate to be substantiated in nguage.

The following very solemn and affecting prayer was found fter Dr. Johnson's decease, by his servant, Mr. Francis arber, who delivered it to my worthy friend the Reverend Ir. Strahan, Vicar of Islington, who at my earnest request has bligingly favoured me with a copy of it, which he and I ompared with the original. I present it to the world as an ndoubted proof of a circumstance in the character of my ustrious friend, which, though some whose hard minds I ever shall envy, may attack as superstitious, will I am sure ndear him more to numbers of good men. I have an addi- onal, and that a personal motive for presenting it, because it nctions what I myself have always maintained and am fond indulge:

"April 26, 1752, being after 12 at Night of the 25th.

"O Lord! Governour of heaven and earth, in whose hands e embodied and departed Spirits, if thou hast ordained the uls of the Dead to minister to the Living, and appointed my eparted Wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the od effects of her attention and ministration, whether exer- sed by appearance, impulses, dreams, or in any other manner reeable to thy Government. Forgive my presumption, lighten my ignorance, and however meaner agents are nployed, grant me the blessed influences of thy holy Spirit, rough Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

What actually followed upon this most interesting piece of votion by Johnson, we are not informed; but I, whom it has eased GOD to afflict in a similar manner to that which casioned it, have certain experience of benignant communi- tion by dreams.

That his love for his wife was of the most ardent kind, and, ring the long period of fifty years, was unimpaired by the se of time, is evident from various passages in the series of Prayers and Meditations, published by the Reverend Mr. rahan, as well as from other memorials, two of which I ect, as strongly marking the tenderness and sensibility of mind.

"March 28, 1753. I kept this day as the anniversary of m Tetty's death, with prayer and tears in the morning. In th evening I prayed for her conditionally, if it were lawful."

"April 23, 1753. I know not whether I do not too muc indulge the vain longings of affection; but I hope the intenerate my heart, and that when I die like my Tetty, thi affection will be acknowledged in a happy interview, and tha in the mean time I am incited by it to piety. I will, howeve not deviate too much from common and received methods devotion."

Her wedding-ring, when she became his wife, was, after h death, preserved by him, as long as he lived, with an affe tionate care, in a little round wooden box, in the inside which he pasted a slip of paper, thus inscribed by him in fa characters, as follows:

"*Eheu!*
Eliz. Johnson,
Nupta Jul. 9° 1736,
Mortua, eheu!
Mart. 17° 1752."

After his death, Mr. Francis Barber, his faithful servant, a residuary legatee, offered this memorial of tenderness to M Lucy Porter, Mrs. Johnson's daughter; but she having declin to accept of it, he had it enamelled as a mourning ring for h old master, and presented it to his wife, Mrs. Barber, who n has it.

The state of mind in which a man must be upon the dea of a woman whom he sincerely loves, had been in his conte plation for many years before. In his IRENE, we find t following fervent and tender speech of Demetrius, address to his Aspasia:

"From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st amongst thy fellow saints,
Array'd in pure light, look down on me!
In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,
O! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee."

I have, indeed, been told by Mrs. Desmoulins, who, before h marriage, lived for some time with Mrs. Johnson at Han stead, that she indulged herself in country air and nice livi at an unsuitable expence, while her husband was drudging the smoke of London, and that she by no means treated h with that complacency which is the most engaging quality i wife. But all this is perfectly compatible with his fondness

r, especially when it is remembered that he had a high
inion of her understanding, and that the impressions which
r beauty, real or imaginary, had originally made upon his
ncy, being continued by habit, had not been effaced, though
e herself was doubtless much altered for the worse. The
eadful shock of separation took place in the night; and he
mediately dispatched a letter to his friend, the Reverend Dr.
aylor, which, as Taylor told me, expressed grief in the
rongest manner he had ever read; so that it is much to be
gretted it has not been preserved.[1] The letter was brought
Dr. Taylor, at his house in the Cloysters, Westminster,
out three in the morning; and as it signified an earnest
sire to see him, he got up, and went to Johnson as soon as
was dressed, and found him in tears and in extreme agita-
on. After being a little while together, Johnson requested
m to join with him in prayer. He then prayed extempore,
did Dr. Taylor; and thus by means of that piety which was
er his primary object, his troubled mind was, in some degree,
othed and composed.

The next day he wrote as follows:

"To the Reverend Dr. Taylor.

"DEAR SIR,

"Let me have your company and instruction. Do not
e away from me. My distress is great.

"Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I
ould buy for my mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note
writing with you.

"Remember me in your prayers, for vain is the help of man.

"I am, dear Sir, &c.

"Sam. Johnson."

March 18, 1752."

That his sufferings upon the death of his wife were severe,
eyond what are commonly endured, I have no doubt, from
e information of many who were then about him, to none of
nom I give more credit than to Mr. Francis Barber, his
ithful negro servant,[2] who came into his family about a fort-

[1] In the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1794, (p. 100,) was printed a letter
etending to be that written by Johnson on the death of his wife. But it is merely
ranscript of the 41st number of "The Idler," on the death of a friend. A fictitious
e, March 17, 1751, O. S., was added by some person, previously to this paper's
ng sent to the publisher of that miscellany, to give a colour to this deception.—M.]

[2] Francis Barber was born in Jamaica, and was brought to England in 1750 by
lonel Bathurst, father of Johnson's very intimate friend, Dr. Bathurst. He was sent,
some time, to the Reverend Mr. Jackson's school, at Barton, in Yorkshire. The

night after the dismal event. These sufferings were aggravated by the melancholy inherent in his constitution; and although he probably was not oftener in the wrong than she was, in the little disagreements which sometimes troubled his married state, during which, he owned to me, that the gloomy irritability of his existence was more painful to him than ever, he might very naturally, after her death, be tenderly disposed to charge himself with slight omissions and offences, the sense of which would give him much uneasiness.[1] Accordingly we find, about a year after her decease, that he thus addressed the Supreme Being: "O LORD, who givest the grace of repentance, and hearest the prayers of the penitent, grant that by true contrition I may obtain forgiveness of all the sins committed, and of all duties neglected, in my union with the wife whom thou hast taken from me; for the neglect of joint devotion, patient exhortation, and mild instruction."[2] The kindness of his heart, notwithstanding the impetuosity of his temper, is well known to his friends; and I cannot trace the smallest foundation for the following dark and uncharitable assertion by Sir John Hawkins: "The apparition of his departed wife was altogether of the terrifick kind, and hardly afforded him a hope that she was in a state of happiness."[3] That he, in conformity with the opinion of many of the most able, learned, and pious Christians in all ages, supposed that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eternal felicity, appears, I think, unquestionably from his devotions:[4] "And, O LORD, so far as it may be lawful in me, I commend to thy fatherly goodness *the soul of my departed wife*: beseeching thee to *grant* her whatever is best in her *present state*, and *finally to receive her to eternal happiness*."[5] But this state has not been looked upon with horrour, but only as less gracious.

He deposited the remains of Mrs. Johnson in the church of

Colonel by his will left him his freedom, and Dr. Bathurst was willing that he should enter into Johnson's service, in which he continued from 1752 till Johnson's death, with the exception of two intervals; in one of which, upon some difference with his master, he went and served an apothecary in Cheapside, but still visited Dr. Johnson occasionally; in another, he took a fancy to go to sea. Part of the time, indeed, that he was, by the kindness of his master, at a school in Northamptonshire, that he might have the advantage of some learning. So early, and so lasting, a connection was there between Dr. Johnson and this humble friend.

[1] [See his beautiful and affecting Rambler, No. 54.—M.]

[2] Prayers and Meditations, p. 19.

[3] Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 316.

[4] [It does not appear that Johnson was fully persuaded that there was a middle state: his prayers being only *conditional*, i.e. if such a state existed.—M.]

[5] Prayers and Meditations, p. 80.

romley in Kent,[1] to which he was probably led by the sidence of his friend Hawkesworth at that place. The neral sermon which he composed for her, which was never eached, but having been given to Dr. Taylor, has been iblished since his death, is a performance of uncommon cellence, and full of rational and pious comfort to such as e depressed by that severe affliction which Johnson felt when wrote it. When it is considered that it was written in such agitation of mind, and in the short interval between her ath and burial, it cannot be read without wonder.

From Mr. Francis Barber I have had the following authenk and artless account of the situation in which he found him cently after his wife's death: "He was in great affliction. rs. Williams was then living in his house, which was in ough-square. He was busy with the Dictionary. Mr. Shiels, d some others of the gentlemen who had formerly written him, used to come about him. He had then little for himf, but frequently sent money to Mr. Shiels when in distress. he friends who visited him at that time, were chiefly Dr. thurst,[2] and Mr. Diamond, an apothecary in Cork-street, rlington-gardens, with whom he and Mrs. Williams generally ned every Sunday. There was a talk of his going to Iceland th him, which would probably have happened, had he lived. here was also Mr. Cave, Dr. Hawkesworth, Mr. Ryland, erchant on Tower-hill, Mrs. Masters, the poetess, who lived th Mr. Cave, Mrs. Carter, and sometimes Mrs. Macaulay; o, Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow-hill, not the learned way, but a worthy good woman; Mr. (now Sir shua) Reynolds; Mr. Miller, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Bouquet,

[A few months before his death, Johnson honoured her memory by the following aph, which was inscribed on her tombstone, in the church of Bromley:

Hic conduntur reliquiæ
ELIZABETHÆ
Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,
Peatlingæ, apud Leicestrienses, ortæ;
Formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ, piæ;
Uxoris, primis nuptiis, Henrici Porter,
Secundis, Samuelis Johnson:
Qui multum amatam, diuque defletam
Hoc lapide contexit.
Obiit Londini, Mense Mart.
A.D. MDCCLII. —M.]

Dr. Bathurst, though a physician of no inconsiderable merit, had not the good fortune get much practice in London. He was, therefore, willing to accept of employment bad, and, to the regret of all who knew him, fell a sacrifice to the destructive climate, he expedition against the Havannah. Mr. Langton recollects the following passage letter from Dr. Johnson to Mr. Beauclerk: "The Havannah is taken.—a conquest dearly obtained; for, Bathurst died before it.

'*Vix Priamus tanti totaque Troja fuit.*'"

Mr. Payne, of Paternoster-row, booksellers; Mr. Strahan, th printer; the Earl of Orrery, Lord Southwell, Mr. Garrick."

Many are, no doubt, omitted in this catalogue of hi friends, and in particular, his humble friend Mr. Rober Levet, an obscure practiser in physick amongst the lowe people, his fees being sometimes very small sums, sometime whatever provisions his patients could afford him; but of such extensive practice in that way, that Mrs. Williams has told me his walk was from Houndsditch to Marylebone. It appears fro Johnson's diary, that their acquaintance commenced about th year 1746; and such was Johnson's predilection for him, an fanciful estimation of his moderate abilities, that I have hear him say he should not be satisfied, though attended by all th College of Physicians, unless he had Mr. Levet with him Ever since I was acquainted with Dr. Johnson, and many year before, as I have been assured by those who knew him earlie Mr. Levet had an apartment in his house, or his chamber and waited upon him every morning, through the whole cours of his late and tedious breakfast. He was of a strang grotesque appearance, stiff and formal in his manner, an seldom said a word while any company was present.[1]

The circle of his friends, indeed, at this time was extensiv and various, far beyond what has been generally imagined. T trace his acquaintance with each particular person, if it coul be done, would be a task, of which the labour would not b repaid by the advantage. But exceptions are to be made; or of which must be a friend so eminent as Sir Joshua Reynold who was truly his *dulce decus*, and with whom he maintained a uninterrupted intimacy to the last hour of his life. Whe Johnson lived in Castle-street, Cavendish-square, he use frequently to visit two ladies who lived opposite to him, Mi Cotterells, daughters of Admiral Cotterell. Reynolds used als to visit there, and thus they met. Mr. Reynolds, as I ha observed above, had, from the first reading of his Life Savage, conceived a very high admiration of Johnson's powe of writing. His conversation no less delighted him; and h cultivated his acquaintance with the laudable zeal of one wh was ambitious of general improvement. Sir Joshua, indee was lucky enough at their very first meeting to make remark, which was so much above the commonplace style conversation, that Johnson at once perceived that Reynolds h

[1] [A more particular account of this person may be found in the Gentleman's Maga for January 1785. It originally appeared in the St. James's Chronicle, and, I believe, written by the late George Steevens. Esq.—M.]

habit of thinking for himself. The ladies were regretting death of a friend, to whom they owed great obligations; on which Reynolds observed, "You have however, the comt of being relieved from a burthen of gratitude." They were ocked a little at this alleviating suggestion, as too selfish; Johnson defended it in his clear and forcible manner, and s much pleased with the *mind*, the fair view of human nature,[1] ich is exhibited, like some of the reflections of Rochefaucault. e consequence was, that he went home with Reynolds, and ped with him.

Sir Joshua told me a pleasant characteristical anecdote of nson about the time of their first acquaintance. When they re one evening together at the Miss Cotterells', the then chess of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in. nson thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much rossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected, ow company of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew ry; and resolving to shock their supposed pride, by making ir great visitors imagine that his friend and he were low eed, he addressed himself in a low tone to Mr. Reynolds, ing, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week, re were to *work as hard* as we could?"—as if they had been mmon mechanicks.

His acquaintance with Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, Lincolnshire, another much valued friend, commenced soon r the conclusion of his Rambler; which that gentleman, n a youth, had read with so much admiration, that he came London chiefly with a view of endeavouring to be introduced its authour. By a fortunate chance he happened to take gings in a house where Mr. Levet frequently visited; and ing mentioned his wish to his landlady, she introduced him Mr. Levet, who readily obtained Johnson's permission to ng Mr. Langton to him; as, indeed, Johnson, during the ole course of his life, had no shyness, real or affected, but s easy of access to all who were properly recommended, and n wished to see numbers at his *levee*, as his morning circle of mpany might, with strict propriety, be called. Mr. Langton s exceedingly surprised when the sage first appeared. He d not received the smallest intimation of his figure, dress, or nner. From perusing his writings, he fancied he should

[1] Johnson himself has a sentiment somewhat similar in his 87th Rambler: "ere are minds so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge, they return benefits, not because recompence is a pleasure, but because obligation is in."—J. Boswell.]

see a decent, well-drest, in short, a remarkably decorou philosopher. Instead of which, down from his bed-chamber about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge, uncouth figure, wit a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and hi clothes hanging loose about him. But his conversation was s rich, so animated, and so forcible, and his religious an political notions so congenial with those in which Langton ha been educated, that he conceived for him that veneration an attachment which he ever preserved. Johnson was not th less ready to love Mr. Langton, for his being of a very ancien family; for I have heard him say, with pleasure, "Langtor Sir, has a grant of free warren from Henry the Second; an Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of th family."

Mr. Langton afterwards went to pursue his studies Trinity College, Oxford, where he formed an acquaintance wit his fellow-student, Mr. Topham Beauclerk; who, though the opinions and modes of life were so different, that it seeme utterly improbable that they should at all agree, had so arde a love of literature, so acute an understanding, such elegance manners, and so well discerned the excellent qualities of M Langton, a gentleman eminent not only for worth and learnin but for an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation, th they became intimate friends.

Johnson, soon after this acquaintance began, passed a co siderable time at Oxford. He at first thought it strange th Langton should associate so much with one who had t character of being loose, both in his principles and practic but, by degrees, he himself was fascinated. Mr. Beaucler being of the St. Alban's family, and, having, in some particula a resemblance to Charles the Second, contributed, in Johnso imagination, to throw a lustre upon his other qualities; and a short time, the moral, pious Johnson, and the gay dissipa Beauclerk, were companions. "What a coalition! (s Garrick, when he heard of this:) I shall have my old friend bail out of the Round-house." But I can bear testimo that it was a very agreeable association. Beauclerk was polite, and valued learning and wit too much, to offe Johnson by sallies of infidelity or licentiousness; and John delighted in the good qualities of Beauclerk, and hoped correct the evil. Innumerable were the scenes in which John was amused by these young men. Beauclerk could take m liberty with him, than any body with whom I ever saw him;

the other hand, Beauclerk was not spared by his respectable
npanions, when reproof was proper. Beauclerk had such a
pensity to satire, that at one time Johnson said to him,
ou never open your mouth but with intention to give pain;
l you have often given me pain, not from the power of what
1 said, but from seeing your intention." At another time
plying to him, with a slight alteration, a line of Pope, he
l,

"Thy love of folly, and thy scorn of fools—

ery thing thou dost shews the one, and every thing thou
'st the other." At another time he said to him, "Thy body
ll vice, and thy mind all virtue." Beauclerk not seeming
relish the compliment, Johnson said, "Nay, Sir, Alexander
Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have
ired to have had more said to him."

ohnson was some time with Beauclerk at his house at
ndsor, where he was entertained with experiments in natural
losophy. One Sunday, when the weather was very fine,
uclerk enticed him, insensibly, to saunter about all the
ning. They went into a church-yard, in the time of divine
ice, and Johnson laid himself down at his ease upon one of
tomb-stones. "Now, Sir, (said Beauclerk) you are like
garth's Idle Apprentice." When Johnson got his pension,
uclerk said to him, in the humourous phrase of Falstaff, "I
e you'll now purge and live cleanly, like a gentleman."

One night, when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a
ern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it
ne into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if
y could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They
bed violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple,
at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on
top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his
d, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to
ck him. When he discovered who they were, and was
their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed
heir proposal: "What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a
with you."[1] He was soon drest, and they sallied forth
ether into Covent-Garden, where the greengrocers and
terers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come
rom the country. Johnson made some attempts to help

[1] Johnson, as Mr. Kemble observes to me, might here have had in his thoughts the
s of Sir John Brute, (a character which doubtless he had seen represented by
ck,) who uses nearly the same expression in "the Provoked Wife," Act III. Sc. i.

them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his servi were not relished. They then repaired to one of the nei bouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bis* which Johnson had always liked: while in joyous contempt sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the fes lines,

> "Short, O short then be thy reign,
> And give us to the world again!"[1]

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Tham took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement, that t resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with so young Ladies. Johnson scolded him for "leaving his so friends to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-id* girls." Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smar "I heard of your frolick t'other night. You'll be in Chronicle." Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, " durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him!"

He entered upon this year 1753 with his usual piety, appears from the following prayer, which I transcribed f that part of his diary which he burnt a few days before death:

"Jan. 1, 1753, N. S. which I shall use for the future.

"Almighty GOD, who hast continued my life to this grant that, by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, I may impr the time that thou shalt grant me, to my eternal salvat Make me to remember, to thy glory, thy judgements and mercies. Make me so to consider the lost of my wife, wh thou has taken from me, that it may dispose me, by thy gr to lead the residue of my life in thy fear. Grant this, O L for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. Amen."

He now relieved the drudgery of his Dictionary, and melancholy of his grief, by taking an active part in the c position of "The Adventurer," in which he began to w April 10, marking his essays with the signature T, by wh most of his papers in that collection are distinguished: th

[1] Mr. Langton recollected, or Dr. Johnson repeated, the passage wrong. The are in Lord Lansdowne's Drinking Song to Sleep, and run thus:

> "Short, very short be then thy reign,
> For I'm in haste to laugh and drink again."

wever, which have that signature and also that of *Mysargyrus*, re not written by him, but, as I suppose, by Dr. Bathurst. deed Johnson's energy of thought and richness of language, still more decisive marks than any signature. As a proof this, my readers, I imagine, will not doubt that number on sleep, is his; for it not only has the general texture d colour of his style, but the authours with whom he was culiarly conversant are readily introduced in it in cursory usion. The translation of a passage in Statius[1] quoted in t paper, and marked C. B. has been erroneously ascribed Dr. Bathurst, whose Christian name was Richard. How much s amiable man actually contributed to "The Adventurer," nnot be known. Let me add, that Hawkesworth's imitations Johnson are sometimes so happy, that it is extremely difficult distinguish them, with certainty, from the compositions of great archetype. Hawkesworth was his closest imitator, a cumstance of which that writer would once have been proud be told; though, when he had become elated by having risen some degree of consequence, he, in a conversation with me, l the provoking effrontery to say he was not sensible of it. ohnson was truly zealous for the success of "The venturer;" and very soon after his engaging in it, he wrote following letter:

"To the Reverend Dr. Joseph Warton.

'DEAR SIR,

"I ought to have written to you before now, but I ght to do many things which I do not; nor can I, indeed, m any merit from this letter; for being desired by the hours and proprietor of the Adventurer to look out for ther hand, my thoughts necessarily fixed upon you, whose d of literature will enable you to assist them, with very e interruption of your studies.

They desire you to engage to furnish one paper a month, wo guineas a paper, which you may very readily perform. have considered that a paper should consist of pieces of gination, pictures of life, and disquisitions of literature. e part which depends on the imagination is very well plied, as you will find when you read the paper; for de- ptions of life, there is now a treaty almost made with an

[1] This is a slight inaccuracy. The Latin Sapphicks translated by C. B. in that paper written by Cowley, and are in his fourth book on Plants.—M.]

authour and an authouress;[1] and the province of criticism an literature they are very desirous to assign to the commentat on Virgil.

"I hope this proposal will not be rejected, and that the ne post will bring us your compliance. I speak as one of th fraternity, though I have no part in the paper, beyond now ar then a motto; but two of the writers are my particular friend and I hope the pleasure of seeing a third united to them, w not be denied to, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSO

"March 8, 1753."

The consequence of this letter was, Dr. Warton's enrichi the collection with several admirable essays.

Johnson's saying "I have no part in the paper, beyond no and then a motto," may seem inconsistent with his being t authour of the papers marked T. But he had, at this tim written only one number;[2] and besides, even at any af

[1] [It is not improbable, that the "authour and authouress, with whom a treaty almost made,—for descriptions of life," and who are mentioned in a manner that seem indicate some connexion between them, were Henry, and his sister Sally, Fielding she was then popularly called. Fielding had previously been a periodical essayist, certainly was well acquainted with life in all its varieties, more especially within precincts of London; and his sister was a lively and ingenious writer. To this no perhaps it may be objected, that no papers in THE ADVENTURER are known to be t productions. But it should be remembered, that of several of the Essays in that work authours are unknown; and some of these may have been written by the persons supposed to be alluded to. Nor would the objection be decisive, even if it were as tained that neither of them contributed any thing to THE ADVENTURER; for the tr above-mentioned might afterwards have been broken off. The negotiator, doubtless, Hawkesworth, and not Johnson.—Fielding was at this time in the highest reputa having, in 1751, produced his AMELIA, of which the whole impression was sold off on day of its publication.—M.]

[2] [The authour, I conceive, is here in an errour. He had before stated, that Joh began to write in "the Adventurer" on April 10th (when No. 45 was published,) a a month after the date of his letter to Dr. Warton. The two papers published previo with the signature T, and subscribed MYSARGYRUS, (No. 34 and 41,) were written, lieve, by Bonnell Thornton, who contributed also all the papers signed A. This infe tion I received several years ago; but do not precisely remember from whom I derive I believe, however, my informer was Dr. Warton.

With respect to No. 59, on Sleep, which our authour has ascribed to Johnson, (se 149,) even if it were written by him, it would not be unconsistent with his statemen Dr. Warton; for it appeared on March 20th, near a fortnight after the date of John letter to that gentleman.—But on considering it attentively, though the style be strong resemblance to that of Johnson, I believe it was written by his friend, Dr. Bath and perhaps touched in a few places by Johnson. Mr. Boswell has observed, that " paper not only has the general texture and colour of his style, but the authours with w he was peculiarly conversant are readily introduced in it, in cursory allusion." No authours mentioned in that paper are, Fontenelle, Milton, Ramazzini, Madlle. de Scu Swift, Homer, Barretier, Statius, Cowley, and Sir Thomas Browne. With many of t doubtless, Johnson was particularly conversant; but I doubt whether he would characterised the expression quoted from Swift, as *elegant*; and with the wor RAMAZZINI it is very improbable that he should have been acquainted. Ramazzini celebrated physician, who died at Padua, in 1714, at the age of 81; with whose wri Dr. Bathurst may be supposed to have been conversant. So also with respect to Co

iod, he might have used the same expression, considering it a point of honour not to own them; for Mrs. Williams told that, as he had *given* those Essays to Dr. Bathurst, who d them at two guineas each, he never would own them; , he used to say, he did not *write* them: but the fact , that he *dictated* them, while Bathurst wrote." I read to n Mrs. Williams' account; he smiled, and said nothing.

I am not quite satisfied with the casuistry by which the pro-ctions of one person are thus passed upon the world for the ductions of another. I allow that not only knowledge, but vers and qualities of mind may be communicated; but the ual effect of individual exertion never can be transferred, h truth, to any other than its own original cause. One son's child may be made the child of another person by option, as among the Romans, or by the ancient Jewish de of a wife having children borne to her upon her knees, her handmaid. But these were children in a different se from that of nature. It was clearly understood that they re not of the blood of their nominal parents. So in literary ldren, an authour may give the profits and fame of his com-ition to another man, but cannot make that other the real hour. A Highland gentleman, a younger branch of a family, ce consulted me if he could not validly purchase the Chief-nship of his family from the Chief, who was willing to sell it. old him it was impossible for him to acquire, by purchase, a nt to be a different person from what he really was; for that right of Chieftainship attached to the blood of primogeniture, l, therefore, was incapable of being transferred. I added, that ugh Esau sold his birth-right, or the advantages belonging it, he still remained the first-born of his parents; and that atever agreement a Chief might make with any of the clan, Heralds-Office could not admit of the metamorphosis, or n any decency attest that the younger was the elder; but I not convince the worthy gentleman.

ohnson's papers in the Adventurer are very similar to those he Rambler; but being rather more varied in their subjects,[1]

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son, without doubt, had read his Latin poem on Plants; but Bathurst's profession ably led him to read it with more attention than his friend had given to it; and Cowley's y on the POPPY would more readily occur to the Naturalist and the Physician, than more general reader. I believe, however, that the last paragraph of the paper on , in which Sir Thomas Browne is quoted, to shew the propriety of prayer, before we wn to rest, was added by Johnson.—M.]

Dr. Johnson lowered and somewhat disguised his style, in writing the Adventurers, ler that his Papers might pass for those of Dr. Bathurst, to whom he consigned the s. This was Hawkesworth's opinion.—BURNEY.]

and being mixed with essays by other writers, upon topicks more generally attractive than even the most elegant ethical discourses, the sale of the work, at first, was more extensive. Without meaning, however, to depreciate the Adventurer, I must observe, that as the value of the Rambler came, in the progress of time, to be better known, it grew upon the publick estimation, and that its sale has far exceeded that of any other periodical papers since the reign of Queen Anne.

In one of the books of his diary I find the following entry:

"Apr. 3, 1753. I began the second vol. of my Dictionary room being left in the first for Preface, Grammar, and History none of them yet begun.

"O GOD, who has hitherto supported me, enable me to proceed in this labour, and in the whole task of my present state that when I shall render up, at the last day, an account of the talent committed to me, I may receive pardon, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST. Amen."

He this year favoured Mrs. Lennox with a Dedication * to the Earl of Orrery, of her "Shakspeare Illustrated."[1]

In 1754 I can trace nothing published by him, except his numbers of the Adventurer, and "The Life of Edward Cave," in the Gentleman's Magazine for February. In biography there can be no question that he excelled, beyond all who had attempted that species of composition; upon which, indeed he set the highest value. To the minute selection of characteristical circumstances, for which the ancients were remarkable, he added a philosophical research, and the most perspicuous and energetick language. Cave was certainly a man of estimable qualities, and was eminently diligent and successful in his own business, which doubtless entitled him to respect. But he was peculiarly fortunate in being recorded by Johnson; who, of the narrow life of a printer and bookseller without any digressions or adventitious circumstances, has made an interesting and agreeable narrative.

[1] [Two of Johnson's Letters, addressed to Samuel Richardson, authour of CLARISSA, the former dated March 9, 1750-1, the other September 26, 1753, are preserved in Richardson's CORRESPONDENCE, 8vo. 1804, vol. v. pp. 281-284. In the latter of these letters Johnson suggested to Richardson, the propriety of making an Index to his three works: "but while I am writing, (he adds) an objection arises; such an index to three would look like the preclusion of a fourth, to which I will never contribute; for I cannot benefit mankind, I hope never to injure them." Richardson, however, adopted the hint; for in 1755 he published in octavo, "A collection of the Moral and Instructive Sentiments, Maxims, Cautions, and Reflections, contained in the Histories of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison, digested under proper heads."

It is remarkable, that both to this book, and to the first two volumes of Clarissa, prefixed a Preface, *by a friend*. The "friend," in this latter instance, was the celebrated Dr. Warburton.—M.]

The Dictionary, we may believe, afforded Johnson full occupa- this year. As it approached to its conclusion, he probably ked with redoubled vigour, as seamen increase their exertion alacrity when they have a near prospect of their haven.

Lord Chesterfield, to whom Johnson had paid the high mpliment of addressing to his Lordship the Plan of his tionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite contempt and indignation. The world has been for many rs amused with a story confidently told, and as confidently eated with additional circumstances, that a sudden disgust taken by Johnson upon occasion of his having been one kept long in waiting in his Lordship's antechamber, for ch the reason assigned was, that he had company with him; that at last, when the door opened, out walked Colley ber: and that Johnson was so violently provoked when he nd for whom he had been so long excluded, that he went y in a passion, and never would return. I remember hav- mentioned this story to George Lord Lyttelton, who told he was very intimate with Lord Chesterfield: and holding a well-known truth, defended Lord Chesterfield by saying, "Cibber, who had been introduced familiarly by the back- s, had probably not been there above ten minutes." It seem strange even to entertain a doubt concerning a story ong and so widely current, and thus implicitly adopted, if sanctioned, by the authority which I have mentioned: but nson himself assured me, that there was not the least ndation for it. He told me, that there never was any par- ar incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Ches- eld and him; but that his Lordship's continued neglect the reason why he resolved to have no connexion with him. n the Dictionary was upon the eve of publication, Lord sterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expecta- s that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, courtly manner, to soothe and insinuate himself with the , conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with h he had treated its learned authour; and further attempted onciliate him, by writing two papers in "The World," in re- mendation of the work; and it must be confessed, that they ain some studied compliments, so finely turned, that if e had been no previous offence, it is probable that John- would have been highly delighted. Praise, in general, was sing to him; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant mplishments, he was peculiarly gratified.

His Lordship says, "I think the publick in general, and the republick of letters in particular, are greatly obliged to Mr Johnson, for having undertaken, and executed so great and desirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man but if we are to judge by the various works of Johnson already published, we have good reason to believe, that he will bring this as near to perfection as any man could do. The plan of it, which he published some years ago, seems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expressed. I therefore recommend the previous perusal of it to all those who intend to buy the Dictionary, and who, I suppose, are all those who can afford it."

* * * * * *

"It must be owned, that our language is, at present, in a state of anarchy, and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported, adopted, and naturalized from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may have borrowed from others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be now come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time, the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in time of confusion, and chuse a dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnson, to fill that great and arduous post; and I hereby declare, that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his dictatorship. Nay more, I will not only obey him like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my Pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair, but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for, I presume, that obedience can never be expected, where there is neither terrour to enforce, nor interest to invite it."

* * * * *

"But a Grammar, a Dictionary, and a History of our Language, through its several stages, were still wanting at home, and importunately called for from abroad. Mr. John-

's labours will now, I dare say, very fully supply that want, l greatly contribute to the further spreading of our language o'her countries. Learners were discouraged, by finding no ssistance to resort to; and, consequently, thought it incapable now. They will now be understood and encouraged."

This courtly device failed of its effect. Johnson, who ught that "all was false and hollow," despised the honeyed rds, and was even indignant that Lord Chesterfield should, a moment, imagine, that he could be the dupe of such an fice. The expression to me concerning Lord Chesterfield, n this occasion, was, "Sir, after making great promissions, man, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my ronary was coming out, he fell a scribbling in 'The World' ut it. Upon which, I wrote him a letter expressed in civil ms, but such as might shew him that I did not mind what said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

This is that celebrated letter of which so much has been l, and about which curiosity has been so long excited, without being gratified. I for many years solicited Johnson to ust me with a copy of it, that so excellent a composition ht not be lost to posterity. He delayed from time to time ive it me; till at last in 1765, when we were on a visit at Dilly's, at Southill in Bedfordshire, he was pleased to ate it to me from memory. He afterwards found among papers a copy of it, which he had dictated to Mr Baretti, e its title and corrections, in his own hand-writing. This he e to Mr Langton, adding that if it were to come into , he wished it to be from that copy. By Mr. Langton's liness, I am enabled to enrich my work with a perfect script of what the world has so eagerly desired to see.

O THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD, February 7, 1755.

"I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of the rld, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be distinguished, to an honour, which, being very little

[illegible] assurance to have had a considerable currency with respect to the [illegible] of this letter, as Dr Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury informs me, that having [illegible] occasion to be present when it was read to the accurate Lord Hardwicke, who [illegible] desired to have a transcript of it at the same time, that he might copy it. I should be [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, —that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance,[1] one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

[1] The following note is subjoined by Mr. Langton. "Dr. Johnson, when he gave this copy of his letter, desired that I would annex to it his information to me, that when it is said in the letter that 'no assistance has been received,' he did once receive from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds; but as that was so inconsiderable a sum, thought the mention of it could not properly find a place in a letter of the kind this was."

[2] In this passage Dr. Johnson evidently alludes to the loss of his wife. We find same tender recollection recurring to his mind upon innumerable occasions; and perhaps no man ever more forcibly felt the truth of the sentiment so elegantly expressed by friend Mr. Malone, in his Prologue to Mr. Jephson's tragedy of JULIA:

"Vain—wealth, and fame, and fortune's fostering care,
If no fond breast the splendid blessings share;
And, each day's bustling pageantry once past,
There, only there, our bliss is found at last."

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have en long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I ce boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's most humble
"Most obedient servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."[1]

"While this was the talk of the town, (says Dr. Adams, in a ter to me) I happened to visit Dr. Warburton, who finding t I was acquainted with Johnson, desired me earnestly to ry his compliments to him, and to tell him, that he honoured n for his manly behaviour in rejecting these condescensions Lord Chesterfield, and for resenting the treatment he had eived from him with a proper spirit. Johnson was visibly ased with this compliment, for he had always a high opinion Warburton.[2] Indeed, the force of mind which appeared in s letter, was congenial with that which Warburton himself ply possessed.

There is a curious minute circumstance which struck me, in mparing the various editions of Johnson's Imitations of renal. In the tenth Satire one of the couplets upon the ity of wishes even for literary distinction stood thus:

"Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the *garret*, and the jail."

after experiencing the uneasiness which Lord Chesterfield's acious patronage made him feel, he dismissed the word *ret* from the sad group, and in all the subsequent editions line stands,

"Toil, envy, want, the *Patron*, and the jail."

That Lord Chesterfield must have been mortified by the contempt, and polite, yet keen, satire with which Johnson

pon comparing this copy with that which Dr. Johnson dictated to me from ection, the variations are found to be so slight, that this must be added to the many proofs which he gave of the wonderful extent and accuracy of his memory. To the curious in composition, I have deposited both the copies in the British um.

pon after Edwards's "Canons of Criticism" came out, Johnson was dining at n the Bookseller's, with Hayman the Painter and some more company. Hayman d to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the conversation having turned upon Edwards's the gentlemen praised it much, and Johnson allowed its merit. But when they farther, and appeared to put that authour upon a level with Warburton, "Nay, ohnson,) he has given him some smart hits to be sure; but there is no proportion en the two men; they must not be named together. A fly, Sir, may sting a stately and make him wince; but one is but an insect, and the other is a horse still."

exhibited him to himself in this letter, it is impossible to doubt
He, however, with that glossy duplicity which was his constan
study, affected to be quite unconcerned. Dr. Adams mentione
to Mr. Robert Dodsley that he was sorry Johnson had writte
his letter to Lord Chesterfield. Dodsley, with the true feeling
of trade, said "he was very sorry too; for that he had
property in the Dictionary, to which his Lordship's patronag
might have been of consequence." He then told Dr. Adams
that Lord Chesterfield had shewn him the letter. "I shoul
have imagined (replied Dr. Adams) that Lord Chesterfiel
would have concealed it." "Poh! (said Dodsley) do yo
think a letter from Johnson could hurt Lord Chesterfield
Not at all, Sir. It lay upon his table, where any body mig
see it. He read it to me; said, 'this man has great powers
pointed out the severest passages, and observed how well the
were expressed." This air of indifference, which imposed upo
the worthy Dodsley, was certainly nothing but a specimen
that dissimulation which Lord Chesterfield inculcated as on
of the most essential lessons for the conduct of life. H
Lordship endeavoured to justify himself to Dodsley from th
charges brought against him by Johnson; but we may judge
the flimsiness of his defence, from his having excused h
neglect of Johnson, by saying, that "he had heard he ha
changed his lodgings, and did not know where he lived;" as
there could have been the smallest difficulty to inform hims
of that circumstance, by enquiring in the literary circle wi
which his Lordship was well acquainted, and was, indee
himself, one of its ornaments.

Dr. Adams expostulated with Johnson, and suggested, th
his not being admitted when he called on him, was probab
not to be imputed to Lord Chesterfield; for his Lordship h
declared to Dodsley, that "he would have turned off the b
servant he ever had, if he had known that he denied him to
man who would have been always more than welcome;" a
in confirmation of this, he insisted on Lord Chesterfiel
general affability and easiness of access, especially to liter
men. "Sir (said Johnson) that is not Lord Chesterfield;
is the proudest man this day existing." "No, (said Dr. Adam
there is one person, at least, as proud; I think, by your o
account you are the prouder man of the two." "But m
(replied Johnson instantly) was *defensive* pride." This, as
Adams well observed, was one of those happy turns for wh
he was so remarkably ready.

Johnson having now explicitly avowed his opinion of Lord esterfield, did not refrain from expressing himself concern- that nobleman with pointed freedom: "This man (said he) ought had been a Lord among wits; but, I find, he is only it among Lords!"[1] And when his Letters to his natural were published, he observed, that "they teach the morals a whore, and the manners of a dancing-master."[2]

The character of a "respectable Hottentot," in Lord esterfield's letters, has been generally understood to be unt for Johnson, and I have no doubt that it was. But I member when the *Literary Property* of those letters was con- ed in the Court of Session in Scotland, and Mr. Henry ndas,[3] one of the counsel for the proprietors, read this racter as an exhibition of Johnson, Sir David Dalrymple, d Hailes, one of the Judges, maintained, with some warmth, t it was not intended as a portrait of Johnson, but of a late le Lord, distinguished for abstruse science. I have heard nson himself talk of the character, and say that it was nt for George Lord Lyttelton, in which I could by no ns agree; for his Lordship had nothing of that violence ch is a conspicuous feature in the composition. Finding my illustrious friend could bear to have it supposed that it ht be meant for him, I said, laughingly, that there was one which unquestionably did not belong to him; "he throws meat any where but down his throat." "Sir, (said he,) d Chesterfield never saw me eat in his life."

n the 6th of March came out Lord Bolingbroke's works, lished by Mr. David Mallet. The wild and pernicious ngs, under the name of "Philosophy," which were thus

ohnson's character of Chesterfield seems to be imitated from—*inter doctos issimus, inter nobiles doctissimus, inter utrosque optimus*; (ex Apuleio. v. Erasm.—ation of Adages to Lord Mountjoy; and from ἰδιωτης ἐν φιλόσοφοις, φιλόσοφος ῥαυς. Proclus de Critia.—KEARNEY.]

nat collection of letters cannot be vindicated from the serious charge, of encouraging, he passages, one of the vices most destructive to the good order and comfort of y, which his Lordship represents as mere fashionable gallantry; and, in others, of ating the base practice of dissimulation, and recommending, with disproportionate y, a perpetual attention to external elegance of manners. But it must, at the same be allowed, that they contain many good precepts of conduct, and much genuine ation upon life and manners, very happily expressed; and that there was consider- ent in paying so much attention to the improvement of one who was dependent his Lordship's protection; it has, probably, been exceeded in no instance by the exemplary parent; and though I can by no means approve of confounding the tion between lawful and illicit offspring, which is in effect, insulting the civil shment of our country, to look no higher; I cannot help thinking it laudable to be attentive to those, of whose existence we have, in any way, been the cause. Mr. ne's character has been unjustly represented as diametrically opposite to what Chesterfield wished him to be. He has been called dull, gross, and awkward: but w him at Dresden, when he was Envoy to that court; and though he could not of the *graces*, he was, in truth, a sensible, civil, well-behaved man.

ow [1792] one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

ushered into the world, gave great offence to all well-principled men. Johnson, hearing of their tendency, which nobody disputed, was roused with a just indignation, and pronounced this memorable sentence upon the noble authour and his editor: "Sir, he was a scoundrel, and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman, to draw the trigger after his death!" Garrick, who I can attest from my own knowledge had his mind seasoned with pious reverence, and sincerely disapproved of the infidel writings of several, whom in the course of his almost universal gay intercourse with men of eminence, he treated with external civility, distinguished himself upon this occasion. Mr. Pelham having died on the very day on which Lord Bolingbroke's works came out, he wrote an elegant Ode on his death, beginning

> "Let others hail the rising sun,
> I bow to that whose course is run;"

in which is the following stanza:

> "The same sad morn, to Church and State
> (So for our sins, 'twas fix'd by fate,)
> A double stroke was given;
> Black as the whirlwinds of the North,
> St. John's fell genius issued forth,
> And Pelham fled to heaven."

Johnson this year found an interval of leisure to make an excursion to Oxford, for the purpose of consulting the libraries there. Of this, and of many interesting circumstances concerning him, during a part of his life when he conversed but little with the world, I am enabled to give a particular account, by the liberal communications of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton, who obligingly furnished me with several of our common friend's letters, which he illustrated with notes. These I shall insert in their proper places.

"To the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton.

"SIR,

"It is but an ill return for the book with which you were pleased to favour me,[1] to have delayed my thanks for it till now. I am too apt to be negligent; but I can never deliberately shew my disrespect to a man of your character, and I now pay you a very honest acknowledgement, for the

[1] Observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen, the first edition of which was now publish

vancement of the literature of our native country. You have ewn to all, who shall hereafter attempt the study of our cient authours, the way to success; by directing them to the rusal of the books which those authours had read. Of this ethod, Hughes,[1] and men much greater than Hughes, seem ver to have thought. The reason why the authours, which are t read, of the sixteenth century, are so little understood, is, that ey are read alone; and no help is borrowed from those who ed with them, or before them. Some part of this ignorance ope to remove by my book,[2] which now draws towards its d; but which I cannot finish to my mind, without visiting libraries of Oxford, which I therefore hope to see in a fort- ht.[3] I know not how long I shall stay, or where I shall ge; but shall be sure to look for you at my arrival, and we ll easily settle the rest. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

London] July 16, 1754."

Of his conversation while at Oxford at this time, Mr. Warton served and communicated to me the following memorial, ch, though not written with all the care and attention which learned and elegant writer bestowed on those compositions ch he intended for the publick eye, is so happily expressed n easy style, that I should injure it by any alteration:

When Johnson came to Oxford in 1754, the long vacation beginning, and most people were leaving the place. This the first time of his being there, after quitting the versity. The next morning after his arrival, he wished to his old College, *Pembroke*. I went with him. He was ly pleased to find all the College-servants which he had there still remaining, particularly a very old butler; and essed great satisfaction at being recognised by them, and versed with them familiarly. He waited on the master, Dr. cliffe, who received him very coldly. Johnson at least cted, that the master would order a copy of his Dictionary, near publication; but the master did not choose to talk he subject, never asked Johnson to dine, nor even to visit while he stayed at Oxford. After we had left the lodgings, nson said to me, '*There* lives a man, who lives by the nues of literature, and will not move a finger to support it.

[1] Hughes published an edition of Spenser."

[2] "His Dictionary."

[3] He came to Oxford within a fortnight, and stayed about five weeks. He lodged at e called Kettel Hall, near Trinity College. But during this visit at Oxford, he ed nothing in the libraries for his Dictionary."

If I come to live at Oxford, I shall take up my abode a Trinity.' We then called on the Reverend Mr. Meeke, one o the fellows, and of Johnson's standing. Here was a mos cordial greeting on both sides. On leaving him, Johnson said 'I used to think Meeke had excellent parts, when we were boy together at the college: but, alas!

'Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!'—

'I remember, at the classical lecture in the Hall, I could no bear Meeke's superiority, and I tried to sit as far from him a I could, that I might not hear him construe.'

"As we were leaving the College, he said, 'Here I translate Pope's Messiah. Which do you think is the best line in it?— My own favourite is,

'*Vallis aromaticas fundit Saronica nubes.*'

I told him, I thought it a very sonorous hexameter. I did n tell him, it was not in the Virgilian style. He much regrette that his *first* tutor was dead; for whom he seemed to retain th greatest regard. He said, 'I once had been a whole mornit sliding in Christ-Church meadows, and missed his lecture logick. After dinner he sent for me to his room. I expecte a sharp rebuke for my idleness, and went with a beating hea When we were seated, he told me he had sent for me to drin a glass of wine with him, and to tell me, he was *not* angry wi me for missing his lecture. This was, in fact, a most seve reprimand. Some more of the boys were then sent for, and w spent a very pleasant afternoon.' Besides Mr. Meeke, the was only one other Fellow of Pembroke now residen from both of whom Johnson received the greatest civiliti during this visit, and they pressed him very much to have room in the College.

"In the course of this visit (1754), Johnson and I walk three or four times to Ellsfield, a village beautifully situat about three miles from Oxford, to see Mr Wise, Radcliv librarian, with whom Johnson was much pleased. At this pla Mr. Wise had fitted up a house and gardens, in a singu manner, but with great taste. Here was an excellent libra particularly a valuable collection of books in Northern literatu with which Johnson was often very busy. One day Mr. W read to us a dissertation which he was preparing for the pre intitled, 'A History and Chronology of the fabulous Ag Some old divinities of Thrace, related to the Titans, and cal the CABIRI, made a very important part of the theory of t

piece; and in conversation afterwards, Mr. Wise talked much of his CABIRI. As we returned to Oxford in the evening, I out-walked Johnson, and he cried out *Sufflamina*, a Latin word, which came from his mouth with peculiar grace, and was as much as to say. *Put on your drag chain.* Before we got home, I again walked too fast for him; and he now cried out, 'Why, you walk as if you were pursued by all the CABIRI in a body.' In an evening we frequently took long walks from Oxford into the country, returning to supper. Once, in our way home, we viewed the ruins of the abbies of Oseney and Rewley, near Oxford. After at least half an hour's silence, Johnson said 'I viewed them with indignation!' We had then a long conversation on Gothic buildings; and in talking of the form of old halls, he said, 'In these halls, the fire-place was anciently always in the middle of the room, till the Whigs removed it on one side.'—About this time there had been an execution of two or three criminals at Oxford on a Monday. Soon afterwards, one day at dinner, I was saying that Mr. Swinton, the chaplain of the gaol, and also a frequent preacher before the University, a learned man, but often thoughtless and absent, preached the condemnation-sermon on repentance, before the convicts, on the preceding day, Sunday; and that in the close he told his audience, that he should give them the remainder of what he had to say on the subject, the next Lord's Day. Upon which, one of our company, a Doctor of Divinity, and a plain matter-of-fact man, by way of offering an apology for Mr. Swinton, gravely remarked, that he had probably preached the same sermon before the University: 'Yes, Sir, (says Johnson) but the University were not to be hanged the next morning.'

"I forgot to observe before, that when he left Mr. Meeke, (as I have told above) he added, 'About the same time of life, Meeke was left behind at Oxford to feed on a Fellowship, and I went to London to get my living: now, Sir, see the difference in our literary characters!'"

The following letter was written by Dr. Johnson to Mr. Chambers, of Lincoln College, afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, one of the judges in India:[1]

To MR. CHAMBERS, OF LINCOLN COLLEGE.

'DEAR SIR,

"THE commission which I delayed to trouble you with at your departure, I am now obliged to send you; and beg

[1] Communicated by the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton, who had the original

that you will be so kind as to carry it to Mr. Warton, of Trinity, to whom I should have written immediately, but that I know not if he be yet come back to Oxford.

"In the Catalogue of MSS. of Gr. Brit. see vol. I. pag. 18. MSS. Bodl. MARTYRIUM XV. *martyrum sub Juliano, auctore Theophylacto.*

"It is desired that Mr. Warton will enquire, and send word, what will be the cost of transcribing this manuscript.

"Vol. II. p. 32. Num. 1022. 58. COLL. NOV.—*Commentaria in Acta Apostol.—Comment. in Septem Epistolas Catholicas.*

"He is desired to tell what is the age of each of these manuscripts: and what it will cost to have a transcript of the two first pages of each.

"If Mr. Warton be not in Oxford, you may try if you can get it done by any body else; or stay till he comes according to your own convenience. It is for an Italian *literato*.

"The answer is to be directed to his Excellency Mr. Zon, Venetian Resident, Soho-Square.

"I hope, dear Sir, that you do not regret the change of London for Oxford. Mr. Baretti is well, and Miss Williams[1] and we shall all be glad to hear from you, whenever you shall be so kind as to write to, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Nov. 21, 1754."

The degree of Master of Arts, which, it has been observed, could not be obtained for him at an early period of his life, was now considered as an honour of considerable importance, in order to grace the title-page of his Dictionary; and his character in the literary world being by this time deservedly high, his friends thought that, if proper exertions were made, the University of Oxford would pay him the compliment.

1 "I presume she was a relation of Mr. Zachariah Williams, who died in his eighty-third year, July 12, 1788. When Dr. Johnson was with me at Oxford, in 1755, he gave to the Bodleian Library a thin quarto of twenty-one pages, a work in Italian, with an English translation on the opposite page. The English title-page is this: 'An account of an Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea, by an exact Variation of the Magnetic Needle, &c. By Zachariah Williams.' London, printed for Dodsley, 1755.' The English translation, from the strongest internal marks, is unquestionably the work of Johnson. In a blank leaf, Johnson has written the age, and time of death, of the author. In another blank leaf, is pasted a paragraph from a newspaper, of the death and character of Williams, which is plainly written by Johnson. He was very anxious about placing this book in the Bodleian; and, for fear of any omission or mistake, he entered, in the great Catalogue, the title-page of it with his own hand.'

[In this statement there is a slight mistake. The English account, which was written by Johnson, was the *original*; the Italian was a *translation*, done by Baretti. See *post*, 1755.—M.]

"To the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM extremely obliged to you and to Mr. Wise, for the ncommon care which you have taken of my interest;[1] if you an accomplish your kind design, I shall certainly take me a ttle habitation among you.

"The books which I promised to Mr. Wise,[2] I have not een able to procure: but I shall send him a Finnick Dictionary, the only copy, perhaps, in England, which was resented me by a learned Swede: but I keep it back, that it ay make a set of my own books of the new edition, with hich I shall accompany it, more welcome. You will assure im of my gratitude.

"Poor dear Collins![3]—Would a letter give him any pleasure? have a mind to write.

"I am glad of your hindrance in your Spenserian design,[4] et I would not have it delayed. Three hours a day stolen om sleep and amusement will produce it. Let a Servitour[5] anscribe the quotations, and interleave them with references,

[1] "In procuring him the degree of Master of Arts by diploma at Oxford."

[2] "Lately fellow of Trinity College, and at this time Radclivian librarian, at Oxford. e was a man of very considerable learning, and eminently skilled in Roman and Anglo-xon antiquities. He died in 1767."

[3] "Collins (the poet) was at this time at Oxford, on a visit to Mr. Warton; but labour-g under the most deplorable languor of body and dejection of mind."

In a letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, written some months before, (March 8, 1754,) Dr. hnson thus speaks of Collins:

"But how little can we venture to exult in any intellectual powers or literary attain-nts, when we consider the condition of poor Collins. I knew him a few years ago full hopes, and full of projects, versed in many languages, high in fancy, and strong in ention. This busy and forcible mind is now under the government of those, who lately uld not have been able to comprehend the least and most narrow of his designs. What you hear of him? are there hopes of his recovery? or is he to pass the remainder his life in misery and degradation? perhaps, with complete consciousness of his amity."

In a subsequent letter to the same gentleman, (Dec. 24, 1754,) he thus feelingly alludes their unfortunate friend:

"Poor dear Collins! Let me know whether you think it would give him pleasure if I uld write to him. I have often been *near* his state, and therefore have it in great com-seration."

Again,—April 9, 1756:

"What becomes of poor dear Collins? I wrote him a letter which he never answered. uppose writing is very troublesome to him. That man is no common loss. The ralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune, and the transitoriness of beauty: but it is more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, t understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and pire."

See Biographical Memoirs of the late Reverend Dr. Joseph Warton, by the Reverend hn Wool, A.M. 4to. 1806.

Mr. Collins, who was the son of a hatter at Chichester, was born December 25, o, and was released from the dismal state here so pathetically described, in 6.—M.]

[4] "Of publishing a volume of observations on the best of Spenser's works. It was dered by my taking pupils in this College."

[5] "Young students of the lowest rank at Oxford are so called."

to save time. This will shorten the work, and lessen the fatigue.

"Can I do any thing to promoting the diploma? I would not be wanting to co operate with your kindness; of which whatever be the effect, I shall be, dear Sir,

"Your most obliged, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"[London,] Nov. 28, 1754."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM extremely sensible of the favour done me, both by Mr. Wise and yourself. The book[1] cannot, I think, be printed in less than six weeks, nor probably so soon; and I will keep back the title-page, for such an insertion as you seem to promise me. Be pleased to let me know what money I shall send you for bearing the expence of the affair; and I will take care that you may have it ready at your hand.

"I had lately the favour of a letter from your brother, with some account of poor Collins, for whom I am much concerned. I have a notion, that by very great temperance, or more properly abstinence, he may yet recover.

"There is an old English and Latin book of poems by Barclay, called "The Ship of Fools;" at the end of which are a number of *Eglogues*, so he writes it, from *Egloga*,—which are probably the first in our language. If you cannot find the book, I will get Mr. Dodsley to send it you.

"I shall be extremely glad to hear from you again, to know if the affair proceeds.[2] I have mentioned it to none of my friends, for fear of being laughed at for my disappointment.

"You know poor Mr. Dodsley has lost his wife; I believe he is much affected. I hope he will not suffer so much as I yet suffer for the loss of mine.

Οἴμοι· τι δ' οἴμοι; θνητὰ γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν.[3]

I have ever since seemed to myself broken off from mankind a kind of solitary wanderer in the wild of life, without any direction, or fixed point of view: a gloomy gazer on the world to which I have little relation. Yet I would endeavour, by the

[1] "His Dictionary."

[2] "Of the degree at Oxford."

[3] [This verse is taken from the long lost BELLEROPHON, a tragedy by Euripides. It is preserved by Suidas in his Lexicon, Voc. Οἴμοι II. p. 666, where the reading is, θνητὰ τοι πεπόνθαμεν.—Rev. C. BURNEY.]

elp of you and your brother, to supply the want of closer union, friendship: and hope to have long the pleasure of being, ear Sir,

"Most affectionately your's,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

[London] Dec. 21, 1754."

In 1775 we behold him to great advantage; his degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him, his Dictionary published, his correspondence animated, his benevolence exercised.

"TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS WARTON.

"DEAR SIR,

"I WROTE to you some weeks ago, but believe did not direct accurately, and therefore know not whether you had my letter. I would, likewise, write to your brother, but know not where to find him. I now begin to see land, after having wandered, according to Mr. Warburton's phrase, in this vast sea of words. What reception I shall meet with on the shore, I know not; whether the sound of bells, and acclamations of the people, which Ariosto talks of in his last Canto, or a general murmur of dislike, I know not: whether I shall find upon the coast a Calypso that will court, or a Polypheme that will resist. But if Polypheme comes, have at his eye. I hope, however, the criticks will let me be at peace; for though I do not much fear their skill and strength, I am a little afraid of myself, and would not willingly feel so much ill-will in my bosom as literary quarrels are apt to excite.

"Mr. Baretti is about a work for which he is in great want of Crescimbeni, which you may have again when you please.

"There is nothing considerable done or doing among us here. We are not, perhaps, as innocent as villagers, but most of us seem to be as idle. I hope, however, you are busy; and should be glad to know what you are doing.

"I am, dearest Sir,
"Your humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

[London] Feb. 4, 1755."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"I RECEIVED your letter this day, with great sense of the favour that has been done me;[1] for which I return my most sin-

[1] "His degree had now past, according to the usual form, the suffrages of the heads of Colleges; but was not yet finally granted by the University. It was carried without a single dissentient voice."

cere thanks; and entreat you to pay to Mr. Wise such returns as I ought to make for so much kindness so little deserved.

"I sent Mr. Wise the Lexicon, and afterwards wrote to him; but know not whether he had either the book or letter. Be so good as to contrive to enquire.

"But why does my dear Mr. Warton tell me nothing of himself? Where hangs the new volume?[1] Can I help? Let not the past labour be lost, for want of a little more: but snatch what time you can from the Hall, and the pupils, and the coffee-house, and the parks, and complete your design.

"I am, dear Sir, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"[London] Feb. 4, 1755."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAD a letter last week from Mr. Wise, but have yet heard nothing from you, nor know in what state my affair[2] stands; of which I beg you to inform me, if you can, to-morrow, by the return of the post.

"Mr. Wise sends me word, that he has not had the Finnick Lexicon yet, which I sent some time ago; and if he has it not, you must enquire after it. However, do not let your letter stay for that.

"Your brother, who is a better correspondent than you, and not much better, sends me word, that your pupils keep you in College: but they do not keep you from writing too? Let them, at least, give you time to write to, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"[London] Feb. 13, 1755."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"DR. KING[3] was with me a few minutes before your letter; this, however, is the first instance in which your kind intentions to me have ever been frustrated.[4] I have now the full effect of your care and benevolence; and am far from thinking it a slight honour, or a small advantage; since it will

1 "On Spenser."
2 "Of the degree."
3 "Principal of Saint Mary Hall at Oxford. He brought with him the diploma from Oxford."
4 "I suppose Johnson means that my *kind intention* of being the *first* to give him the good news of the degree being granted was *frustrated*, because Dr. King brought it before my intelligence arrived."

t the enjoyment of your conversation more frequently in the
wer of, dear Sir,

"Your most obliged and affectionate,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"P.S. I have enclosed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor,[1] ich you will read; and, if you like it, seal and give him.

London] Feb. 1755."

As the Publick will doubtless be pleased to see the whole ogress of this well-earned academical honour, I shall insert Chancellor of Oxford's letter to the University,[2] the loma, and Johnson's letter of thanks to the Vice-ancellor.

'o the Reverend Dr. HUDDESFORD, Vice-Chancellor *of the* University *of* Oxford: *to be communicated to the Heads of Houses, and proposed in Convocation.*

'MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, AND GENTLEMEN,

"MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who was formerly of Pembroke llege, having very eminently distinguished himself by the olication of a series of Essays, excellently calculated to form manners of the people, and in which the cause of religion l morality is every where maintained by the strongest powers argument and language; and who shortly intends to publish Dictionary of the English Tongue, formed on a new plan, l executed with the greatest labour and judgement; I suade myself that I shall act agreeably to the sentiments of whole University, in desiring that it may be proposed in vocation to confer on him the degree of Master of Arts diploma, to which I readily give my consent; and am,

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor, and Gentlemen,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"ARRAN."

osvenor-street, Feb. 4, 1755."

n, Scti.
rii.

"DIPLOMA MAGISTRI JOHNSON.

CANCELLARIUS, Magistri et Scholares Universitatis niensis omnibus ad quos hoc presens scriptum pervenerit, tem in Domino sempiternam.

Cùm eum in finem gradus academici à majoribus nostris tuti fuerint, ut viri ingenio et doctrinâ præstantes titulis

[1] "Dr. Huddesford, President of Trinity College."
[2] Extracted from the Convocation-Register, Oxford.

quoque præter cæteros insignirentur; cùmque vir doctissimus Samuel Johnson *è Collegio Pembrochiensi, scriptis suis popu-larium mores informantibus dudum literato orbi innotuerit quin et linguæ patriæ tum ornandæ tum stabiliendæ (Lexico-scilicet Anglicanum summo studio, summo à se judicio congestum propediem editurus) etiam nunc utilissimam impendat operam. Nos igitur Cancellarius, Magistri, et Scholares antedicti, n virum de literis humanioribus optimè meritum diutius in honoratum prætereamus, in solenni Convocatione Doctorum Magistrorum, Regentium, et non Regentium, decimo die Mensi Februarii Anno Domini Millesimo Septingentesimo Quinqua-gesimo quinto habitâ, præfatum virum* Samuelem Johnson *(conspirantibus omnium suffragiis) Magistrum in Artibu renunciavimus et constituimus; eumque, virtute præsentis di-plomatis, singulis juribus privilegiis et honoribus ad istum gradum quàquà pertinentibus frui et gaudere jussimus.*

"*In cujus rei testimonium sigillum Universitatis Oxoniens præsentibus apponi fecimus.*

"*Datum in Domo nostræ Convocationis die 20° Mensis Fe Anno Dom. prædicto.*

"*Diploma supra scriptum per Registrarium lectum erat, ex decreto venerabilis Domûs communi Universitatis sigill munitum.*"[1]

"*Londini. 4to Cal. Mart.* 175

"VIRO REVERENDO - - - - HUDDESFORD, S. T. P. UNIVERS TATSIS OXONIENSIS VICE-CANCELLARIO DIGNISSIMO, S. P. D.

"SAM. JOHNSON.[2]

"*INGRATUS planè et tibi et mihi videar, nisi quanto n gaudio affecerint, quos nuper mihi honores (te, credo, auctore decrevit Senatus Academicus, literarum, quo tamen nihil levius officio, significem; ingratus etiam, nisi comitatem, quâ v eximius*[3] *mihi vestri testimonium amoris in manus tradidi agnoscam et laudem. Si quid est, undè rei tam gratæ acced gratia, hoc ipso magis mihi placet, quod eo tempore in ordin Academicos denuò cooptatus sim, quo tuam imminuere au toritatem, famamque Oxonii lædere, omnibus modis conant homines vafri, nec tamen acuti: quibus ego, prout viro umbrati licuit, semper restiti, semper restiturus. Qui enim, inter h*

[1] The original is in my possession.

[2] [The superscription of this letter was not quite correct in the early editions of t work. It is here given from Dr. Johnson's original letter, now before me.—M.]

[3] We may conceive what a high gratification it must have been to Johnson to rece his diploma from the hands of the great Dr. KING, whose principles were so congen with his own.

rum procellas, vel tibi vel Academiæ defuerit, illum virtuti et 'eris, sibique et posteris, defuturum existimo. Vale."

To the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton.

"DEAR SIR,

"AFTER I received my diploma, I wrote you a letter of anks, with a letter to the Vice-Chancellor, and sent another Mr. Wise; but have heard from nobody since, and begin to ink myself forgotten. It is true, I sent you a double letter, d you may fear an expensive correspondent; but I would ve taken it kindly, if you had returned it treble: and what is double letter to a *petty king*, that having *fellowship and fines*, n sleep without a *Modus in his head?*"[1]

"Dear Mr. Warton, let me hear from you, and tell me some- ing, I care not what, so I hear it but from you. Something will tell you:—I hope to see my Dictionary bound and ttered, next week;—*vastâ mole superbus.* And I have a eat mind to come to Oxford at Easter; but you will not vite me. Shall I come uninvited, or stay here where nobody rhaps would miss me if I went? A hard choice! But such the world to, dear Sir,

"Yours, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

London] March 20, 1755."

To the Same.

"DEAR SIR,

"THOUGH not to write, when a man can write so well, is offence sufficiently heinous, yet I shall pass it by. I am very d that the Vice-Chancellor was pleased with my note. I ll impatiently expect you at London, that we may consider at to do next. I intend in the winter to open a *Bibliothèque*, d remember, that you are to subscribe a sheet a year: let us , likewise, if we cannot persuade your brother to subscribe other. My book is now coming *in luminis oras.* What will its fate I know not, nor think much, because thinking is to purpose. I must stand the censure of the *great vulgar and small*; of those that understand it, and that understand it . But in all this, I suffer not alone; every writer has the ne difficulties, and, perhaps, every writer talks of them more n he thinks.

'You will be pleased to make my compliments to all my

[1] "The words in Italicks are allusions to passages in Mr. Warton's poem called 'The GRESS of DISCONTENT,' now lately published."

friends; and be so kind, at every idle hour, as to remember
dear Sir,

"Yours, &c.
"SAM. JOHNSON.

"[London] March 25, 1755."

Dr. Adams told me, that this scheme of a *Bibliothèque* was
serious one: for upon his visiting him one day, he found hi
parlour floor covered with parcels of foreign and Englis
literary journals, and he told Dr. Adams he meant to unde
take a Review. "How, Sir, (said Dr. Adams,) can you thin
of doing it alone? All branches of knowledge must be co
sidered in it. Do you know Mathematicks? Do you kno
Natural History?" Johnson answered, "Why, Sir, I must d
as well as I can. My chief purpose is to give my countryme
a view of what is doing in literature upon the continent; and
shall have, in a good measure, the choice of my subject, for
shall select such books as I best understand." Dr. Adam
suggested, that as Dr. Maty had just then finished h
Bibliothèque Britannique, which was a well-executed wor
giving foreigners an account of British publications, he migh
with great advantage assume him as an assistant. "*He*, (sa
Johnson) the little black dog! I'd throw him into t
Thames." The scheme, however, was dropped.

In one of his little memorandum books I find the followi
hints for his intended Review or Literary Journal: "*T*
Annals of Literature, foreign as well as domestick. Imita
Le Clerc—Bayle—Barbeyrac. Infelicity of Journals in Er
land. 'Works of the learned.' We cannot take in a
Sometimes copy from foreign Journalists. Always tell."

"To Dr. Birch.

March 29, 175

"SIR,

"I HAVE sent some parts of my Dictionary, such as we
at hand, for your inspection. The favour which I beg is, th
if you do not like them, you will say nothing. I am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,
SAM. JOHNSO

"To Mr. Samuel Johnson.

Norfolk-street, April 23, 17

"SIR,

"THE part of your Dictionary which you have favou
me with the sight of has given me such an idea of the whe
that I most sincerely congratulate the publick upon t

:quisition of a work long wanted, and now executed with an dustry, accuracy, and judgement, equal to the importance of e subject. You might, perhaps, have chosen one in which ur genius would have appeared to more advantage, but you uld not have fixed upon any other in which your labours uld have done such substantial service to the present age d to posterity. I am glad that your health has supported e application necessary to the performance of so vast a task; d can undertake to promise you as one (though perhaps e only) reward of it, the approbation and thanks of every ll-wisher to the honour of the English language. I am, th the greatest regard, Sir,

"Your most faithful and
"Most affectionate humble servant,
"THO. BIRCH."

Mr. Charles Burney, who has since distinguished himself so uch in the science of Musick, and obtained a Doctor's degree m the University of Oxford, had been driven from the pital by bad health, and was now residing at Lynne Regis in rfolk. He had been so much delighted with Johnson's ambler, and the plan of his Dictionary, that when the great rk was announced in the newspapers as nearly finished, he ote to Dr. Johnson, begging to be informed when and in at manner his Dictionary would be published; entreating, it should be by subscription, or he should have any books at s own disposal, to be favoured with six copies for himself and ends.

In answer to this application, Dr. Johnson wrote the follow- g letter, of which (to use Dr. Burney's own words) "if it be membered that it was written to an obscure young man, who this time had not distinguished himself even in his own ofession, but whose name could never have reached the thour of THE RAMBLER, the politeness and urbanity may be posed to some of the stories which have been lately circulated Dr. Johnson's natural rudeness and ferocity."

"To MR. BURNEY, IN LYNNE REGIS, NORFOLK.

"SIR,

"IF you imagine that by delaying my answer I in- nded to show any neglect of the notice with which you have voured me, you will neither think justly of yourself nor of e. Your civilities were offered with too much elegance not

to engage attention; and I have too much pleasure in pleasing men like you, not to feel very sensibly the distinction which you have bestowed upon me.

"Few consequences of my endeavours to please or to benefit mankind have delighted me more than your friendship thus voluntarily offered, which now I have it I hope to keep, because I hope to continue to deserve it.

"I have no Dictionaries to dispose of for myself, but shall be glad to have you direct your friends to Mr. Dodsley, because it was by his recommendation that I was employed in the work.

"When you have leisure to think again upon me, let me be favoured with another letter; and another yet, when you have looked into my Dictionary. If you find faults, I shall endeavour to mend them; if you find none, I shall think you blinded by kind partiality: but to have made you partial in his favour, will very much gratify the ambition of, Sir,

"Your most obliged

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Gough-square, Fleet-street,
"April 8, 1755."

Mr. Andrew Millar, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of Johnson's Dictionary; and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted, by their expecting that the work would be compleated, within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy money, by different drafts, a considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?"—"Sir, (answered the messenger) he said, thank GOD I have done with him." "I am glad (replied Johnson, with a smile,) that he thanks GOD for any thing."[1] It is remarkable, that those with whom Johnson chiefly contracted for his literary labours were Scotchmen, Mr. Millar and Mr. Strahan. Millar, though himself no great judge of literature, had good sense enough to have for his friends very able men, to give him their opinion and advice in the purchase of

[1] Sir John Hawkins, p. 341, inserts two notes as having passed formally between Andrew Millar and Johnson, to the above effect. I am assured this was not the case. In the way of incidental remark it was a pleasant play of raillery. To have deliberately written notes in such terms would have been morose.

opyright; the consequence of which was his acquiring a very arge fortune, with great liberality. Johnson said of him, "I espect Millar, Sir; he has raised the price of literature." The ame praise may be justly given to Panckoucke, the eminent ookseller of Paris. Mr. Strahan's liberality, judgement, and uccess, are well known.

"To Bennet Langton, Esq. at Langton, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire.

"SIR,

"It has been long observed, that men do not suspect faults hich they do not commit; your own elegance of manners, nd punctuality of complaisance, did not suffer you to impute o me that negligence of which I was guilty, and which I have ot since atoned. I received both your letters, and received hem with pleasure proportioned to the esteem which so short n acquaintance strongly impressed, and which I hope to onfirm by nearer knowledge, though I am afraid that gratifica- on will be for a time withheld.

"I have, indeed, published my Book,[1] of which I beg to now your father's judgement, and yours; and I have now aid long enough to watch its progress in the world. It has, ou see, no patrons, and, I think, has yet had no opponents, xcept the criticks of the coffee-house, whose outcries are soon ispersed into the air, and are thought on no more; from this, herefore, I am at liberty, and think of taking the opportunity f this interval to make an excursion, and why not then into incolnshire? or, to mention a stronger attraction, why not to ear Mr. Langton? I will give the true reason, which I know ou will approve:—I have a mother more than eighty years ld, who has counted the days to the publication of my book, hopes of seeing me; and to her, if I can disengage myself ere, I resolve to go.

"As I know, dear Sir, that to delay my visit for a reason ke this, will not deprive me of your esteem, I beg it may not ssen your kindness. I have very seldom received an offer of iendship which I so earnestly desire to cultivate and mature. shall rejoice to hear from you, till I can see you, and will see ou as soon as I can; for when the duty that calls me to ichfield is discharged, my inclination will carry me to Lang- n. I shall delight to hear the ocean roar, or see the stars

[1] His Dictionary.

twinkle, in the company of men to whom Nature does not spread her volumes or utter her voice in vain.

"Do not, dear Sir, make the slowness of this letter a precedent for delay, or imagine that I approved the incivility that I have committed; for I have known you enough to love you and sincerely to wish a further knowledge; and I assure you once more, that to live in a house that contains such a father and such a son, will be accounted a very uncommon degree of pleasure, by, dear Sir,

"Your most obliged,
"And most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

"May 6, 1755."

"TO THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS WARTON.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM grieved that you should think me capable of neglecting your letters; and beg you will never admit any such suspicion again. I purpose to come down next week, if you shall be there; or any other week, that shall be more agreeable to you. Therefore let me know. I can stay this visit but a week; but intend to make preparations for a longer stay next time; being resolved not to lose sight of the University. How goes Apollonius?[1] Don't let him be forgotten. Some things of this kind must be done, to keep us up. Pay my compliments to Mr. Wise, and all my other friends. I think to come to Kettel-Hall.[2] I am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate, &c.
"SAM. JOHNSON.

"[London] May 13, 1755."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"IT is strange how many things will happen to intercept every pleasure, though it [be] only that of two friends meeting together. I have promised myself every day to inform you when you might expect me at Oxford, and have not been able to fix a time. The time, however, is, I think, a

1 "A translation of Apollonius Rhodius was now intended by Mr. Warton."

2 [Kettel Hall is an ancient tenement, a gloming to Trinity College, built about the year 1619, by Dr. Ralph Kettel, then President, for the accommodation of Commoners of that Society. In this ancient *hostel*, then in a very ruinous state, about forty years after Johnson had lodged there, Mr. Wraxall and the present writer were accommodated with two chambers, of primitive simplicity, during the installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in 1793. It has since been converted into a commodious private house.—M.]

st come, and I promise myself to repose in Kettel-Hall, one the first nights of the next week. I am afraid my stay with u cannot be long; but what is the inference? We must deavour to make it cheerful. I wish your brother could ect us, that we might go and drink tea with Mr. Wise in a dy. I hope he will be at Oxford, or at his nest of British d Saxon antiquities.[1] I shall expect to see Spenser finished, d many other things begun. Dodsley is gone to visit the atch. The Dictionary sells well. The rest of the world es on as it did. Dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

London] June 10, 1755."

TO THE SAME.

'DEAR SIR,

"To talk of coming to you, and not yet to come, has an of trifling which I would not willingly have among you; which, I believe, you will not willingly impute to me, en I have told you, that since my promise, two of our tners[2] are dead, and that I was solicited to suspend my ursion till we could recover from our confusion.

I have not laid aside my purpose; for every day makes more impatient of staying from you. But death, you w, hears not supplications, nor pays any regard to the venience of mortals. I hope now to see you next week; next week is but another name for to-morrow, which has n noted for promising and deceiving.

"I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

ondon] June 24, 1755."

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

"I TOLD you that among the manuscripts are some things ir Thomas Moore. I beg you to pass an hour in looking hem, and procure a transcript of the ten or twenty first of each, to be compared with what I have; that I may v whether they are yet published. The manuscripts are e:

Catalogue of Bodl. MS. pag. 122. F. 3. Sir Thomas More. Fall of angels. 2. Creation and fall of mankind. 3. rmination of the Trinity for the rescue of mankind. 4.

[1] "At Ellsfield, a village three miles from Oxford."

[2] "Booksellers concerned in his Dictionary."

Five lectures of our Saviour's passion. 5. Of the institution of the Sacrament, three lectures. 6. How to receive the blessed body of our Lord sacramentally. 7. Neomenia, the new moon. 8. *De tristitia, tædio, pavore, et oratione Christi ante captionem ejus.*

"Catalogue, pag. 154. Life of Sir Thomas More. *Qu* Whether Roper's? Pag. 363. *De resignatione Magni Sigilli in manus Regis per D. Thomam Morum.* Pag. 364. *Mor Defensio Moriæ.*

"If you procure the young gentleman in the library to writ out what you think fit to be written, I will send to Mr. Princ the bookseller to pay him what you shall think proper

"Be pleased to make my compliments to Mr. Wise, and al my friends. I am, Sir,

"Your affectionate, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"[London] Aug. 7, 1755."

The Dictionary, with a Grammar and History of the Englis Language, being now at length published, in two volume folio, the world contemplated with wonder so stupendous work atchieved by one man, while other countries had thoug such undertakings fit only for whole academies. Vast as h powers were, I cannot but think that his imagination deceiv him, when he supposed that by constant application he mig have performed the task in three years. Let the Preface b attentively perused, in which is given, in a clear, strong, an glowing style, a comprehensive, yet particular view of what h had done; and it will be evident, that the time he employe upon it was comparatively short. I am unwilling to swell m book with long quotations from what is in every body hands, and I believe there are few prose compositions in t English language that are read with more delight, or are mo impressed upon the memory, than that preliminary discour One of its excellencies has always struck me with peculi admiration; I mean the perspicuity with which he has e pressed abstract scientifick notions. As an instance of th I shall quote the following sentence: "When the radical id branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecut series be formed of senses in their own nature collateral We have here an example of what has been often said, and believe with justice, that there is for every thought a cert nice adaptation of words which none other could equal, a

hich, when a man has been so fortunate as to hit, he has tained, in that particular case, the perfection of language. The extensive reading which was absolutely necessary for e accumulation of authorities, and which alone may account Johnson's retentive mind being enriched with a very large d various store of knowledge and imagery, must have cupied several years. The Preface furnishes an eminent stance of a double talent, of which Johnson was fully con- ous. Sir Joshua Reynolds heard him say, "There are two ngs which I am confident I can do very well: one is an roduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, d how it should be executed in the most perfect manner: other is a conclusion, shewing from various causes why execution has not been equal to what the authour promised himself and to the publick."

How should puny scribblers be abashed and disappointed, en they find him displaying a perfect theory of lexico- phical excellence, yet at the same time candidly and destly allowing that he "had not satisfied his own pectations." Here was a fair occasion for the exercise of nson's modesty, when he was called upon to compare his n arduous performance, not with those of other individuals, which case his inflexible regard to truth would have been ated had he affected diffidence,) but with speculative fection; as he, who can outstrip all his competitors in the , may yet be sensible of his deficiency when he runs nst time. Well might he say, that "the English Dictionary written with little assistance of the learned;" for he told that the only aid which he received was a paper containing ity etymologies, sent to him by a person then unknown, he was afterwards informed was Dr. Pearce, Bishop of hester. The etymologies, though they exhibit learning judgement, are not, I think, entitled to the first praise ngst the various parts of this immense work. The nitions have always appeared to me such astonishing fs of acuteness of intellect and precision of language, as cate a genius of the highest rank. This it is which marks superior excellence of Johnson's Dictionary over others lly or even more voluminous, and must have made it a of much greater mental labour than mere Lexicons, or *d-Books*, as the Dutch call them. They, who will make xperiment of trying how they can define a few words of ever nature, will soon be satisfied of the unquestionable

justice of this observation, which I can assure my readers is founded upon much study, and upon communication with more minds than my own.

A few of his definitions must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus, *Windward* and *Leeward*, though directly of opposite meaning, are defined identically the same way;[1] as to which inconsiderable specks it is enough to observe, that his Preface announces that he was aware there might be many such in so immense a work; nor was he at all disconcerted when an instance was pointed out to him. A lady once asked him how he came to define *Pastern* the *knee* of a horse: instead of making an elaborate defence, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." His definition of *Network* has been often quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. But to these frivolous censures no other answer is necessary than that with which we are furnished by his own Preface. "To explain, requires the use of terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found. For as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit definition. Sometimes easier words are changed into harder; as *burial*, into *sepulture* or *interment*; *dry*, into *desiccative*; *dryness* into *siccity* or *aridity*; *fit*, into *paroxism*; for, the *easiest* word whatever it be, can never be translated into one more easy."

His introducing his own opinions, and even prejudices under general definitions of words, while at the same time the original meaning of the words is not explained, as his *Tory*, *Whig*, *Pension*, *Oats*, *Excise*,[2] and a few more, cannot be fully

[1] [He owns in his Preface the deficiency of the technical part of his work; and said, he should be much obliged to me for definitions of musical terms for his next edition, which he did not live to superintend.—Boswell.]

[2] He thus defines Excise: "A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom they are paid." The Commissioners of Excise being offended by this severe reflection, consulted Mr. Murray, then Attorney-General, to know whether redress could be legally obtained. I wished to have procured for my readers a copy of the opinion which was given and which may now be justly considered as history: but the mysterious veil of office it seems would not permit it. I am, however, informed by very good authority that its import was, that the passage might be considered as actionable; but that it would be more prudent in the board not to prosecute. Johnson never made the smallest alteration in this passage. We find he still retained his curry prejudices against Excise, for in "The Idler, No 63," there is the following very extraordinary paragraph: "The authenticity of *Clarendon*'s history, though printed with the sanction of one of the first Universities of the world, had not an unsuspected manuscript been happily discovered, would, with the help of factious credulity, have been brought into question, by the two lowest of all human beings, a Scribbler for a party, and a Commissioner of Excise." The persons to whom he alludes were Mr John Oldmixon and George Ducket, Esq.

fended, and must be placed to the account of capricious d humorous indulgence. Talking to me upon this subject nen we were at Ashbourne in 1777, he mentioned a still onger instance of the predominance of his private feelings the composition of this work, than any now to be found in "You know, Sir, Lord Gower forsook the old Jacobite erest. When I came to the *Renegado*, after telling that meant 'one who deserts to the enemy, a revolter,' I added, *metimes we say a* GOWER. Thus it went to the press: but e printer had more wit than I, and struck it out."

Let it, however, be remembered, that this indulgence does t display itself only in sarcasm towards others, but some- nes in playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained his own laborious task. Thus: "*Grub-street*, the name of street in London, much inhabited by writers of small stories, *dictionaries*, and temporary poems; whence any ean production is called *Grub-street*."—"*Lexicographer*, a iter of dictionaries, a *harmless drudge*."

At the time when he was concluding his very eloquent eface, Johnson's mind appears to have been in such a state depression, that we cannot contemplate without wonder e vigorous and splendid thoughts which so highly distinguish at performance. "I (says he) may surely be contented thout the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in s gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have pro- cted my work till most of those whom I wished to please ve sunk into the grave; and success and miscarriage are pty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, ving little to fear or hope from censure or from praise." at this indifference was rather a temporary than an habitual ling, appears, I think, from his letters to Mr. Warton; and wever he may have been affected for the moment, certain it that the honours which his great work procured him, both home and abroad, were very grateful to him. His friend Earl of Corke and Orrery, being at Florence, presented it the *Academia della Crusca*. That Academy sent Johnson ir *Vocabolario*, and the French Academy sent him their *tionnaire*, which Mr. Langton had the pleasure to convey him.

t must undoubtedly seem strange, that the conclusion of Preface should be expressed in terms so desponding, when s considered that the authour was then only in his forty- h year. But we must ascribe its gloom to that miserable

dejection of spirits to which he was constitutionally subject, and which was aggravated by the death of his wife two years before. I have heard it ingeniously observed by a lady of rank and elegance, that "his melancholy was then at its meridian." It pleased GOD to grant him almost thirty years of life after this time; and once when he was in a placid frame of mind, he was obliged to own to me that he had enjoyed happier days, and had many more friends, since that gloomy hour, than before.

It is a sad saying, that "most of those whom he wished to please had sunk into the grave;" and his case at forty-five was singularly unhappy, unless the circle of his friends was very narrow. I have often thought, that as longevity is generally desired, and I believe, generally expected, it would be wise to be continually adding to the number of our friends, that the loss of some may be supplied by others. Friendship, "the wine of life," should, like a well-stocked cellar, be thus continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think, that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous *first growths* of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it very mellow and pleasant. *Warmth* will, no doubt, make a considerable difference. Men of affectionate temper and bright fancy will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are cold and dull.

The proposition which I have now endeavoured to illustrate was, at a subsequent period of his life, the opinion of Johnson himself. He said to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship *in constant repair*."

The celebrated Mr. Wilkes, whose notions and habits of life were very opposite to his, but who was ever eminent for literature and vivacity, sallied forth with a little *Jeu d'Esprit* upon the following passage in his Grammar of the English Tongue prefixed to the Dictionary: "*H* seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." In an essay printed in "the Public Advertiser," this lively writer enumerated many instances in opposition to this remark; for example, "The authour of this observation must be a man of a quick *apprehension*, and of a most *comprehensive* genius." The position is undoubtedly expressed with too much latitude.

This light sally, we may suppose, made no great impression

n our Lexicographer; for we find that he did not alter the
assage till many years afterwards.[1]

He had the pleasure of being treated in a very different
anner by his old pupil Mr. Garrick, in the following
mplimentary Epigram:

"*On* JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

"TALK of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
That one English soldier will beat ten of France;
Would we alter the boast from the sword to the pen,
Our odds are still greater, still greater our men;
In the deep mines of science though Frenchmen may toil,
Can their strength be compar'd to Locke, Newton, and Boyle?
Let them rally their heroes, send forth all their pow'rs,
Their verse-men and prose-men, then match them with ours!
First Shakspeare and Milton, like Gods in the fight,
Have put their whole drama and epick to flight;
In satires, epistles, and odes, would they cope,
Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope;
And Johnson, well-arm'd like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French,[2] and will beat forty more!"

Johnson this year gave at once a proof of his benevolence,
ickness of apprehension, and admirable art of composition,
the assistance which he gave to Mr. Zachariah Williams,
her of the blind lady whom he had humanely received under
roof. Mr. Williams had followed the profession of physick
Wales; but having a very strong propensity to the study
natural philosophy, had made many ingenious advances
vards a discovery of the longitude, and repaired to London
hopes of obtaining the great parliamentary reward. He
ed of success; but Johnson having made himself master of
principles and experiments, wrote for him a pamphlet,
olished in quarto, with the following title: "An Account of
Attempt to ascertain the Longitude at Sea, by an exact
eory of the Variation of the Magnetical Needle; with a
ble of the Variations at the most remarkable Cities in
rope, from the year 1660 to 1680."† To diffuse it more
ensively, it was accompanied with an Italian translation on
opposite page, which it is supposed was the work of Signor
etti,[3] an Italian of considerable literature, who having come

n the third edition, published in 1773, he left out the words *perhaps never*, and
d the following paragraph:
t sometimes begins middle or final syllables in words compounded, as *block-head*,
erived from the Latin, as *comprehended*."
he number of the French Academy employed in settling their language.
This ingenious foreigner, who was a native of Piedmont, came to England about
ear 1753, and died in London, May 5, 1789. A very candid and judicious account

to England a few years before, had been employed in the capacity both of a language master and an authour, and formed an intimacy with Dr. Johnson. This pamphlet Johnson presented to the Bodleian Library.[1] On a blank leaf of it is pasted a paragraph cut out of a newspaper, containing an account of the death and character of Williams, plainly written by Johnson.[2]

In July this year he had formed some scheme of mental improvement, the particular purpose of which does not appear. But we find in his "Prayers and Meditations," p. 25, a prayer entitled, "On the Study of Philosophy, as an instrument of living;" and after it follows a note, "This study was not pursued."

On the 13th of the same month he wrote in his Journal the following scheme of life, for Sunday: "Having lived" (as he with tenderness of conscience expresses himself) "not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires;"

"1. To rise early, and in order to it, to go to sleep early on Saturday.

"2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.

"3. To examine the tenour of my life, and particularly the last week; and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it.

"4. To read the Scripture methodically with such helps as are at hand.

"5. To go to church twice.

"6. To read books of Divinity, either speculative or practical.

"7. To instruct my family.

"8. To wear off by meditation any worldly soil contracted in the week."

In 1756 Johnson found that the great fame of his Dictionary had not set him above the necessity of "making provision for the

of him and his works, beginning with the words, "So much asperity," and written, it is believed, by a distinguished dignitary in the church, may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, for that year, p. 469.—M.]

[1] See note by Mr. Warton, p. 164 [from which it appears that "12th" in the next note means the 12th of July, 1755.—M.]

[2] "On Saturday the 19th, about twelve at night, died Mr. Zachariah Williams, in his eighty-third year, after an illness of eight months, in full possession of his mental faculties. He has been long known to philosophers and seamen for his skill in magnetism, and his proposal to ascertain the longitude by a peculiar system of the compass. He was a man of industry indefatigable, of conversation inoffensive, patient of adversity and deeply eminently sober, temperate, and pious; and worthy to have enjoyed life with better fortune."

that was passing over him."[1] No royal or noble patron ended a munificent hand to give independence to the man had conferred stability on the language of his country. may feel indignant that there should have been such unthy neglect; but we must, at the same time, congratulate selves, when we consider, that to this very neglect, operating ouse the natural indolence of his constitution, we owe many able productions, which otherwise, perhaps, might never appeared.

e had spent, during the progress of the work, the money which he had contracted to write his Dictionary. We have that the reward of his labour was only fifteen hundred and nty-five pounds; and when the expence of amanuenses and r, and other articles, are deducted, his clear profit was very nsiderable. I once said to him, "I am sorry, Sir, you did not more for your Dictionary." His answer was, "I am sorry But it was very well. The booksellers are generous al-minded men." He, upon all occasions, did ample ce to their character in this respect. He considered them e patrons of literature; and, indeed, although they have tually been considerable gainers by his Dictionary, it is to that we owe its having been undertaken and carried gh at the risk of great expence, for they were not absolutely of being indemnified.

the first day of this year[2] we find from his private dens, that he had then recovered from sickness,[3] and in Feb, that his eye was restored to its use.[4] The pious gratitude which he acknowledges mercies upon every occasion is very ng; as is the humble submission which he breathes, when he will of his heavenly Father to try him with afflictions. ch dispositions become the state of man here, and are the effects of religious discipline, we cannot but venerate in son one of the most exercised minds that our holy religion ever formed. If there be any thoughtless enough to sup-

e was so far from being "set above the necessity of making provision for the day passing over him," that he appears to have been in this year in great pecuniary having been arrested for debt; on which occasion his friend, Samuel Richardson, his surety. See a letter from Johnson to him, on the subject, dated Feb. 19, 1756. son's CORRESPONDENCE, vol. v. p. 283.—M.]

April in this year, Johnson wrote a letter to Dr. Joseph Warton, in consequence g read a few pages of that gentleman's newly published "Essay on the Genius tings of Pope." The only paragraph in it that respects Johnson's personal hisis: "For my part I have not lately done much. I have been ill in the winter, eye has been inflamed; but I please myself with the hopes of doing many things, ch I have long pleased and deceived myself!" Memoirs of Dr. J. Warton, &c. 5.—M.]

yers and Meditations.

[4] Ibid. 27.

pose such exercise the weakness of a great understanding. them look up to Johnson, and be convinced that what he earnestly practised must have a rational foundation.

His works this year were, an abstract or epitome, in octav his folio Dictionary, and a few essays in a monthly publica "THE UNIVERSAL VISITER." Christopher Smart, with w unhappy vacillation of mind he sincerely sympathised, was of the stated undertakers of this miscellany; and it was to a him that Johnson sometimes employed his pen. All the e marked with two *asterisks* have been ascribed to him; but confident, from internal evidence, that of these, neither " Life of Chaucer," "Reflections on the State of Portugal," n "Essay on Architecture," were written by him. I am eq confident, upon the same evidence, that he wrote, "Fu Thoughts on Agriculture;" † being the sequel of a very infe essay on the same subject, and which, though carried on by the same hand, is both in thinking and expression above it, and so strikingly peculiar, as to leave no dou its true parent; and that he also wrote "A Dissertation o State of Literature and Authours," † and "A Dissertati the Epitaphs written by Pope." * The last of these, inde afterwards added to his "Idler." Why the essays truly w by him are marked in the same manner with some whi did not write, I cannot explain; but with deference to who have ascribed to him the three essays which I ha jected they want all the characteristical marks of John composition.

He engaged also to superintend and contribute lar another monthly publication, entitled "THE LITERARY ZINE, OR UNIVERSAL REVIEW;" * the first number of came out in May this year. What were his emolumen this undertaking, and what other writers were employed have not discovered. He continued to write in it, wit missions, till the fifteenth number; and I think that h gave better proofs of the force, acuteness, and vivacity mind, than in this miscellany, whether we consider his essays, or his reviews of the works of others. The "P ary Address" † to the publick, is a proof how this gre could embellish, with the graces of superiour compositi so trite a thing as the plan of a magazine.

His original essays are, "An Introduction to the State of Great Britain;" † "Remarks on the Militia "Observations on his Britannick Majesty's Treaties

press of Russia and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel;"† bservations on the Present State of Affairs;"† and, "Memoirs rederick III. King of Prussia." † In all these he displays exive political knowledge and sagacity, expressed with uncomt energy and perspicuity, without any of those words which ometimes took a pleasure in adopting, in imitation of Sir mas Browne; of whose "Christian Morals" he this year an edition, with his "Life" * prefixed to it, which is one ohnson's best biographical performances. In one instance in these essays has he indulged his *Brownism*. Dr. ertson, the historian, mentioned it to me, as having at once inced him that Johnson was the authour of the "Memoirs e King of Prussia." Speaking of the pride which the old , the father of his hero, took in being master of the tallest nent in Europe, he says, "To review this *towering* regiment his daily pleasure; and to perpetuate it was so much his that when he met a tall woman he immediately commanded of his *Titanian* retinue to marry her, that they might *prote procerity*." For this Anglo-Latin word *procerity*, Johnad, however, the authority of Addison.

s reviews are of the following books: "Birch's History e Royal Society;" † "Murphy's Gray's-Inn Journal;" † rton's Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, Vol. I."† mpton's Translation of Polybius;" † "Blackwell's Memoirs e Court of Augustus;" † "Russel's Natural History of o;"† "Sir Isaac Newton's Arguments in Proof of a Deity;"† lase's History of the Isles of Scilly;"† "Holme's Experis on Bleaching;" † "Browne's Christian Morals;" † "Hales stilling Sea-Water, Ventilators in Ships, and curing an ill in Milk;" † "Lucas's Essay on Waters;"† "Keith's Cata- of the Scottish Bishops;" † "Browne's History of ca;" † "Philosophical Transactions, Vol. XLIX."† "Mrs. x's Translation of Sully's Memoirs;" * "Miscellanies by eth Harrison;"† "Evans's Map and Account of the Middle ies in America;" † "Letter on the Case of Admiral "* "Appeal to the People concerning Admiral Byng;" * way's Eight Days Journey, and Essay on Tea;" * "The a Military Treatise;" † "Some further Particulars in Rela- the Case of Admiral Byng, by a Gentleman of Oxford;" * Conduct of the Ministry relating to the present War imly examined;" † "A Free Inquiry into the Nature and of Evil." * All these, from internal evidence, were by Johnson: some of them I know he avowed, and

have marked them with an *asterisk* accordingly. Mr. Thor
Davis indeed, ascribed to him the Review of Mr. Burke's "
quiry into the Origin of our ideas of the Sublime and Beautifu
and Sir John Hawkins, with equal discernment, has inser
it in his collection of Johnson's works: whereas it has no
semblance to Johnson's composition, and is well known to h
been written by Mr. Murphy, who has acknowledged it to
and many others.

It is worthy of remark, in justice to Johnson's polit
character, which has been misrepresented as abjectly submis
to power, that his "Observations on the present State of Affa
glow with as animated a spirit of constitutional liberty as
be found any where. Thus he begins: "The time is now co
in which every Englishman expects to be informed of the nati
affairs; and in which he has a right to have that expecta
gratified. For, whatever may be urged by Ministers, or t
whom vanity or interest make the followers of ministers,
cerning the necessity of confidence in our governours, and
presumption of prying with profane eyes into the recesse
policy, it is evident that this reverence can be claimed onl
counsels yet unexecuted, and projects suspended in del
ation. But when a design has ended in miscarriage or suc
when every eye and every ear is witness to general discon
or general satisfaction, it is then a proper time to disent
confusion and illustrate obscurity; to shew by what c
every event was produced, and in what effects it is like
terminate; to lay down with distinct particularity what ru
always huddles in general exclamation, or perplexes b
digested narratives; to shew whence happiness or calam
derived, and whence it may be expected; and honestly t
before the people what inquiry can gather of the past, and
jecture can estimate of the future."

Here we have it assumed as an incontrovertible prin
that in this country the people are the superintendents
conduct and measures of those by whom governm
administered; of the beneficial effect of which the p
reign afforded an illustrious example, when addresses fr
parts of the kingdom controuled an audacious atten
introduce a new power subversive of the crown.

A still stronger proof of his patriotick spirit appears
review of an "Essay on Waters, by Dr. Lucas," of
after describing him as a man well known to the world
daring defiance of power, when he thought it exerted

of wrong, he thus speaks : "The Irish Ministers drove from his native country by a proclamation, in which they ge him with crimes of which they never intended to be ed to the proof, and oppressed him by methods equally sistible by guilt and innocence.

Let the man thus driven into exile, for having been the nd of his country, be received in every other place as a fessor of liberty ; and let the tools of power be taught in , that they may rob, but cannot impoverish."

ome of his reviews in this Magazine are very short accounts he pieces noticed, and I mention them only that Johnson's opinion of the works may be known ; but many hem are examples of elaborate criticism, in the most terly style. In his review of the "Memoirs of the Court of ustus," he has the resolution to think and speak from his mind, regardless of the cant transmitted from age to age, raise of the ancient Romans. Thus : "I know not why one but a school-boy in his declamation should whine the Commonwealth of Rome, which grew great only by the ry of the rest of mankind. The Romans, like others, as as they grew rich, grew corrupt ; and in their corruption the lives and freedoms of themselves, and of one another." n, "A people, who while they were poor robbed mankind ; as soon as they became rich, robbed one another." In his w of the Miscellanies in prose and verse, published by abeth Harrison, but written by many hands, he gives an nent proof at once of his orthodoxy and candour. "The ours of the essays in prose seem generally to have imitated, ried to imitate, the copiousness and luxuriance of Mrs. e. This, however, is not all their praise ; they have ired to add to her brightness of imagery, her purity of ments. The poets have had Dr. *Watts* before their eyes ; riter, who, if he stood not in the first class of genius, pensated that defect by a ready application of his powers to promotion of piety. The attempt to employ the ornaments mance in the decoration of religion, was, I think, first made Ir. *Boyle's Martyrdom of Theodora* ; but *Boyle's* philo- ical studies did not allow him time for the cultivation yle : and the completion of the great design was reserved Irs. *Rowe*. Dr. *Watts* was one of the first who taught the enters to write and speak like other men, by shewing them elegance might consist with piety. They would have both honour to a better society, for they had that charity which

might well make their failings be forgotten, and with which t whole Christian world wish for communion. They were pu from all the heresies of an age, to which every opinion become a favourite that the universal church has hither detested!

"This praise the general interest of mankind requires to given to writers who please and do not corrupt, who instru and do not weary. But to them all human eulogies are va whom I believe applauded by angels, and numbered with t just."

His defence of tea against Mr. Jonas Hanway's viole attack upon that elegant and popular beverage, shews how ve well a man of genius can write upon the slightest subject, wh he writes, as the Italians say, *con amore*: I suppose no pers ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant l than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hou were so great, that his nerves must have been uncommon strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such intemperate use of it. He assured me, that he never felt t least inconvenience from it; which is a proof that the fault his constitution was rather a too great tension of fibres, th the contrary. Mr. Hanway wrote an angry answer to Johnso review of his Essay on Tea, and Johnson, after a full a deliberate pause, made a reply to it; the only instance believe, in the whole course of his life when he condescend to oppose any thing that was written against him. I suppo when he thought of any of his little antagonists, he was e justly aware of the high sentiment of Ajax in Ovid:

> "*Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,*
> *Qui, cùm victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.*"

But, indeed, the good Mr. Hanway laid himself so open ridicule, that Johnson's animadversions upon his attack w chiefly to make sport.

The generosity with which he pleads the cause of Adm Byng is highly to the honour of his heart and spirit. Thou *Voltaire* affects to be witty upon the fate of that unfortun officer, observing that he was shot "*pour encourager les autr* the nation has long been satisfied that his life was sacrificed the political fervour of the times. In the vault belonging the Torrington family, in the church of Southill, in Bedfo shire, there is the following Epitaph upon his monume which I have transcribed:

"To the perpetual Disgrace
of publick Justice,
The Honourable John Byng, Esq.
Admiral of the Blue,
Fell a Martyr to political
Persecution,
March 14, in the Year 1757;
when Bravery and Loyalty
were insufficient Securities
for the Life and Honour of
A Naval Officer."

Johnson's most exquisite critical essay in the Literary gazine, and indeed any where, is his review of Soame nyns's "Inquiry into the Origin of Evil." Jenyns was ssessed of lively talents, and a style eminently pure and easy, could very happily play with a light subject, either in prose verse; but when he speculated on that most difficult and ruciating question, the Origin of Evil, he "ventured far ond his depth," and accordingly, was exposed by Johnson, h with acute argument and brilliant wit. I remember when late Mr. Bicknell's humourous performance, entitled "The sical Travels of Joel Collyer," in which a slight attempt is de to ridicule Johnson, was ascribed to Soame Jenyns, a! (said Johnson) I thought I had given *him* enough of it." His triumph over Jenyns is thus described by my friend Mr. rtenay in his "Poetical Review of the literary and moral racter of Dr. Johnson;" a performance of such merit, that I not been honoured with a very kind and partial notice t, I should echo the sentiments of men of the first taste dly in its praise:

"When specious sophists with presumption scan
The source of evil hidden still from man;
Revive Arabian tales, and vainly hope
To rival St. John, and his scholar Pope:
Though metaphysicks spread the gloom of night,
By reason's star he guides our aching sight;
The bounds of knowledge marks, and points the way
To pathless wastes, where wilder'd sages stray;
Where, like a farthing link-boy, Jenyns stands,
And the dim torch drops from his feeble hands."[1]

[1] ome time after Dr. Johnson's death, there appeared in the news-papers and zines an illiberal and petulant attack upon him, in the form of an Epitaph, under the of Mr. Soame Jenyns, very unworthy of that gentleman, who had quietly sub- d to the critical lash while Johnson lived. It assumed, as characteristicks of him, all algar circumstances of abuse which had circulated amongst the ignorant. It was an oming indulgence of puny resentment, at a time when he himself was at a very

This year Mr. William Payne, brother of the respecta bookseller of that name, published "An Introduction to Game of Draughts," to which Johnson contributed a Ded tion to the Earl of Rochford,* and a Preface,* both of wh are admirably adapted to the treatise to which they are prefix Johnson, I believe, did not play at draughts after leaving Colle by which he suffered; for it would have afforded him innocent soothing relief from the melancholy which distres him so often. I have heard him regret that he had not lea to play at cards; and the game of draughts we know peculiarly calculated to fix the attention without straining There is a composure and gravity in draughts which insensi tranquillises the mind; and, accordingly the Dutch are fond it, as they are of smoaking, of the sedative influence of whi though he himself never smoaked, he had a high opinio Besides, there is in draughts some exercise of the faculti and, accordingly, Johnson wishing to dignify the subject his Dedication with what is most estimable in it, observ "Triflers may find or make any thing a trifle: but since it the great characteristick of a wise man to see events in th causes, to obviate consequences, and ascertain contingenc your Lordship will think nothing a trifle by which the mind inured to caution, foresight, and circumspection."

As one of the little occasional advantages which he did disdain to take by his pen, as a man whose profession literature, he this year accepted of a guinea from Mr. Rob Dodsley, for writing the introduction to "The Lond Chronicle," an evening news-paper; and even in so sligh performance exhibited peculiar talents. This Chronicle s

advanced age, and had a near prospect of descending to the grave. I was truly sorr it; for he was then become an avowed, and (as my Lord Bishop of Loudon, who h serious conversation with him on the subject, assures me) a sincere Christian. He c not expect that Johnson's numerous friends would patiently bear to have the memo their master stigmatized by no mean pen, but that, at least, one would be found to re Accordingly, this unjust and sarcastick Epitaph was met in the same publick field b answer, in terms by no means soft, and such as wanton provocation only could justif

"EPITAPH,

Prepared for a creature not quite dead yet.

"Here lies a little ugly nauseous elf,
Who judging only from its wretched self,
Feebly attempted, petulant and vain,
The 'Origin of Evil' to explain.
A mighty Genius at this elf displeas'd,
With a strong critick grasp the urchin squeez'd.
For thirty years its coward spleen it kept,
Till in the dust the mighty Genius slept.
Then stunk and fretted in expiring stuff,
And thus'd at Johnson with its last poor puff."

Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit., p. 48 (Aug. 19).

osists, and from what I observed, when I was abroad, has more extensive circulation upon the Continent than any of English news-papers. It was constantly read by Johnson nself; and it is but just to observe, that it has all along en distinguished for good sense, accuracy, moderation, and licacy.

Another instance of the same nature has been communicated me by the Reverend Dr. Thomas Campbell, who has done nself considerable credit by his own writings. "Sitting with Johnson one morning alone, he asked me if I had known Madden, who was authour of the premium-scheme[1] in land. On my answering in the affirmative, and also that I d for some years lived in his neighbourhood, &c. he begged me that when I returned to Ireland, I would endeavour to ecure for him a poem of Dr Madden's called "Boulter's onument."[2] The reason (said he) why I wish for it, is this: en Dr. Madden came to London he submitted that work to castigation; and I remember I blotted a great many lines, d might have blotted many more without making the poem rse.[3] However, the Doctor was very thankful, and very nerous, for he gave me ten guineas, *which was to me at that e a great sum.*"

He this year resumed his scheme of giving an edition of akspeare with notes. He issued proposals of considerable gth,[4] in which he shewed that he perfectly well knew what iety of research such an undertaking required; but his olence prevented him from pursuing it with that diligence ch alone can collect those scattered facts, that genius, how-r acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot discover by its n force. It is remarkable, that at this time his fancied

In the College of Dublin, four quarterly Examinations of the students are held in year, in various prescribed branches of literature and science; and premiums, consig of books impressed with the College Arms are adjudged by Examiners (composed rally of the Junior Fellows), to those who have most distinguished themselves in several classes, after a very rigid trial, which lasts two days. This regulation h has subsisted about seventy years, has been attended with the most beneficial ts.

Samuel Madden was the first proposer of premiums in that University. They instituted about the year 1734. He was also one of the founders of the Dublin ety for the encouragement of arts and agriculture. In addition to the premiums h were and are still annually given by that society for this purpose, Dr. Madden others from his own fund. Hence he was usually called "Premium Madden."]

Dr. Hugh Boulter, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland. He died 27, 1742, at which time he was, for the thirteenth time, one of the Lords Justices t kingdom. Johnson speaks of him in high terms of commendation, in his Life abroke Philips. J. Boswell.]

Dr Madden wrote very bad verses. V. those prefixed to Leland's Life of Philip acedon, 4to. 1758.—Kearney]

They have been reprinted by Mr. Malone in the Preface to his edition of Shakspeare.

activity was for the moment so vigorous, that he promis his work should be published before Christmas, 17 Yet nine years elapsed before it saw the light. His thro in bringing it forth had been severe and remittent; a at last we may almost conclude that the Cæsarian ope tion was performed by the knife of Churchill, who upbraiding satire, I dare say, made Johnson's friends ur him to dispatch.

> "He for subscribers baits his hook,
> And takes your cash; but where's the book?
> No matter where; wise fear, you know,
> Forbids the robbing of a foe;
> But what, to serve our private ends,
> Forbids the cheating of our friends?"

About this period he was offered a living of considerab value in Lincolnshire, if he were inclined to enter into ho orders. It was a rectory in the gift of Mr. Langton, the fath of his much valued friend. But he did not accept of it; par I believe from a conscientious motive, being persuaded th his temper and habits rendered him unfit for that assiduo and familiar instruction of the vulgar and ignorant, which held to be an essential duty in a clergyman; and par because his love of a London life was so strong, that he wou have thought himself an exile in any other place, particularly residing in the country. Whoever would wish to see h thoughts upon that subject displayed in their full force, m peruse the Adventurer, Number 126.

In 1757 it does not appear that he published any thin except some of those articles in the Literary Magazine, whi have been mentioned. That magazine, after Johnson ceas to write in it, gradually declined, though the popular epithet *Antigallican* was added to it; and in July 1758 it expire He probably prepared a part of his Shakspeare this ye and he dictated a speech on the subject of an addr to the Throne, after the expedition to Rochfort, whi was delivered by one of his friends, I know not in wh publick meeting. It is printed in the Gentleman's Mag zine for October 1785 as his, and bears sufficient marks authenticity.

By the favour of Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, of the Treasu Dublin, I have obtained a copy of the following letter fr Johnson to the venerable authour of "Dissertations on t History of Ireland."

"To Charles O'Connor, Esq.[1]

SIR,

"I have lately, by the favour of Mr. Faulkner, seen r account of Ireland, and cannot forbear to solicit a pro- tion of your design. Sir William Temple complains that and is less known than any other country, as to its ancient e. The natives have had little leisure, and little encourage- t for enquiry; and strangers, not knowing the language, e had no ability.

I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated.[2] nd is known by tradition to have been once the seat of y and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to hose who are curious either in the original of nations, or affinities of languages, to be further informed of the revolu- of a people so ancient, and once so illustrious.

What relation there is between the Welsh and Irish uage, or between the language of Ireland and that of ay, deserves enquiry. Of these provincial and unextended ues, it seldom happens that more than one are understood ny one man; and, therefore, it seldom happens that a fair parison can be made. I hope you will continue to culti- this kind of learning, which has too long lain neglected, which, if it be suffered to remain in oblivion for another ury, may, perhaps, never be retrieved. As I wish well to seful undertakings, I would not forbear to let you know much you deserve in my opinion, from all lovers of study, how much pleasure your work has given to, Sir,

"Your most obliged,

"And most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

ondon, April 9, 1757."

"To the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton.

DEAR SIR,

"Dr. Marsili of Padua, a learned gentleman, and Latin poet, has a mind to see Oxford. I have given him

[1] this gentleman, who died at his seat at Ballinegare, in the county of mon in Ireland, July 1, 1791, in his 82nd year, some account may be found in ntleman's Magazine of that date. Of the work here alluded to by Dr. Johnson— rtations on the History of Ireland"—a second and much improved edition was ed by the authour in 1766.—M.]

[2] e celebrated orator, Mr. Flood, has shown himself to be of Dr. Johnson's ; having by his will bequeathed his estate, after the death of his wife Lady , to the University of Dublin; desiring that immediately after the said estate me into their possession they shall appoint two professors, one for the study of ve Erse or Irish language, and the other for the study of Irish antiquities, and

a letter to Dr. Huddesford,[1] and shall be glad if you w
introduce him, and shew him any thing in Oxford.

"I am printing my new edition of Shakspeare.

"I long to see you all, but cannot conveniently come ye
You might write to me now and then, if you were good f
any thing. But *honores mutant mores.* Professors forget the
friends.[2] I shall certainly complain to Miss Jones.[3] I am,

"Your, &c.

"Sam. Johnson

"[London] June 21, 1757.

"Please to make my compliments to Mr. Wise."

Mr. Burney having enclosed to him an extract from t
review of his Dictionary in the *Bibliothèque des Savans*,[4] and
list of subscribers to his Shakspeare, which Mr. Burney h
procured in Norfolk, he wrote the following answer:

"To Mr. Burney, in Lynne, Norfolk.

"SIR,

"That I may show myself sensible of your favours, a
not commit the same fault a second time, I make haste
answer the letter which I received this morning. The truth
the other likewise was received, and I wrote an answer; b
being desirous to transmit you some proposals and receipts
waited till I could find a convenient conveyance, and day w
passed after day, till other things drove it from my thought
yet not so, but that I remember with great pleasure your co
mendation of my Dictionary. Your praise was welcome, n
only because I believe it was sincere, but because praise h
been very scarce. A man of your candour will be surpris
when I tell you, that among all my acquaintance there w
only two, who upon the publication of my book did

Irish history, and for the study of any other European language illustrative of
auxiliary to, the study of Irish antiquities or Irish history; and that they shall
yearly two liberal premiums for two compositions, one in verse, and the other in pr
in the Irish language.

[Since the above was written, Mr. Flood's Will has been set aside, after a tria
bar, in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland.—M.]

[1] "Now, or late, Vice-Chancellor."

[2] "Mr. Warton was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in the preceding year."

[3] "Miss Jones lived at Oxford, and was often of our parties. She was a very ingen
poetess, and published a volume of poems; and, on the whole, was a most sensi
agreeable, and amiable woman. She was sister to the Reverend River Jones, Cha
of Christ Church cathedral at Oxford, and Johnson used to call her the *Chantress*. I
heard him often address her in this passage from 'Il Penseroso:'

'Thee, Chantress, oft the woods among
I woo,' &c.

She died unmarried."

[4] Tom. III. p. 482.

leavour to depress me with threats of censure from the blick, or with objections learned from those who had learned m from my own preface. Your's is the only letter of good- that I have received; though, indeed, I am promised nething of that sort from Sweden.

How my new edition[1] will be received I know not; the scription has not been very successful. I shall publish ut March.

If you can direct me how to send proposals, I should wish they were in such hands.

I remember, Sir, in some of the first letters with which you oured me, you mentioned your lady. May I enquire after ? In return for the favours which you have shewn me, it is much to tell you, that I wish you and her all that can con- e to your happiness. I am, Sir,

"Your most obliged,

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

ugh-square, Dec. 24, 1757."

n 1758 we find him, it should seem, in as easy and pleasant ate of existence, as constitutional unhappiness ever per- ed him to enjoy.

To BENNET LANGTON, Esq. at LANGTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

DEAREST SIR,

"I MUST have indeed slept very fast, not to have been kened by your letter. None of your suspicions are true; not much richer than when you left me; and, what is e, my omission of an answer to your first letter, will prove I am not much wiser. But I go on as I formerly did, gning to be some time or other both rich and wise; and cultivate neither mind nor fortune. Do you take notice of example, and learn the danger of delay. When I was as are now, towering in the confidence of twenty-one, little I suspect that I should be at forty-nine, what I now am. But you do not seem to need my admonition. You are in acquiring and in communicating knowledge, and while are studying, enjoy the end of study, by making others r and happier. I was much pleased with the tale that you me of being tutour to your sisters. I, who have no sisters brothers, look with some degree of innocent envy on those may be said to be born to friends; and cannot see,

[1] Of Shakspeare.

without wonder, how rarely that native union is afterwa
regarded. It sometimes, indeed, happens, that some sup
venient cause of discord may overpower the original ami
but it seems to me more frequently thrown away with lev
or lost by negligence, than destroyed by injury or violen
We tell the ladies that good wives make good husbands
believe it is a more certain position that good brothers m
good sisters.

"I am satisfied with your stay at home, as Juvenal with
friend's retirement to Cumæ: I know that your absence is b
though it be not best for me.

> '*Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,*
> *Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis*
> *Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*'

"*Langton* is a good *Cumæ*, but who must be Sibylla? M
Langton is as wise as Sibyl, and as good; and will live, if
wishes can prolong life, till she shall in time be as old.
she differs in this, that she has not scattered her precepts in
wind, at least not those which she bestowed upon you.

"The two Wartons just looked into the town, and w
taken to see *Cleone*, where, David[1] says, they were starved
want of company to keep them warm. David and Dodd
have had a new quarrel, and, I think, cannot convenien
quarrel any more. 'Cleone' was well acted by all the ch
acters, but Bellamy left nothing to be desired. I went the f
night, and supported it as well as I might; for Doddy,
know, is my patron, and I would not desert him. The p
was very well received. Doddy, after the danger was ov
went every night to the stage-side, and cryed at the distress
poor Cleone.

"I have left off housekeeping, and therefore made prese
of the game which you were pleased to send me. The pheas
I gave to Mr. Richardson,[2] the bustard to Dr. Lawrence,
the pot I placed with Miss Williams, to be eaten by mys
She desires that her compliments and good wishes may
accepted by the family; and I make the same request
myself.

"Mr. Reynolds has within these few days raised his price
twenty guineas a head, and Miss is much employed in mi
tures. I know not any body [else] whose prosperity
increased since you left them.

[1] Mr. Garrick. [2] Mr. Dodsley, the Authour of Cleone
[3] Mr Samuel Richardson, Authour of Clarissa.

"Murphy is to have his 'Orphan of China' acted next
nth; and is therefore, I suppose, happy. I wish I could
you of any great good to which I was approaching, but at
esent my prospects do not much delight me; however, I am
ays pleased when I find that you, dear Sir, remember,

"Your affectionate, humble servant,

an. 9, 1758." "SAM. JOHNSON."

"TO MR. BURNEY, AT LYNNE, NORFOLK.

'SIR,

"YOUR kindness is so great, and my claim to any particular
ard from you so little, that I am at a loss how to express my
se of your favours;[1] but I am, indeed, much pleased to be
s distinguished by you.

'I am ashamed to tell you that my Shakspeare will not be
as soon as I promised my subscribers; but I did not
mise them more than I promised myself. It will, however,
published before summer.

'I have sent you a bundle of proposals, which, I think, do
profess more than I have hitherto performed. I have
nted many of the plays, and have hitherto left very few
sages unexplained; where I am quite at loss, I confess my
orance, which is seldom done by commentators.

'I have, likewise, inclosed twelve receipts; not that I mean
impose upon you the trouble of pushing them with more
portunity than may seem proper, but that you may rather
e more than fewer than you shall want. The proposals you
disseminate as there shall be an opportunity. I once
nted them at length in the Chronicle, and some of my
nds (I believe Mr. Murphy, who formerly wrote the Gray's-
Journal) introduced them with a splendid encomium.

Since the Life of Browne, I have been a little engaged,
n time to time, in the Literary Magazine, but not very
ly. I have not the collection by me, and therefore cannot
w out a catalogue of my own parts, but will do it, and send
Do not buy them, for I will gather all those that have any
g of mine in them, and send them to Mrs. Burney, as a
ll token of gratitude for the regard which she is pleased to
ow upon me. "I am, Sir,

"Your most obliged

"And most humble servant,

ndon, March 8, 1758." "SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] This letter was an answer to one, in which was inclosed a draft for the payment of subscriptions to his Shakspeare.

Dr. Burney has kindly favoured me with the following memorandum, which I take the liberty to insert in his own genuine easy style. I love to exhibit sketches of my illustrious friends by various eminent hands.

"Soon after this, Mr. Burney, during a visit to the capital had an interview with him in Gough-square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner, Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which being accepted he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing-desk and a chair and a half. Johnson giving to his guest the entire seat, tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and shewed him some volumes of his Shakspeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. Upon Mr. Burney's opening the first volume, at the Merchant of Venice, he observed to him, that he seemed to be more severe on Warburton than Theobald. 'O poor Tib.! (said Johnson) he was ready knocked down to my hands; Warburton stands between me and him.' 'But Sir, (said Mr. Burney,) you'll have Warburton upon your bones, won't you?' 'No Sir; he'll not come out: he'll only growl in his den.' 'But you think, Sir, that Warburton is a superiour critick to Theobald?'—'O, Sir, he'd make two-and-fifty Theobalds, cut into slices! The worst of Warburton is that he has a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be said.'—Mr. Burney then asked him whether he had seen the letter which Warburton had written in answer to a pamphlet addressed 'To the most impudent Man alive.' He answered in the negative. Mr. Burney told him it was supposed to be written by Mallet. The controversy now raged between the friends of Pope and Bolingbroke; and Warburton and Mallet were the leaders of the several parties. Mr. Burney asked him then if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's Philosophy? 'No, Sir, I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested about its confutation.'"

On the fifteenth of April he began a new periodical paper entitled "THE IDLER,"* which came out every Saturday in a weekly news-paper, called "The Universal Chronicle, or Weekly Gazette," published by Newbery.[1] These essays were

[1] [This is a slight mistake. The first number of "The Idler" appeared on the 15th of April, 1758, in No. 2 of the Universal Chronicle, &c., which was published by J. Payne, for whom also the Rambler had been printed. On the 29th of April this newspaper assumed the title of PAYNE'S Universal Chronicle, &c.—M.]

ntinued till April 5, 1760. Of one hundred and three, their tal number, twelve were contributed by his friends; of which, umbers 33, 93, and 96, were written by Mr. Thomas arton; No. 67 by Mr. Langton; and Nos. 76, 79, and 82, Sir Joshua Reynolds; the concluding words of No. 82, and pollute his canvas with deformity," being added by hnson; as Sir Joshua informed me.

The IDLER is evidently the work of the same mind which oduced the RAMBLER, but has less body and more spirit. has more variety of real life, and greater facility of language. e describes the miseries of idleness, with the lively sensations one who has felt them; and in his private memorandums hile engaged in it, we find "This year I hope to learn ligence."[1] Many of these excellent essays were written as stily as an ordinary letter. Mr. Langton remembers hnson, when on a visit at Oxford, asking him one evening w long it was till the post went out; and on being told out half an hour, he exclaimed, "then we shall do very ll." He upon this instantly sat down and finished an Idler, hich it was necessary should be in London the next day. r. Langton having signified a wish to read it, "Sir, said he,) u shall not do more than I have done myself." He then ded it up, and sent it off.

Yet there are in the Idler several papers which shew as much ofundity of thought, and labour of language, as any of this eat man's writings. No. 14, "Robbery of time;" No. 24, Thinking;" No. 41, "Death of a friend;" No. 43, "Flight time;" No. 51, "Domestick greatness unattainable;" No. , "Self-denial;" No. 58, "Actual, how short of fancied, cellence;" No. 89, "Physical evil moral good;" and his ncluding paper on "The horrour of the last," will prove this sertion. I know not why a motto, the usual trapping of riodical papers, is prefixed to very few of the Idlers, as I ve heard Johnson commend the custom; and he never uld be at a loss for one, his memory being stored with numerable passages of the classicks. In this series of essays exhibits admirable instances of grave humour, of which he d an uncommon share. Nor on some occasions has he pressed that power of sophistry which he possessed in so inent a degree. In No. 11, he treats with the utmost ntempt the opinion that our mental faculties depend, in ne degree, upon the weather; an opinion, which they who

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 30.

have never experienced its truth are not to be envied, and c
which he himself could not but be sensible, as the effects c
weather upon him were very visible. Yet thus he declaims
"Surely, nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed wit
reason, than to resign its powers to the influence of the ai
and live in dependence on the weather and the wind for th
only blessings which nature has put into our power, tran
quillity and benevolence.—This distinction of seasons i
produced only by imagination operating on luxury. T
temperance, every day is bright; and every hour is propitiou
to diligence. He that shall resolutely excite his faculties, c
exert his virtues, will soon make himself superiour to th
seasons; and may set at defiance the morning mist and th
evening damp, the blasts of the east, and the clouds of th
south."

Alas! it is too certain, that where the frame has delicat
fibres, and there is a fine sensibility, such influences of th
air are irresistible. He might as well bid defiance to th
ague, the palsy, and all other bodily disorders. Such boastin
of the mind is false elevation.

"I think the Romans call it Stoicism."

But in this number of his Idler his spirits seem to run riot
for in the wantonness of his disquisition he forgets, for
moment, even the reverence for that which he held in hig
respect; and describes "the attendant on a *Court*," as on
"whose business is to watch the looks of a being, weak an
foolish as himself."

His unqualified ridicule of rhetorical gesture or action
not, surely, a test of truth; yet we cannot help admiring ho
well it is adapted to produce the effect which he wishe
"Neither the judges of our laws, nor the representatives of ou
people, would be much affected by laboured gesticulations, c
believe any man the more because he rolled his eyes, c
puffed his cheeks, or spread abroad his arms, or stamped th
ground, or thumped his breast; or turned his eyes sometime
to the ceiling, and sometimes to the floor."

A casual coincidence with other writers, or an adoption of
sentiment or image which has been found in the writings
another, and afterwards appears in the mind as one's own,
not unfrequent. The richness of Johnson's fancy, whic
could supply his page abundantly on all occasions, and th
strength of his memory, which at once detected the real own

any thought, made him less liable to the imputation of agiarism than, perhaps, any of our writers. In the Idler, owever, there is a paper, in which conversation is assimilated a bowl of punch, where there is the same train of com- rison as in a poem by Blacklock, in his collection published 1756; in which a parallel is ingeniously drawn between uman life and that liquor. It ends,

> "Say, then, physicians of each kind
> Who cure the body or the mind,
> What harm in drinking can there be,
> Since punch and life so well agree?"

To the Idler, when collected in volumes, he added, beside e Essay on Epitaphs, and the Dissertation on those of Pope, Essay on the Bravery of the British common Soldiers. e, however, omitted one of the original papers, which in the lio copy, is No. 22.[1]

"To the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your notes upon my poet were very acceptable. I g that you will be so kind as to continue your searches. It ll be reputable to my work, and suitable to your professor- ip, to have something of yours in the notes. As you have ven no directions about your name, I shall therefore put it. wish your brother would take the same trouble. A com- entary must arise from the fortuitous discoveries of many en in devious walks of literature. Some of your remarks are plays already printed: but I purpose to add an Appendix Notes, so that nothing comes too late.

"You give yourself too much uneasiness, dear Sir, about the ss of the papers.[2] The loss is nothing, if nobody has found em; nor even then, perhaps, if the numbers be known. You e not the only friend that has had the same mischance. You ay repair your want out of a stock, which is deposited with r. Allen, of Magdalen-Hall; or out of a parcel which I have st sent to Mr. Chambers[3] for the use of any body that will be kind as to want them. Mr. Langtons are well; and Miss

[1] This paper may be found in Stockdale's supplemental volume, of Johnson's Miscellaneous Pieces.

[2] "Receipts for Shakespeare."

[3] "Then of Lincoln College. Now Sir Robert Chambers, one of the Judges in dia."

Roberts, whom I have at last brought to speak, upon th information which you gave me, that she had something to sa

"I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON

"[London] April 14, 1758."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU will receive this by Mr. Baretti, a gentleman partic larly intitled to the notice and kindness of the Professor poesy. He has time but for a short stay, and will be glad have it filled up with as much as he can hear and see.

"In recommending another to your favour, I ought not omit thanks for the kindness which you have shown to myse Have you any more notes on Shakspeare? I shall be glad them.

"I see your pupil sometimes;[1] his mind is as exalted as h stature. I am half afraid of him; but he is no less amiab than formidable. He will, if the forwardness of his spring not blasted, be a credit to you, and to the University. H brings some of my plays[2] with him, which he has n permission to shew you, on condition you will hide them fro every body else.

"I am, dear Sir, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON

"[London] June 1, 1758."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFOR

"DEAR SIR,

"THOUGH I might have expected to hear from you, upo your entrance into a new state of life at a new place, yet rec lecting, (not without some degree of shame,) that I owe you letter upon an old account, I think it my part to write fir This, indeed, I do not only from complaisance but from inte est; for living on in the old way, I am very glad of a cor spondent so capable as yourself, to diversify the hours. Y have, at present, too many novelties about you to need a help from me to drive along your time.

"I know not any thing more pleasant, or more instructiv than to compare experience with expectation, or to regist from time to time the difference between idea and reality.

1 "Mr. Langton."

2 "Part of the impression of the Shakspeare, which Dr. Johnson conducted alo and published by subscription. This edition came out in 1765."

by this kind of observation that we grow daily less liable to disappointed. You, who are very capable of anticipating curity, and raising phantoms before your own eyes, must en have imagined to yourself an academical life, and have nceived what would be the manners, the views, and the con-rsation, of men devoted to letters; how they would choose eir companions, how they would direct their studies, and how ey would regulate their lives. Let me know what you pected, and what you have found. At least record it to urself before custom has reconciled you to the scenes before u, and the disparity of your discoveries to your hopes has nished from your mind. It is a rule never to be forgotten, t whatever strikes strongly, should be described while the t impression remains fresh upon the mind.

'I love, dear Sir, to think on you, and therefore, should lingly write more to you, but that the post will not now give leave to do more than send my compliments to Mr. War-, and tell you that I am, dear Sir, most affectionately,

"Your very humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

ne 28, 1758."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

DEAR SIR,

"I SHOULD be sorry to think that what engrosses the ntion of my friend, should have no part of mine. Your d is now full of the fate of Dury;[1] but his fate is past, and ning remains but to try what reflection will suggest to gate the terrours of a violent death, which is more formida-at the first glance, than on a nearer and more steady view. iolent death is never very painful; the only danger is, lest ould be unprovided. But if a man can be supposed to e no provision for death in war, what can be the state that ld have awakened him to the care of futurity? When ld that man have prepared himself to die, who went to seek h without preparation? What then can be the reason why ament more him that dies of a wound, than him that dies fever? A man that languishes with disease, ends his life more pain, but with less virtue: he leaves no example to

[1] Major-General Alexander Dury, of the first regiment of foot-guards, who fell in the t discharge of his duty, near St. Cas, in the well-known unfortunate expedition t France, in 1758. His lady and Mr. Langton's mother were sisters. He left an on, Lieutenant-Colonel Dury, who has a company in the same regiment.

his friends, nor bequeaths any honour to his descendants. T only reason why we lament a Soldier's death, is, that we thi he might have lived longer; yet this cause of grief is comm to many other kinds of death, which are not so passionate bewailed. The truth is, that every death is violent which the effect of accident; every death, which is not gradual brought on by the miseries of age, or when life is extinguish for any other reason than that it is burnt out. He that di before sixty, of a cold or consumption, dies, in reality, by violent death; yet his death is borne with patience, only becau the cause of his untimely end is silent and invisible. Let endeavour to see things as they are, and then enquire wheth we ought to complain. Whether to see life as it is, will give much consolation, I know not; but the consolation which drawn from truth, if any there be, is solid and durable: th which may be derived from errour, must be, like its origin fallacious and fugitive.

"I am, dear, dear Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"Sept. 21, 1758." "SAM. JOHNSON

In 1759, in the month of January, his mother died at t great age of ninety, an event which deeply affected him; n that "his mind had acquired no firmness by the contemplati of mortality;[1] but that his reverential affection for her was n abated by years, as indeed he retained all his tender feelin even to the latest period of his life. I have been told, that regretted much his not having gone to visit his mother several years previous to her death. But he was constant engaged in literary labours which confined him to Londo and though he had not the comfort of seeing his aged pare he contributed to her support.

[To MRS. JOHNSON, IN LICHFIELD.[2]

"HONOURED MADAM,

"THE account which Miss [Porter] gives me of yo health, pierces my heart. GOD comfort, and preserve you, a save you, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

"I would have Miss read to you from time to time t

[1] Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 365.

[2] [Since the publication of the third edition of this work, the following letter Dr. Johnson, occasioned by the last illness of his mother, were obligingly communica to Mr. Malone by the Rev. Dr. Vyse. They are placed here agreeably to the chr logical order almost uniformly observed by the authour; and so strongly evince Johnson's piety, and tenderness of heart, that every reader must be gratified by t insertion.—M.]

assion of our Saviour, and sometimes the sentences in the ommunion Service, beginning—*Come unto me all ye that wail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

"I have just now read a physical book, which inclines me think that a strong infusion of the bark would do you good. o, dear mother, try it.

"Pray, send me your blessing, and forgive all that I have ne amiss to you. And whatever you would have done, and at debts you would have paid first, or any thing else that u would direct, let Miss put it down; I shall endeavour to ey you.

"I have got twelve guineas[1] to send you, but unhappily am a loss how to send it to-night. If I cannot send it to-night, will come by the next post.

"Pray, do not omit any thing mentioned in this letter. God ss you for ever and ever.

"I am

"Your dutiful Son,

an. 13, 1758."[2] "Sam. Johnson."

"To Miss Porter, at Mrs. Johnson's, in Lichfield.

'MY DEAR MISS,

"I THINK myself obliged to you beyond all expression of titude for your care of my dear mother. God grant it may be without success. Tell Kitty,[3] that I shall never forget tenderness for her mistress. Whatever you can do, con- ue to do. My heart is very full.

'I hope you received twelve guineas on Monday. I found way of sending them by means of the Postmaster, after I d written my letter, and hope they came safe. I will send more in a few days. God bless you all.

"I am, my dear,

"Your most obliged

"and most humble Servant,

n. 16, 1759." "Sam. Johnson."

'Over the leaf is a letter to my mother."

Six of these twelve guineas Johnson appears to have borrowed from Mr. Allen, the er. See Hawkins's Life of Johnson, p. 366, n.—M.]

Written by mistake for 1759, as the subsequent letters shew. In the next letter, he nadvertently fallen into the same errour, but corrected it. On the *outside* of the of the 13th was written by another hand—"Pray, acknowledge the receipt of this turn of the post, without fail." M.]

Catharine Chambers, Mrs. Johnson's maid-servant. She died in October, 1767. Dr. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations, p. 71: "Sunday, Oct. 18, 1767. Yester- Oct. 17, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend, Catharine Chambers, who to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old."—

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,

"YOUR weakness afflicts me beyond what I am willing t communicate to you. I do not think you unfit to face death but I know not how to bear the thought of losing you Endeavour to do all you [can] for yourself. Eat as much a you can.

"I pray often for you; do you pray for me.—I have nothin to add to my last letter.

"I am, dear, dear Mother,
"Your dutiful Son,
"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Jan. 16, 1759."

"TO MRS. JOHNSON, IN LICHFIELD.

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,

"I FEAR you are too ill for long letters; therefore I will onl tell you, you have from me all the regard that can possibl subsist in the heart. I pray GOD to bless you for evermor for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"Let Miss write to me every post, however short.

"I am, dear Mother,
"Your dutiful Son,
"SAM. JOHNSON

"Jan. 18, 1759."

"TO MISS PORTER, AT MRS. JOHNSON'S, IN LICHFIELD.

"DEAR MISS,

"I WILL, if it be possible, come down to you. GOD gra I may yet [find] my dear mother breathing and sensible. I not tell her, lest I disappoint her. If I miss to write next pos I am on the road.

"I am, my dearest Miss,
"Your most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON

"Jan 20, 1759."

"*On the other side*

"DEAR HONOURED MOTHER,[1]

"NEITHER your condition nor your character make it for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and

[1] [This letter was written on the second leaf of the preceding, addressed to M Porter.—M.]

elieve the best woman in the world. I thank you for your dulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done , and all that I have omitted to do well.[1] God grant you his oly Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus hrist's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.

"I am, dear, dear Mother,

"Your dutiful Son,

"Sam. Johnson."

Jan. 20, 1759."

"To Miss Porter, in Lichfield.

"You will conceive my sorrow for the loss of my mother, the best mother. If she were to live again, surely I should ehave better to her. But she is happy, and what is past is othing to her; and for me, since I cannot repair my faults to er, I hope repentance will efface them. I return you and all ose that have been good to her my sincerest thanks, and pray od to repay you all with infinite advantage. Write to me, and omfort me, dear child. I shall be glad likewise, if Kitty will rite to me. I shall send a bill of twenty pounds in a few ays, which I thought to have brought to my mother; but God ffered it not. I have not power or composure to say much ore. God bless you, and bless us all.

"I am, dear Miss,

"Your affectionate humble Servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

an. 23, 1759."[2]

Soon after this event, he wrote his "Rasselas, Prince of Byssinia:"* concerning the publication of which Sir John awkins guesses vaguely and idly, instead of having taken the ouble to inform himself with authentick precision. Not to ouble my readers with a repetition of the Knight's reveries, I ve to mention, that the late Mr. Strahan the printer told me, at Johnson wrote it, that with the profits he might defray the pence of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which e had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he composed in the evenings of one week,[3] sent it to the press in portions

[So, in the Prayer which he composed on this occasion: "Almighty God, merci- Father, in whose hands are life and death, sanctify unto me the sorrow which I now . *Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my Mother, and whatever I have itted to do kindly.* Make me to remember her good precepts and good example, and reform my life according to thy holy word, &c." Prayers and Meditations, 2.—M.]

[Mrs. Johnson probably died on the 20th or 21st of January, and was buried on the this letter was written.—M.

[Rasselas was published in March or April, 1759.]

as it was written, and had never since read it over.[1] M
Strahan, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Dodsley, purchased it for
hundred pounds, but afterwards paid him twenty-five pound
more, when it came to a second edition.

Considering the large sums which have been received fo
compilations, and works requiring not much more genius tha
compilations, we cannot but wonder at the very low price whic
he was content to receive for this admirable performance
which, though he had written nothing else, would have rendere
his name immortal in the world of literature. None of h
writings has been so extensively diffused over Europe; for
has been translated into most, if not all, of the moder
languages. This Tale, with all the charms of oriental imagery
and all the force and beauty of which the English languag
is capable, leads us through the most important scenes
human life, and shews us that this stage of our being is fu
of "vanity and vexation of spirit." To those who look n
further than the present life, or who maintain that huma
nature has not fallen from the state in which it was create
the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail. Bu
they who think justly, and feel with strong sensibility, wi
listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom
Voltaire's CANDIDE, written to refute the system of Optimism
which it has accomplished with brilliant success, is wonderfull
similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's RASSELAS
insomuch, that I have heard Johnson say, that if they had no
been published so closely one after the other that there was no
time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that th
scheme of that which came latest was taken from the othe
Though the proposition illustrated by both these works was th
same, namely, that in our present state there is more evil tha
good, the intention of the writers was very different. Voltair
I am afraid, meant only by wanton profaneness to obtain
sportive victory over religion, and to discredit the belief of
superintending Providence: Johnson meant, by shewing th
unsatisfactory nature of things temporal, to direct the hopes
man to things eternal. Rasselas, as was observed to me by
very accomplished lady, may be considered as a more enlarge
and more deeply philosophical discourse in prose, upon th
interesting truth, which in his "Vanity of Human Wishes" h
had so successfully enforced in verse.

[1] [See *post*, under June 2, 1781. Finding it then accidentally in a chaise with M
Boswell, he read it eagerly. This was doubtless long after his declaration to Sir Joshu
Reynolds. M.]

The fund of thinking which this work contains is such, that most every sentence of it may furnish a subject of long meditation. I am not satisfied if a year passes without my having read it through; and at every perusal, my admiration of the mind which produced it is so highly raised, that I can scarcely believe that I had the honour of enjoying the intimacy of such a man.

I restrain myself from quoting passages from this excellent work, or even referring to them, because I should not know what to select, or, rather, what to omit. I shall, however, transcribe one, as it shews how well he could state the arguments of those who believe in the appearance of departed spirits; a doctrine which it is a mistake to suppose that he himself ever positively held:

"If all your fear be of apparitions, (said the Prince,) I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more.

"That the dead are seen no more, (said Imlac,) I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unwaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."

Notwithstanding my high admiration of Rasselas, I will not maintain that the "morbid melancholy" in Johnson's constitution may not, perhaps, have made life appear to him more insipid and unhappy than it generally is: for I am sure that he had less enjoyment from it than I have. Yet, whatever additional shade his own particular sensations may have thrown on his representation of life, attentive observation and close inquiry have convinced me, that there is too much reality in the gloomy picture. The truth, however, is, that we judge of the happiness and misery of life differently at different times, according to the state of our changeable frame. I always remember a remark made to me by a Turkish lady, educated in France, "*Ma foi, Monsieur, notre bonheur depend de la façon que notre sang circule.*" This have I learnt from a pretty hard course of experience, and would, from sincere benevolence,

impress upon all who honour this book with a perusal, that until a steady conviction is obtained, that the present life is an imperfect state, and only a passage to a better, if we comply with the divine scheme of progressive improvement; and also that it is a part of the mysterious plan of Providence, that intellectual beings must "be made perfect through suffering;" there will be a continual recurrence of disappointment and uneasiness. But if we walk with hope in "the mid-day sun" of revelation, our temper and disposition will be such, that the comforts and enjoyments in our way will be relished, while we patiently support the inconveniences and pains. After much speculation and various reasonings, I acknowledge myself convinced of the truth of Voltaire's conclusion, "*Après tout c'est un monde passable.*" But we must not think too deeply:

> "—— where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise,"

is, in many respects, more than poetically just. Let us cultivate, under the command of good principles, "*la théorie des sensations agréables;*" and, as Mr. Burke once admirably counselled a grave and anxious gentleman, "live pleasant."

The effect of Rasselas, and of Johnson's other moral tales, is thus beautifully illustrated by Mr. Courtenay:

> "Impressive truth, in splendid fiction drest,
> Checks the vain wish, and calms the troubled breast;
> O'er the dark mind a light celestial throws,
> And sooths the angry passions to repose;
> As oil effus'd illumes and smooths the deep,
> When round the bark the foaming surges sweep."[1]

It will be recollected, that during all this year he carried on his IDLER,[2] and, no doubt, was proceeding, though slowly, in

[1] Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson.

[2] This paper was in such high estimation before it was collected into volumes, that it was seized on with avidity by various publishers of news-papers and magazines, to enrich their publications. Johnson, to put a stop to this unfair proceeding, wrote for the Universal Chronicle the following advertisement; in which there is, perhaps, more pomp of words than the occasion demanded:

"London, January 5, 1759. ADVERTISEMENT. The proprietors of the paper entitled 'The Idler,' having found that those essays are inserted in the news-papers and magazines with so little regard to justice or decency, that the Universal Chronicle in which they first appear, is not always mentioned, think it necessary to declare to the publishers of those collections, that however patiently they have hitherto endured these injuries, made yet more injurious by contempt, they have now determined to endure them no longer. They have already seen essays, for which a very large price is paid, transferred, with the most shameless rapacity, into the weekly or monthly compilations, and their right, at least for the present, alienated from them, before they could themselves be said to enjoy it. But they would not willingly be thought to want tenderness, even for men by whom no tenderness hath been shewn. The past is without remedy, and shall be without resentment. But those who have been thus busy with their sickles in the fields of their neighbours, are henceforward to take notice that the time of impunity is at an end. Whoever shall, without our leave, lay the

is edition of Shakspeare. He, however, from that liberality hich never failed, when called upon to assist other labourers literature, found time to translate for Mrs. Lennox's English ersion of Brumoy, "A Dissertation on the Greek Comedy," † nd "The General Conclusion of the Book." †

An enquiry into the state of foreign countries was an object hat seems at all times to have interested Johnson. Hence Ir. Newbery found no great difficulty in persuading him to rite the Introduction * to a collection of voyages and travels ublished by him under the title of "The World Displayed:" he first volume of which appeared this year, and the remain- g volumes in subsequent years.

I would ascribe to this year the following letter to a son of he of his early friends at Lichfield, Mr. Joseph Simpson. arrister, and authour of a tract entitled "Reflections on the udy of the Law."

"To Joseph Simpson, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your father's inexorability not only grieves but amazes e: he is your father; he was always accounted a wise man; r do I remember any thing to the disadvantage of his good ture; but in his refusal to assist you there is neither good ture, fatherhood, nor wisdom. It is the practice of good ture to overlook faults which have already, by the conse- ences, punished the delinquent. It is natural for a father to nk more favourably than others of his children; and it is ays wise to give assistance, while a little help will prevent necessity of greater.

"If you married imprudently, you miscarried at your own zard, at an age when you had a right of choice. It would hard if the man might not choose his own wife, who has a nt to plead before the Judges of his country.

"If your imprudence has ended in difficulties and incon- iences, you are yourself to support them; and, with the p of a little better health, you would support them and

of rapine upon our papers, is to expect that we shall vindicate our due, by the s which justice prescribes, and which are warranted by the immemorial prescrip- of honourable trade. We shall lay bold, in our turn, on their copies, degrade from the pomp of wide margin and diffuse typography, contract them into a w space, and sell them at an humble price; yet not with a view of growing rich nfiscations, for we think not much better of money got by punishment than by s. We shall therefore, when our losses are repaid, give what profit shall remain e *Magdalens*; for we know not who can be more properly taxed for the support of ent prostitutes, than prostitutes in whom there yet appears neither penitence nor e."

conquer them. Surely, that want which accident and sickness produces, is to be supported in every region of humanity, though there were neither friends nor fathers in the world. You have certainly from your father the highest claim of charity, though none of right: and therefore I would counsel you to omit no decent nor manly degree of importunity. Your debts in the whole are not large, and of the whole but a small part is troublesome. Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound: great debts are like cannon; of loud noise but little danger. You must, therefore, be enabled to discharge petty debts, that you may have leisure, with security, to struggle with the rest. Neither the great nor little debts disgrace you. I am sure you have my esteem for the courage with which you contracted them, and the spirit with which you endure them. I wish my esteem could be of more use. I have been invited or have invited myself to several parts of the kingdom; and will not incommode my dear Lucy by coming to Lichfield while her present lodging is of any use to her. I hope, in a few days, to be at leisure, and to make visits. Whither I shall fly is matter of no importance. A man unconnected is at home every where; unless he may be said to be at home no where. I am sorry, dear Sir, that where you have parents a man of your merits should not have a home. I wish I could give it you. I am, my dear Sir,

"Affectionately yours,

"Sam. Johnson."

He now refreshed himself by an excursion to Oxford, of which the following short characteristical notice, in his own words, is preserved:—". . . . is now making tea for me. I have been in my gown ever since I came here. It was, at my first coming, quite new and handsome. I have sworn thrice, which I had disused for many years. I have proposed to Vansittart[1] climbing over the wall, but he has refused me. And I have clapped my hands till they are sore, at Dr. King's speech."[2]

His negro servant, Francis Barber, having left him, and been some time at sea, not pressed as has been supposed, but with his own consent, it appears from a letter to John Wilkes, Esq.

[1] Dr. Robert Vansittart, of the ancient and respectable family of that name in Berkshire. He was eminent for learning and worth, and much esteemed by Dr. Johnson.

[2] Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1785.

om Dr. Smollett, that his master kindly interested himself in rocuring his release from a state of life of which Johnson ways expressed the utmost abhorrence. He said, "No man ill be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of eing drowned."[1] And at another time, "A man in a jail as more room, better food, and commonly better company."[2] he letter was as follows:

"Chelsea, March 16, 1759.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM again your petitioner, in behalf of that great CHAM[3] literature, Samuel Johnson. His black servant, whose me is Francis Barber, has been pressed on board the Stag igate, Captain Angel, and our lexicographer is in great dis-ess. He says, the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, d particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which nders him very unfit for his Majesty's service. You know at matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you: d I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it, an that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble ough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he d I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand at I would make application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who, rhaps, by his interest with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliot, might be le to procure the discharge of his lacquey. It would be perfluous to say more on the subject, which I leave to your m consideration; but I cannot let slip this opportunity of claring that I am, with the most inviolable esteem and achment, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate obliged humble servant,

"T. SMOLLETT."

Mr. Wilkes, who upon all occasions has acted as a private

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit., p. 126 (Aug. 31).

[2] Ibid., p. 231, Sep. 23.

[3] In my first edition this word was printed *Chum*, as it appears in one of Mr. kes's Miscellanies, and I animadverted on Dr. Smollett's ignorance; for which let propitiate the *manes* of that ingenious and benevolent gentleman. CHUM was cer-y a mistaken reading for CHAM, the title of the Sovereign of Tartary, which is well ied to Johnson, the Monarch of Literature: and was an epithet familiar to Smollett. "Roderick Random," chap. 56. For this correction I am indebted to Lord Pal-ton, whose talents and literary acquirements accord well with his respectable pedigree EMPLE.

[4] After the publication of the second edition of this work, the authour was furnished Mr. Abercrombie of Philadelphia, with the copy of a letter written by Dr. John strong, the poet, to Dr. Smollett, at Leghorn, containing the following paragraph: As to the K. Bench patriot, it is hard to say from what motive he published a letter ours asking some trifling favour of him in behalf of somebody for whom the great M of Literature, Mr. Johnson, had interested himself."—M.]

gentleman, with most polite liberality, applied to his friend S
George Hay, then one of the Lords Commissioners of th
Admiralty; and Francis Barber was discharged, as he has to
me, without any wish of his own. He found his old master
Chambers in the Inner Temple, and returned to his service.

What particular new scheme of life Johnson had in view th
year, I have not discovered; but that he meditated one of son
sort, is clear from his private devotions, in which we find
"the change of outward things which I am now to make;
and "Grant me the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that the cours
which I am now beginning may proceed according to thy law
and end in the enjoyment of thy favour." But he did not,
fact, make any external or visible change.

At this time there being a competition among the architec
of London to be employed in the building of Blackfriars-bridg
a question was very warmly agitated whether semicircular
elliptical arches were preferable. In the design offered
Mr. Mylne the elliptical form was adopted, and therefore
was the great object of his rivals to attack it. Johnson's rega
for his friend Mr. Gwyn induced him to engage in this contr
versy against Mr. Mylne;[2] and after being at considerable pai
to study the subject, he wrote three several letters in t
Gazetteer, in opposition to his plan.

[1] Prayers and Meditations, pp. 39 and 40.

[2] Sir John Hawkins has given a long detail of it, in that manner vulgarly,
significantly, called *rigmarole*; in which, amidst an ostentatious exhibition of arts a
artists, he talks of "proportions of a column being taken from that of the human figu
and *adjusted by Nature*—masculine and feminine—in a man, *sesquioctave* of the he
and in a woman *sesquinonal*"; nor has he failed to introduce a jargon of musical ter
which do not seem much to correspond with the subject, but serve to make up
heterogeneous mass. To follow the Knight through all this, would be an useless fatig
to myself, and not a little disgusting to my readers. I shall, therefore, only make a
remarks upon his statement.—He seems to exult in having detected Johnson in procur
"from a person eminently skilled in mathematicks and the principles of architectu
answers to a string of questions drawn up by himself, touching the comparative stren
of semicircular and elliptical arches." Now I cannot conceive how Johnson could h
acted more wisely. Sir John complains that the opinion of that excellent mathematici
Mr. Thomas Simpson, did not preponderate in favour of the semicircular arch. But
should have known, that however eminent Mr. Simpson was in the higher parts
abstract mathematical science, he was little versed in mixed and practical mechanic
Mr. Muller, of Woolwich Academy, the scholastick father of all the great engine
which this country has employed for forty years, decided the question by declaring clea
in favour of the elliptical arch.

It is ungraciously suggested, that Johnson's motive for opposing Mr. Mylne's sche
may have been his prejudice against him as a native of North-Britain; when, in tru
as has been stated, he gave the aid of his able pen to a friend, who was one of the c
didates; and so far was he from having any illiberal antipathy to Mr. Mylne, that
afterwards lived with that gentleman upon very agreeable terms of acquaintance,
dined with him at his house. Sir John Hawkins, indeed, gives full vent to his own p
judice in abusing Blackfriars-bridge, calling it "an edifice, in which beauty and symme
are in vain sought for; by which the citizens of London have perpetuated their o
disgrace, and subjected a whole nation to the reproach of foreigners." Whoever
contemplated, *placida lumine*, this stately, elegant, and airy structure, which has
fine an effect, especially on approaching the capital on that quarter, must wonder at s

If it should be remarked that this was a controversy which y quite out of Johnson's way, let it be remembered, that after l, his employing his powers of reasoning and eloquence upon subject which he had studied on the moment, is not more range than what we often observe in lawyers, who, as *uicquid agunt homines* is the matter of law-suits, are some- nes obliged to pick up a temporary knowledge of an art or ience, of which they understood nothing till their brief was elivered, and appear to be much masters of it. In like manner, embers of the legislature frequently introduce and expatiate on subjects of which they have informed themselves for the casion.

In 1760 he wrote "an Address of the Painters to George III. n his Accession to the Throne of these Kingdoms," † which o monarch ever ascended with more sincere congratulations om his people. Two generations of foreign princes had repared their minds to rejoice in having again a King, who oried in being "born a Briton." He also wrote for Mr. aretti the Dedication † of his Italian and English Dictionary, the Marquis of Abreu, then Envoy-Extraordinary from Spain the Court of Great-Britain.

Johnson was now either very idle, or very busy with his hakspeare; for I can find no other publick composition by m except an Introduction to the proceedings of the Committee r cloathing the French Prisoners;* one of the many proofs at he was ever awake to the calls of humanity; and an account hich he gave in the Gentleman's Magazine of Mr. Tytler's cute and able vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots.* The enerosity of Johnson's feelings shines forth in the following ntence: "It has now been fashionable, for near half a entury, to defame and vilify the house of Stuart, and to exalt nd magnify the reign of Elizabeth. The Stuarts have found w apologists, for the dead cannot pay for praise; and who ill, without reward, oppose the tide of popularity? Yet ere remains still among us, not wholly extinguished, a zeal

just and ill-tempered censure; and I appeal to all foreigners of good taste, whether s bridge be not one of the most distinguished ornaments of London. As to the stability the fabrick, it is certain that the City of London took every precaution to have the best rtland stone for it; but as this is to be found in the quarries belonging to the publick, der the direction of the Lords of the Treasury, it so happened that parliamentary erest, which is often the bane of fair pursuits, thwarted their endeavours. Notthstanding this disadvantage, it is well known that not only has Blackfriars-bridge ver sunk either in its foundation or in its arches, which were so much the subject of ntest, but any injuries which it has suffered from the effects of severe frosts have been eady, in some measure, repaired with sounder stone, and every necessary renewal can completed at a moderate expence.

for truth, a desire of establishing right in opposition t fashion."

In this year I have not discovered a single private lette written by him to any of his friends. It should seem, howeve that he had at this period a floating intention of writing history of the recent and wonderful successes of the Britis arms in all quarters of the globe; for among his resolution or memorandums, September 18, there is, "Send for book for Hist. of War."[1] How much is it to be regretted that thi intention was not fulfilled. His majestick expression woul have carried down to the latest posterity the glorious achieve ments of his country, with the same fervent glow which the produced on the mind at the time. He would have been unde no temptation to deviate in any degree from truth, which h held very sacred, or to take a licence, which a learned divin told me he once seemed, in a conversation, jocularly to allo to historians. "There are (said he) inexcusable lies, and con secrated lies. For instance, we are told that on the arrival of th news of the unfortunate battle of Fontenoy, every heart beat and every eye was in tears. Now we know that no man ca his dinner the worse, but there *should* have been all thi concern; and to say there *was*, (smiling) may be reckoned consecrated lie."

This year Mr. Murphy, having thought himself ill-treate by the Reverend Dr. Franklin, who was one of the writer of "The Critical Review," published an indignant vindicatio in "A Poetical Epistle to Samuel Johnson, A.M." in which he compliments Johnson in a just and elegant manner:

> "Transcendant Genius! whose prolifick vein
> Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain;
> To whom APOLLO opens all his store,
> And every Muse presents her sacred lore;
> Say, pow'rful JOHNSON, whence thy verse is fraught
> With so much grace, such energy of thought;
> Whether thy JUVENAL instructs the age
> In chaster numbers, and new points his rage;
> Or fair IRENE sees, alas! too late
> Her innocence exchang'd for guilty state;
> Whate'er you write, in every golden line
> Sublimity and elegance combine;
> Thy nervous phrase impresses every soul,
> While harmony gives rapture to the whole."

Again, towards the conclusion:

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 42.

"Thou then, my friend, who see'st the dang'rous strife
In which some demon bids me plunge my life,
To the Aonian fount direct my feet.
Say, where the Nine thy lonely musings meet?
Where warbles to thy ear the sacred throng,
Thy moral sense, thy dignity of song?
Tell, for you can, by what unerring art
You wake to finer feelings every heart:
In each bright page some truth important give,
And bid to future times thy RAMBLER live."

I take this opportunity to relate the manner in which an acquaintance first commenced between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy. During the publication of "The Gray's-Inn Journal," a periodical paper which was successfully carried on by Mr. Murphy alone, when a very young man, he happened to be in the country with Mr. Foote; and having mentioned that he was obliged to go to London in order to get ready for the press one of the numbers of that Journal, Foote said to him, "You need not go on that account. Here is a French magazine, in which you will find a very pretty oriental tale; translate that, and send it to your printer." Mr. Murphy having read the tale, was highly pleased with it, and followed Foote's advice. When he returned to Town, this tale was pointed out to him in "The Rambler," from whence it had been translated into the French magazine. Mr. Murphy then waited upon Johnson, to explain this curious incident. His talents, literature, and gentlemanlike manners, were soon perceived by Johnson, and a friendship was formed which was never broken.[1]

[1] [When Mr. Murphy first became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, he was about thirty-three years old. He died at Knightsbridge, June 18, 1805; it is believed in his eighty-second year.

In an account of this gentleman, published recently after his death, he is reported to have said, that "he was but *twenty-two*, when he had the impudence to write a periodical paper, during the time that Johnson was publishing the Rambler."—In a subsequent page, in which Mr. Boswell gives an account of his first introduction to Johnson, will be found a striking instance of the incorrectness of Mr. Murphy's memory: and the assertion above-mentioned, if indeed he made it, which is by no means improbable, furnishes an additional proof of his inaccuracy: for both the facts asserted are unfounded. He appears to have been eight years older than twenty-one, when he began the Gray's-Inn Journal; and that paper, instead of running a race with Johnson's production, did not appear till after the closing of the Rambler, which ended March 14, 1752. The first number of the Gray's-Inn Journal made its appearance about seven months afterwards, in a news-paper of the time, called the Craftsman, October 27, 1752; and in that form the first forty-nine numbers were given to the public. On Saturday, Sept. 30, 1753, it assumed a new form, and was published as a distinct periodical paper; and in that shape it continued to be published till the 21st of Sept. 1754, when it finally closed: forming in the whole one hundred and one Essays in the folio copy. The extraordinary paper mentioned in the text, is No. 58 of the second series, published on June 15, 1754; which is a re-translation from the French version of Johnson's Rambler, No. 190. It was omitted in the republication of these Essays in two volumes 12mo. in which one hundred and four are included, and in which the papers are not always dated on the days when they really appeared; so that the motto prefixed to this Arabo-Gallic-Eastern tale, *Mihi cum vera voluptas*, might very properly have been prefixed to this work, when re-published.

"To Bennet Langton, Esq. at Langton, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire.

"DEAR SIR,

"You that travel about the world, have more materials for letters, than I who stay at home: and should, therefore, write with frequency equal to your opportunities. I should be glad to have all England surveyed by you, if you would impart your observations in narratives as agreeable as your last. Knowledge is always to be wished to those who can communicate it well. While you have been riding and running, and seeing the tombs of the learned, and the camps of the valiant, I have only staid at home, and intended to do great things, which I have not done. Beau[1] went away to Cheshire, and has not yet found his way back. Chambers passed the vacation at Oxford.

"I am very sincerely solicitous for the preservation or curing of Mr. Langton's sight, and am glad that the chirurgeon at Coventry gives him so much hope. Mr. Sharpe is of opinion that the tedious maturation of the cataract is a vulgar errour, and that it may be removed as soon as it is formed. This notion deserves to be considered; I doubt whether it be universally true; but if it be true in some cases, and those cases can be distinguished, it may save a long and uncomfortable delay.

"Of dear Mrs. Langton you give me no account; which is the less friendly, as you know how highly I think of her, and how much I interest myself in her health. I suppose you told her of my opinion, and likewise suppose it was not followed; however, I still believe it to be right.

"Let me hear from you again, wherever you are, or whatever you are doing; whether you wander or sit still, plant trees or make *Rustics*,[2] play with your sisters or muse alone; and in return I will tell you the success of Sheridan, who at this

Mr. Murphy did not, I believe, wait on Johnson recently after the publication of this adumbration of one of his Ramblers, as seems to be stated in the text; for, in his concluding Essay, Sept. 21, 1754, we find the following paragraph:

"Besides, why may not a person rather choose an air of bold negligence, than the obscure diligence of pedants and writers of affected phraseology. For my part, I have always thought an easy style more eligible than a pompous diction, lifted up by metaphor, amplified by epithet, and dignified by too frequent insertions of the Latin idiom." It is probable that the Rambler was here intended to be censured, and that the authour, when he wrote it, was not acquainted with Johnson, whom, from his first introduction, he endeavoured to conciliate. Their acquaintance, therefore, it may be presumed, did not commence till towards the end of this year 1754. Murphy however had highly praised Johnson in the preceding year, No. 14 of the second series, Dec. 22, 1753.—M.]

[1] Topham Beauclerk, Esq.

[2] Essays with that title, written about this time by Mr. Langton, but not published.

nstant is playing Cato, and has already played Richard twice. He had more company the second than the first night, and vill make I believe a good figure in the whole, though his faults seem to be very many; some of natural deficience, and some of laborious affectation. He has, I think, no power of assuming either that dignity or elegance which some men, who have little of either in common life, can exhibit on the stage. His voice when strained is unpleasing, and when low is not always heard. He seems to think too much on the audience, and turns his face too often to the galleries.

"However, I wish him well; and among other reasons, because I like his wife.[1]

"Make haste to write to, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

'Oct. 18, 1760."

In 1761 Johnson appears to have done little. He was still, no doubt, proceeding in his edition of Shakspeare; but what advances he made in it cannot be ascertained. He certainly was at this time not active; for, in his scrupulous examination of himself on Easter eve, he laments, in his too rigorous mode of censuring his own conduct, that his life, since the communion of the preceding Easter, had been "dissipated and useless."[2] He, however, contributed this year the Preface* to Rolt's 'Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," in which he displays such a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the subject, as might lead the reader to think that its authour had devoted all his life to it. I asked him, whether he knew much of Rolt, and of his work. "Sir, (said he) I never saw the man, and never read the book. The booksellers wanted a Preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. I knew very well what such a Dictionary should be, and I wrote a Preface accordingly." Rolt, who wrote a great deal for the booksellers, was, as Johnson told me, a singular character. Though not in the least acquainted with him, he used to say, "I am just come from Sam. Johnson." This was a sufficient specimen of his vanity and impudence. But he gave a more eminent proof of it in our sister kingdom, as Dr. Johnson informed me. When Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination" first came out, he did not put his name to the poem. Rolt went over to Dublin,

[1] Mrs. Sheridan was authour of "Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph," a novel of great merit, and of some other pieces.—See her character, *post*, p. 240.

[2] Prayers and Meditations, p. 44.

published an edition of it, and put his own name to it. Upo the fame of this he lived for several months, being entertaine at the best tables as "the ingenious Mr. Rolt."[1] His conver ation indeed, did not discover much of the fire of a poet; bu it was recollected, that both Addison and Thomson wer equally dull till excited by wine. Akenside having bee informed of this imposition, vindicated his right by publishin the poem with its real authour's name. Several instances such literary fraud have been detected. The Reverend D Campbell, of St. Andrew's, wrote "An Enquiry into th original of Moral Virtue," the manuscript of which he sent Mr. Innes, a clergyman in England, who was his countryma and acquaintance. Innes published it with his own name it; and before the imposition was discovered, obtained co siderable promotion, as a reward of his merit.[2] The celebrate Dr. Hugh Blair, and his cousin Mr. George Bannatine, whe students in divinity, wrote a poem, entitled "The Resurrection copies of which were handed about in manuscript. They wer at length, very much surprized to see a pompous edition of in folio, dedicated to the Princess Dowager of Wales, by a D Douglas, as his own. Some years ago a little novel, entitle "The Man of Feeling," was assumed by Mr. Eccles, a youn Irish clergyman, who was afterwards drowned near Bath. H had been at the pains to transcribe the whole book, wi blottings, interlineations, and corrections, that it might shewn to several people as an original. It was, in truth, th production of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, an attorney in th Exchequer at Edinburgh, who is the authour of several oth ingenious pieces; but the belief with regard to Mr. Eccl became so general, that it was thought necessary for Messieu Strahan and Cadell to publish an advertisement in the new papers, contradicting the report, and mentioning that th purchased the copy-right of Mr. Mackenzie. I can concei this kind of fraud to be very easily practised with successf effrontery. The *Filiation* of a literary performance is difficu of proof; seldom is there any witness present at its birth. man, either in confidence or by improper means, obtai

[1] I have had enquiry made in Ireland as to this story, but do not find it recollect there. I give it on the authority of Dr. Johnson, to which may be added, that of "Biographical Dictionary," and "Biographia Dramatica;" in both of which it has st many years. Mr. Malone observes, that the truth probably is, not that an edition w publish'd with Rolt's name in the title-page, but, that the poem being then anonymo Rolt acquiesced in its being attributed to him in conversation.

[2] I have both the books. Innes was the clergyman who brought Psalmanazar England, and was an accomplice in his extraordinary fiction.

possession of a copy of it in manuscript, and boldly publishes t as his own. The true authour, in many cases, may not be ble to make his title clear. Johnson, indeed, from the peculiar features of his literary offspring, might bid defiance to ny attempt to appropriate them to others:

> "But Shakspear's magick could not copied be,
> Within that circle none durst walk but he."

He this year lent his friendly assistance to correct and im-rove a pamphlet written by Mr. Gwyn, the architect, entitled Thoughts on the Coronation of George III."*

Johnson had now for some years admitted Mr. Baretti to is intimacy; nor did their friendship cease upon their being eparated by Baretti's revisiting his native country, as appears om Johnson's letters to him.

"To Mr. Joseph Baretti, at Milan.[1]

"You reproach me very often with parsimony of writing; ut you may discover by the extent of my paper, that I design recompence rarity by length. A short letter to a distant iend is, in my opinion, an insult like that of a slight bow or ursory salutation;—a proof of unwillingness to do much, even here there is a necessity of doing something. Yet it must be membered, that he who continues the same course of life in e same place, will have little to tell. One week and one ar are very like one another. The silent changes made by ne are not always perceived; and if they are not perceived, nnot be recounted. I have risen and lain down, talked and used, while you have roved over a considerable part of urope: yet I have not envied my Baretti any of his pleasures, ough, perhaps, I have envied others his company: and I am ad to have other nations made acquainted with the character the English, by a traveller who has so nicely inspected our anners, and so successfully studied our literature. I received ur kind letter from Falmouth, in which you gave me notice your departure for Lisbon; and another from Lisbon, in nich you told me, that you were to leave Portugal in a few ys. To either of these how could any answer be returned? have had a third from Turin, complaining that I had not swered the former. Your English style still continues in its rity and vigour. With vigour your genius will supply it: but

[1] The originals of Dr. Johnson's three letters to Mr. Baretti which are among the best he ever wrote, were communicated to the proprietors of that instructive and ant monthly miscellany, "The European Magazine," in which they first appeared.

its purity must be continued by close attention. To use t
languages familiarly, and without contaminating one by
other, is very difficult; and to use more than two, is hardly
be hoped. The praises which some have received for th
multiplicity of languages, may be sufficient to excite indus
but can hardly generate confidence.

"I know not whether I can heartily rejoice at the kind
ception which you have found, or at the popularity to wh
you are exalted. I am willing that your merit should be
tinguished; but cannot wish that your affections may be gain
I would have you happy wherever you are: yet I would h
you wish to return to England. If ever you visit us again,
will find the kindness of your friends undiminished. To
you how many enquiries are made after you, would be tedi
or if not tedious, would be vain; because you may be told
very few words, that all who knew you wish you well; and t
all that you embraced at your departure, will caress you at y
return: therefore do not let Italian academicians nor Ital
ladies drive us from your thoughts. You may find among
what you will leave behind, soft smiles and easy sonnets.
I shall not wonder if all our invitations should be rejected;
there is a pleasure in being considerable at home, which is
easily resisted.

"By conducting Mr. Southwell to Venice, you fulfilled
know, the original contract: yet I would wish you not wh
to lose him from your notice, but to recommend him to s
acquaintance as may best secure him from suffering by his
follies, and to take such general care both of his safety and
interest as may come within your power. His relations
thank you for any such gratuitous attention: at least they
not blame you for any evil that may happen, whether they th
you or not for any good.

"You know that we have a new King and a new Parliam
Of the new Parliament Fitzherbert is a member. We were
weary of our old King, that we are much pleased with
successor; of whom we are so much inclined to hope g
things, that most of us begin already to believe them.
young man is hitherto blameless; but it would be unreasona
to expect much from the immaturity of juvenile years, and
ignorance of princely education. He has been long in
hands of the Scots, and has already favoured them more t
the English will contentedly endure. But, perhaps, he scar
knows whom he has distinguished, or whom he has disgust

"The Artists have instituted a yearly Exhibition of pictures nd statues, in imitation, as I am told, of foreign academies. his year was the second exhibition. They please themselves uch with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the nglish School will rise in reputation. Reynolds is without a val, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he eserves, among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness r Baretti. This Exhibition has filled the heads of the Artists nd lovers of art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious, since e are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid s of our time, of that time which never can return.

"I know my Baretti will not be satisfied with a letter in hich I give him no account of myself: yet what account shall give him? I have not, since the day of our separation, ffered or done any thing considerable. The only change in y way of life is, that I have frequented the theatre more than former seasons. But I have gone thither only to escape om myself. We have had many new farces, and the comedy lled 'The Jealous Wife,' which, though not written with much nius, was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exbited by the actors, that it was crowded for near twenty ghts. I am digressing from myself to the play house; but a arren plan must be filled with episodes. Of myself I have othing to say, but that I have hitherto lived without the conrrence of my own judgement; yet I continue to flatter myself, at, when you return, you will find me mended. I do not onder that, where the monastick life is permitted, every order ds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will bmit to any rule, by which they may be exempted from the anny of caprice and of chance. They are glad to supply external authority their own want of constancy and reso-ion, and court the government of others, when long perience has convinced them of their own inability to govern emselves. If I were to visit Italy, my curiosity would be ore attracted by convents than by palaces; though I am aid that I should find expectation in both places equally appointed, and life in both places supported with impatience d quitted with reluctance. That it must be so soon quitted, is powerful remedy against impatience; but what shall free from reluctance? Those who have endeavoured to teach to die well, have taught few to die willingly: yet I cannot t hope that a good life might end at last in a contented ath.

"You see to what a train of thought I am drawn by t mention of myself. Let me now turn my attention upon you. hope you take care to keep an exact journal, and to register occurrences and observations; for your friends here expect su a book of travels as has not been often seen. You have giv us good specimens in your letters from Lisbon. I wish y had stayed longer in Spain, for no country is less known to t rest of Europe; but the quickness of your discernment mu make amends for the celerity of your motions. He that kno which way to direct his view, sees much in a little time.

"Write to me very often, and I will not neglect to write you; and I may, perhaps, in time, get something to write: least, you will know by my letters, whatever else they may ha or want, that I continue to be

"Your most affectionate friend,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"[London] June 10, 1761."

In 1762 he wrote for the Reverend Dr. Kennedy, Rector Bradley in Derbyshire, in a strain of very courtly elegance, Dedication to the King* of that gentleman's work, entitled " complete System of Astronomical Chronology, unfolding t Scriptures." He had certainly looked at this work before was printed; for the concluding paragraph is undoubtedly his composition, of which let my readers judge:

"Thus have I endeavoured to free Religion and Histo from the darkness of a disputed and uncertain chronology from difficulties which have hitherto appeared insuperable, a darkness which no luminary of learning has hitherto been ab to dissipate. I have established the truth of the Mosaic account, by evidence which no transcription can corrupt, negligence can lose, and no interest can pervert. I have sho that the universe bears witness to the inspiration of its historia by the revolution of its orbs and the succession of its seasons *that the stars in their courses fight against* incredulity, that th works of GOD give hourly confirmation to the *law*, the *prophet* and the *gospel*, of which *one day telleth another, and one nigh certifieth another*; and that the validity of the sacred writing never can be denied, while the moon shall increase and wan and the sun shall know his going down."

He this year wrote also the Dedication † to the Earl Middlesex of Mrs. Lennox's "Female Quixote," and the Pre face to the "Catalogue of the Artists' Exhibition." †

The following letter, which, on account of its intrinsick merit, would have been unjust both to Johnson and the publick to ave withheld, was obtained for me by the solicitation of my iend Mr. Seward:

"To Dr. Staunton, (now Sir George Staunton, Baronet).

"DEAR SIR,

"I MAKE haste to answer your kind letter, in hope of earing again from you before you leave us. I cannot but gret that a man of your qualifications should find it necessary seek an establishment in Guadaloupe, which if a peace ould restore to the French, I shall think it some alleviation the loss, that it must restore likewise Dr. Staunton to the nglish.

"It is a melancholy consideration, that so much of our time necessarily to be spent upon the care of living, and that e can seldom obtain ease in one respect but by resigning it in nother: yet I suppose we are by this dispensation not less appy in the whole, than if the spontaneous bounty of Nature ured all that we want into our hands. A few, if they were ft thus to themselves, would, perhaps, spend their time in udable pursuits; but the greater part would prey upon the iet of each other, or, in the want of other objects, would prey on themselves.

"This, however, is our condition, which we must improve d solace as we can: and though we cannot choose always r place of residence, we may in every place find rational nusements, and possess in every place the comforts of piety d a pure conscience.

"In America there is little to be observed except natural riosities. The new world must have many vegetables and imals with which philosophers are but little acquainted. I pe you will furnish yourself with some books of natural history, d some glasses and other instruments of observation. Trust little as you can to report; examine all you can by your own nses. I do not doubt but you will be able to add much to owledge, and, perhaps, to medicine. Wild nations trust to nples; and, perhaps, the Peruvian bark is not the only speci- k which those extensive regions may afford us.

"Wherever you are, and whatever be your fortune, be certain, ar Sir, that you carry with you my kind wishes; and that

whether you return hither, or stay in the other hemisphere, hear that you are happy will give pleasure to, Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"June 1, 1762."

A lady having at this time solicited him to obtain t Archbishop of Canterbury's patronage to have her son sent the University, one of those solicitations which are too frequen where people, anxious for a particular object, do not consid propriety, or the opportunity which the persons whom th solicit have to assist them, he wrote to her the following answe with a copy of which I am favoured by the Reverend D Farmer, Master of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

"MADAM,

"I HOPE you will believe that my delay in answerin your letter could proceed only from my unwillingness to destro any hope that you had formed. Hope is itself a species happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness which this wor affords: but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, th excesses of hope must be expiated by pain; and expectation improperly indulged, must end in disappointment. If it b asked, what is the improper expectation which it is dangerou to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is suc expectation as is dictated not by reason, but by desire expectation raised, not by the common occurrences of life, bu by the wants of the expectant; an expectation that requires th common course of things to be changed, and the general rule of action to be broken.

"When you made your request to me, you should hav considered, Madam, what you were asking. You ask me t solicit a great man, to whom I never spoke, for a young perso whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which I had n means of knowing to be true. There is no reason why, among all the great, I should chuse to supplicate the Archbishop, no why, among all the possible objects of his bounty, the Arch bishop should chuse your son. I know, Madam, how unwil ingly conviction is admitted, when interest opposes it; bu surely, Madam, you must allow, that there is no reason wh that should be done by me, which every other man may d with equal reason, and which, indeed, no man can do properl without some very particular relation both to the Archbisho and to you. If I could help you in this exigence by any prope

ieans, it would give me pleasure: but this proposal is so very emote from usual methods, that I cannot comply with it, but the risk of such answer and suspicions as I believe you do ot wish me to undergo.

"I have seen your son this morning; he seems a pretty youth, id will, perhaps, find some better friend than I can procure m; but though he should at last miss the University, he may ill be wise, useful, and happy.

"I am, Madam,
"Your most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

June 8, 1762."

"TO MR. JOSEPH BARETTI, AT MILAN.

"SIR, London, July 20, 1762.

"HOWEVER justly you may accuse me for want of punctuity in correspondence, I am not so far lost in negligence as omit the opportunity of writing to you, which Mr. Beauclerk's ssage through Milan affords me.

"I suppose you received the Idlers, and I intend that you all soon receive Shakspeare, that you may explain his works the ladies of Italy, and tell them the story of the editor, nong the other strange narratives with which your long sidence in this unknown region has supplied you.

"As you have now been long away, I suppose your curiosity ay pant for some news of your old friends. Miss Williams d I live much as we did. Miss Cotterel still continues to ng to Mrs. Porter, and Charlotte is now big of the fourth ild. Mr. Reynolds gets six thousands a year. Levet is ely married, not without much suspicion that he has been etchedly cheated in his match. Mr. Chambers is gone this y, for the first time, the circuit with the Judges. Mr. chardson[1] is dead of an apoplexy, and his second daughter s married a merchant.

"My vanity, or my kindness, makes me flatter myself, that u would rather hear of me than of those whom I have entioned; but of myself I have very little which I care to l. Last winter I went down to my native town, where I ind the streets much narrower and shorter than I thought I d left them, inhabited by a new race of people, to whom I

[1] Samuel Richardson, the authour of Clarissa, Sir Charles Grandison, &c. He died y 4, 1761, aged 72.—M.]

was very little known. My play-fellows were grown old, a forced me to suspect that I was no longer young. My only manning friend has changed his principles, and was become tool of the predominant faction. My daughter-in-law, from wh I expected most, and whom I met with sincere benevolence, lost the beauty and gaiety of youth, without having gain much of the wisdom of age. I wandered about for five da and took the first convenient opportunity of returning to place, where, if there is not much happiness, there is, at lea such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do fix upon the heart.

"I think in a few weeks to try another excursion; though what end? Let me know, my Baretti, what has been the res of you return to your own country: whether time has ma any alteration for the better, and whether, when the fi raptures of salutation were over, you did not find your thoug confessed their disappointment.

"Moral sentences appear ostentatious and tumid, wh they have no greater occasions than the journey of a wit to l own town: yet such pleasures and such pains make up t general mass of life; and as nothing is little to him that fe it with great sensibility, a mind able to see common incide in their real state, is disposed by very common incidents very serious contemplations. Let us trust that a time w come, when the present moment shall be no longer irksom when we shall not borrow all our happiness from hope, whi at last is to end in disappointment.

"I beg that you will shew Mr. Beauclerk all the civiliti which you have in your power; for he has always been ki to me.

"I have lately seen Mr. Stratico, Professor of Padua, wh has told me of your quarrel with an Abbot of the Celesti order; but had not the particulars very ready in his memor When you write to Mr. Marsili, let him know that I rememb him with kindness.

"May you, my Baretti, be very happy at Milan, or son other place nearer to, Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

The accession of George the Third to the throne of thes kingdoms, opened a new and brighter prospect to men literary merit, who had been honoured with no mark of roy

vour in the preceding reign. His present Majesty's education this country, as well as his taste and beneficence, prompted m to be the patron of science and the arts; and early this ar Johnson having been represented to him as a very learned id good man, without any certain provision, his Majesty was eased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a ar. The Earl of Bute, who was then Prime Minister, had e honour to announce this instance of his Sovereign's unty, concerning which, many and various stories, all ually erroneous, have been propagated; maliciously repre- nting it as a political bribe to Johnson, to desert his avowed inciples, and become the tool of a government which he held be founded in usurpation. I have taken care to have it in y power to refute them from the most authentick information. ord Bute told me, that Mr. Wedderburne, now Lord Lough- rough, was the person who first mentioned this subject to m. Lord Loughborough told me, that the pension was anted to Johnson solely as the reward of his literary merit, thout any stipulation whatever, or even tacit understanding at he should write for administration. His Lordship added, at he was confident the political tracts which Johnson after- rds did write, as they were entirely consonant with his own inions, would have been written by him, though no pension d been granted to him.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan and Mr. Murphy, who then lived a od deal both with him and Mr. Wedderburne, told me, that ey previously talked with Johnson upon this matter, and that was perfectly understood by all parties that the pension was erely honorary. Sir Joshua Reynolds told me, that Johnson called him after his Majesty's intention had been notified to him, d said he wished to consult his friends as to the propriety of s accepting this mark of the royal favour, after the definitions ich he had given in his Dictionary of *pension* and *pensioners*. e said he should not have Sir Joshua's answer till next day, en he would call again, and desired he might think of it. Joshua answered that he was clear to give his opinion then, at there could be no objection to his receiving from the King eward for literary merit; and that certainly the definitions in Dictionary were not applicable to him. Johnson, it should m, was satisfied, for he did not call again till he had accepted pension, and had waited on Lord Bute to thank him. He n told Sir Joshua that Lord Bute said to him expressly, "It not given you for any thing you are to do, but for what you

have done."[1] His Lordship, he said, behaved in the handsomest manner. He repeated the words twice, that he might be sure Johnson heard them, and thus set his mind perfectly at ease. This nobleman, who has been so virulently abused, acted with great honour in this instance, and displayed a mind truly liberal. A minister of a more narrow and selfish disposition would have availed himself of such an opportunity to fix an implied obligation on a man of Johnson's powerful talents to give him his support.

Mr. Murphy and the late Mr. Sheridan severally contended for the distinction of having been the first who mentioned to Mr. Wedderburne that Johnson ought to have a pension. When I spoke of this to Lord Loughborough, wishing to know if he recollected the prime mover in the business, he said "All his friends assisted:" and when I told him that Mr. Sheridan strenuously asserted his claim to it, his Lordship said, "He rang the bell." And it is but just to add, that Mr. Sheridan told me, that when he communicated to Dr. Johnson that a pension was to be granted him, he replied in a fervour of gratitude, "The English language does not afford me terms adequate to my feelings on this occasion. I must have recourse to the French. I am *pénétré* with his Majesty's goodness." When I repeated this to Dr. Johnson, he did not contradict it.

His definitions of *pension* and *pensioner*, partly founded on the satirical verses of Pope, which he quotes, may be generally true; and yet every body must allow, that there may be, and have been, instances of pensions given and received upon liberal and honourable terms. Thus, then, it is clear, that there was nothing inconsistent or humiliating in Johnson's accepting of a pension so unconditionally and so honourably offered to him.

But I shall not detain my readers longer by any words of my own, on a subject on which I am happily enabled, by the favour of the Earl of Bute, to present them with what Johnson himself wrote; his lordship having been pleased to communicate to me a copy of the following letter to his late father, which does great honour both to the writer, and to the noble person to whom it is addressed:

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Bute.

"my lord,

"When the bills were yesterday delivered to me by Mr.

[1] [This was said by Lord Bute, as Dr. Burney was informed by Johnson himself, in answer to a question which he put, previously to his acceptance of the intended bounty: "Pray, my lord, what am I expected to do for this pension?"—M.]

Wedderburne, I was informed by him of the future favours which his Majesty has, by your Lordship's recommendation, been induced to intend for me.

"Bounty always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed; your Lordship's kindness includes every circumstance that can gratify delicacy, or enforce obligation. You have conferred your favours on a man who has neither alliance nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness; you have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

"What has been thus elegantly given, will, I hope, not be reproachfully enjoyed; I shall endeavour to give your Lordship the only recompense which generosity desires,—the gratification of finding that your benefits are not improperly bestowed. I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obliged,
"Most obedient, and most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

"July 20, 1762."

This year his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, paid a visit of some weeks to his native country, Devonshire, in which he was accompanied by Johnson, who was much pleased with this jaunt, and declared he had derived from it a great accession of new ideas. He was entertained at the seats of several noblemen and gentlemen in the west of England;[1] but the greatest part of this time was passed at Plymouth, where the magnificence of the navy, the ship-building and all its circumstances, afforded him a grand subject of contemplation. The Commissioner of the Dock-yard paid him the compliment of ordering the yacht to convey him and his friend to the Eddystone, to which they accordingly sailed. But the weather was so tempestuous that they could not land.

Reynolds and he were at this time the guests of Dr. Mudge, the celebrated surgeon, and now physician of that place, not more distinguished for quickness of parts and variety of knowledge, than loved and esteemed for his amiable manners; and here Johnson formed an acquaintance with Dr. Mudge's father, that very eminent divine, the Reverend Zachariah Mudge,

[1] At one of these seats Dr. Amyat, Physician in London, told me he happened to meet him. In order to amuse him till dinner should be ready, he was taken out to walk in the garden. The master of the house thinking it proper to introduce something scientifick into the conversation, addressed him thus: "Are you a botanist, Dr. Johnson?" "No, Sir, (answered Johnson,) I am not a botanist; and, (alluding, no doubt, to his near sightedness) should I wish to become a botanist, I must first turn myself into a reptile."

Prebendary of Exeter, who was idolised in the west, both f his excellence as a preacher and the uniform perfect proprie of his private conduct. He preached a sermon purposely th Johnson might hear him; and we shall see afterwards th Johnson honoured his memory by drawing his characte While Johnson was at Plymouth, he saw a great many of i inhabitants, and was not sparing of his very entertaining co versation. It was here that he made that frank and tru original confession, that "ignorance, pure ignorance," was th cause of a wrong definition in his Dictionary of the wo *pastern*,[1] to the no small surprise of the Lady who put th question to him; who having the most profound reverence f his character, so as almost to suppose him endowed wi infallibility, expected to hear an explanation (of what, to b sure, seemed strange to a common reader,) drawn from som deep-learned source with which she was unacquainted.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was obliged for my inform tion concerning this excursion, mentions a very characteristic anecdote of Johnson while at Plymouth. Having observe that in consequence of the Dock-yard a new town had arise about two miles off as a rival to the old; and knowing from h sagacity, and just observation of human nature, that it certain if a man hates at all, he will hate his next neighbour he concluded that this new and rising town could not but excit the envy and jealousy of the old, in which conjecture he wa very soon confirmed; he therefore set himself resolutely on th side of the old town, the *established* town, in which his lot wa cast, considering it as a kind of duty to *stand by* it. H accordingly entered warmly into its interests, and upon ever occasion talked of the *dockers*, as the inhabitants of the new tow were called, as upstarts and aliens. Plymouth is very plentifull supplied with water by a river brought into it from a grea distance, which is so abundant that it runs to waste in th town. The Dock, or New-town, being totally destitute of wate petitioned Plymouth that a small portion of the conduit migh be permitted to go to them, and this was now under considera tion. Johnson, affecting to entertain the passions of the place was violent in opposition: and half laughing at himself for hi pretended zeal, where he had no concern, exclaimed, "No, no I am against the *dockers*; I am a Plymouth-man. Rogues! le them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop!"[1]

[1] See *ante*, p. 180.

[2] [A friend of mine once heard him, during his visit, exclaim with the utmos vehemence, "I HATE a Docker."—BLAKEWAY.]

Lord Macartney obligingly favoured me with a copy of the following letter, in his own handwriting, from the original, which was found, by the present Earl of Bute, among his father's papers.

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Bute.

"my lord,

"That generosity by which I was recommended to the favour of his Majesty, will not be offended at a solicitation necessary to make that favour permanent and effectual.

"The pension appointed to be paid me at Michaelmas I have not received, and know not where or from whom I am to ask it. I beg, therefore, that your Lordship will be pleased to supply Mr. Wedderburne with such directions as may be necessary, which, I believe, his friendship will make him think it no trouble to convey to me.

"To interrupt your Lordship, at a time like this, with such petty difficulties, is improper and unseasonable; but your knowledge of the world has long since taught you, that every man's affairs, however little, are important to himself. Every man hopes that he shall escape neglect; and, with reason, may every man, whose vices do not preclude his claim, expect favour from that beneficence which has been extended to,

"My Lord,
"Your Lordship's
"Most obliged,
"And
"Most humble servant,
"Sam. Johnson."

"Temple Lane,
"Nov. 3, 1762."

"To Mr. Joseph Baretti, at Milan.

"sir, London, Dec. 21, 1762.

"You are not to suppose, with all your conviction of my idleness, that I have passed all this time without writing to my Baretti. I gave a letter to Mr. Beauclerk, who in my opinion, and in his own, was hastening to Naples for the recovery of his health; but he has stopped at Paris, and I know not when he will proceed. Langton is with him.

"I will not trouble you with speculations about peace and war. The good or ill success of battles and embassies extends itself to a very small part of domestick life: we all have good

and evil, which we feel more sensibly than our petty part o publick miscarriage or prosperity. I am sorry for your dis appointment, with which you seem more touched than should expect a man of your resolution and experience to hav been, did I not know that general truths are seldom applied t particular occasions; and that the fallacy of our self-lov extends itself as wide as our interest or affections. Every ma believes that mistresses are unfaithful, and patrons capricious but he excepts his own mistress, and his own patron. W have all learned that greatness is negligent and contemptuous and that in Courts life is often languished away in ungratifie expectation; but he that approaches greatness, or glitters in Court, imagines that destiny has at last exempted him from th common lot.

"Do not let such evils overwhelm you as thousands hav suffered, and thousands have surmounted; but turn you thoughts with vigour to some other plan of life, and kee always in your mind, that, with due submission to Providence a man of genius has been seldom ruined but by himself Your Patron's weakness or insensibility will finally do yo little hurt, if he is not assisted by your own passions. Of you love I know not the propriety, nor can estimate the power but in love, as in every other passion of which hope is th essence, we ought always to remember the uncertainty o events. There is, indeed, nothing that so much seduces reason from vigilance, as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and if all would happen that a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit. Bu love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffe the evils together,[1] and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look, and that benev volence of mind, which arose from the participation of un mingled pleasure and successive amusement. A woman, we are sure, will not be always fair; we are not sure she wil always be virtuous: and man cannot retain through life that respect and assiduity by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not, however, pretend to have dis covered that life has any thing more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage; therefore know not what counsel to give you.

[1] [Johnson probably wrote "the evils of life together." The words in Italicks, however, are not found in Barrett's original edition of this letter, but they may have been omitted inadvertently, either in his transcript or at the press.—M.]

"If you can quit your imagination of love and greatness, and leave your hopes of preferment and bridal raptures to try once more the fortune of literature and industry, the way through France is now open. We flatter ourselves that we shall cultivate, with great diligence, the arts of peace; and every man will be welcome among us who can teach us any thing we do not know. For your part, you will find all your old friends willing to receive you.

"Reynolds still continues to increase in reputation and in riches. Miss Williams, who very much loves you, goes on in the old way. Miss Cotterel is still with Mrs. Porter. Miss Charlotte is married to Dean Lewis, and has three children. Mr. Levet has married a street-walker. But the gazette of my narration must now arrive to tell you, that Bathurst went physician to the army, and died at the Havannah.

"I know not whether I have not sent you word that Huggins and Richardson are both dead. When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed for ever.

"I pray GOD to bless you, and am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Write soon."

In 1763 he furnished to "The Poetical Calendar," published by Fawkes and Woty, a character of Collins,* which he afterwards ingrafted into his entire life of that admirable poet, in the collection of lives which he wrote for the body of English poetry, formed and published by the booksellers of London. His account of the melancholy depression with which Collins was severely afflicted, and which brought him to his grave, is, I think, one of the most tender and interesting passages in the whole series of his writings. He also favoured Mr. Hoole with the Dedication of his translations of Tasso to the Queen,* which is so happily conceived and elegantly expressed, that I cannot but point it out to the peculiar notice of my readers.[1]

1 "MADAM,

"To approach the high and illustrious has been in all ages the privilege of Poets: and though translators cannot justly claim the same honour, yet they naturally follow their authours as attendants; and I hope that in return for having enabled TASSO to diffuse his fame through the British dominions, I may be introduced by him to the presence of YOUR MAJESTY.

"TASSO has a peculiar claim to YOUR MAJESTY'S favour as follower and panegyrist of the House of *Este*, which has one common ancestor with the House of HANOVER; and in reviewing his life it is not easy to forbear a wish that he had lived in a happier time,

This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happ
ness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary ma
whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which
shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstance
in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for severa
years read his works with delight and instruction, and had th
highest reverence for their authour, which had grown up in m
fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to my
self a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I suppose
him to live in the immense metropolis of London. M
Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scot
land as a player, and as an instructor in the English language
a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes
had given me a representation of the figure and manner o
DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; [1] an
during my first visit to London, which was for three month
in 1760, Mr. Derrick the poet, who was Gentleman's friend an
countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduc
me to Johnson, an honour of which I was very ambitious
But he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt tha
he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnso
some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, Sir, might very we
have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and ar
sorry he is dead."

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan was at Edin
burgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language an
Publick Speaking to large and respectable audiences. I wa
often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upo
Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repea
his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of hi
being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. A

when he might among the descendants of that illustrious family have found a mo
liberal and potent patronage.

"I cannot but observe, MADAM, how unequally reward is proportioned to meri
when I reflect that the happiness which was withheld from TASSO is reserved for me
and that the poem which once hardly procured to its authour the countenance of th
Princes of Ferrara, has attracted to its translator the favourable notice of a BRITIS
QUEEN.

"Had this been the fate of TASSO, he would have been able to have celebrated th
condescension of YOUR MAJESTY in nobler language, but could not have felt it wi
more ardent gratitude than,

"MADAM,

"YOUR MAJESTY'S

"Most faithful and devoted servant."

[1] As great men of antiquity such as Scipio *Africanus* had an epithet added to the
names, in consequence of some celebrated action, so my illustrious friend was often
called DICTIONARY JOHNSON, from that wonderful achievement of genius and learn
his "Dictionary of the English Language;" the merit of which I contemplate with mo
and more admiration.

his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcileable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who, as has been already mentioned, thought slightingly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, "What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine." Whether this proceeded from a momentary indignation, as if it were an affront to his exalted merit that a player should be rewarded in the same manner with him, or was the sudden effect of a fit of peevishness, it was unluckily said, and, indeed, cannot be justified. Mr. Sheridan's pension was granted to him not as a player, but as a sufferer in the cause of government, when he was manager of the Theatre Royal in Ireland, when parties ran high in 1753. And it must also be allowed that he was a man of literature, and had considerably improved the arts of reading and speaking with distinctness and propriety.

Besides, Johnson should have recollected that Mr. Sheridan taught pronunciation to Mr. Alexander Wedderburne, whose sister was married to Sir Harry Erskine, an intimate friend of Lord Bute, who was the favourite of the King; and surely the most outrageous Whig will not maintain, that whatever ought to be the principle in the disposal of *offices*, a *pension* ought never to be granted from any bias of court connection. Mr. Macklin, indeed, shared with Mr. Sheridan the honour of instructing Mr. Wedderburne; and though it was too late in life for a Caledonian to acquire the genuine English cadence, yet so successful were Mr. Wedderburne's instructors, and his own unabating endeavours, that he got rid of the coarse part of his Scotch accent, retaining only as much of the "native wood-note wild," as to mark his country; which, if any Scotchman should affect to forget, I should heartily despise him. Notwithstanding the difficulties which are to be encountered by those who have not had the advantage of an English education, he by degrees formed a mode of speaking, to which Englishmen do not deny the praise of elegance. Hence his distinguished oratory, which he exerted in his own country as an advocate in the Court of Session, and a ruling elder of the *Kirk*, has had its fame and ample reward, in much higher

spheres. When I look back on this noble person at Edi burgh, in situations so unworthy of his brilliant powers, an behold LORD LOUGHBOROUGH at London, the change seem almost like one of the metamorphoses in Ovid; and as his tw preceptors, by refining his utterance, gave currency to h talents, we may say in the words of that poet, "*Nam v mutastis.*"

I have dwelt the longer upon this remarkable instance o successful parts and assiduity, because it affords animatin encouragement to other gentlemen of North-Britain to try the fortunes in the southern part of the island, where they ma hope to gratify their utmost ambition; and now that we are on people by the Union, it would surely be illiberal to maintain that they have not an equal title with the natives of any othe part of his Majesty's dominions.

Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed which was, that after a pause he added, "However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man." Sheridan could never forgive this hasty contemptuous ex pression. It rankled in his mind; and though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there. I have no sympathetick feeling with such persevering resentment. It is painful when there is a breach between those who have lived together socially and cordially and I wonder that there is not, in all such cases, a mutual wish that it should be healed. I could perceive that Mr. Sheridan was by no means satisfied with Johnson's acknowledging him to be a good man. That could not soothe his injured vanity. I could not but smile, at the same time that I was offended, to observe Sheridan in the Life of Swift, which he afterwards published, attempting, in the writhings of his resentment, to depreciate Johnson, by characterising him as "A writer of gigantick fame, in these days of little men;" that very Johnson whom he once so highly admired and venerated.

This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was

sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend. Her novel, entitled "Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph," contains an excellent moral, while it inculcates a future state of retribution;[1] and what it teaches is impressed upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious heroine who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of "heaven's mercy." Johnson paid her this high compliment upon it: "I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much."

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russel-street, Covent-garden,[2] told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him: but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty,) though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of char-

[1] My position has been very well illustrated by Mr. Belsham of Bedford, in his Essay on Dramatick Poetry. "The fashionable doctrine (says he) both of moralists and criticks in these times is, that virtue and happiness are constant concomitants; and it is regarded as a kind of dramatick impiety to maintain that virtue should not be rewarded, nor vice punished in the last scene of the last act of every tragedy. This conduct in our modern poets is, however, in my opinion, extremely injudicious; for, it labours in vain to inculcate a doctrine in theory, which every one knows to be false in fact, *viz.*, that virtue in real life is always productive of happiness; and vice of misery. Thus Congreve concludes the Tragedy of 'The Mourning Bride,' with the following foolish couplet:

'For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.'

"When a man eminently virtuous, a Brutus, a Cato, or a Socrates, finally sinks under the pressure of accumulated misfortune, we are not only led to entertain a more indignant hatred of vice than if he rose from his distress, but we are inevitably induced to cherish the sublime idea that a day of future retribution will arrive when he shall receive not merely poetical, but real and substantial justice." Essays Philosophical, Historical and Literary, London, 1792, Vol. II. 8vo. p. 317.

This is well reasoned and well expressed. I wish, indeed, that the ingenious authour had not thought it necessary to introduce any *instance* of "a man eminently virtuous;" as he would then have avoided mentioning such a ruffian as Brutus under that description. Mr. Belsham discovers in his "Essays" so much reading and thinking, and good composition, that I regret his not having been fortunate enough to be educated a member of our excellent national establishment. Had he not been nursed in nonconformity, he probably would not have been tainted with those heresies (as I sincerely, and on no slight investigation, think them) both in religion and politicks, which, while I read, I am sure, with candour, I cannot read without offence.

[2] No. 8.—The very place where I was fortunate enough to be introduced to the illustrious subject of this work, deserves to be particularly marked. I never pass by it without feeling reverence and regret.

acter; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop;[1] and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used

[1] Mr. Murphy in his "Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson," has given an account of this meeting considerably different from mine. I am persuaded without any consciousness of errour. His memory, at the end of near thirty years, has undoubtedly deceived him, and he supposes himself to have been present at a scene, which he has probably heard inaccurately described by others. In my note *taken on the very day*, on which I am confident I marked every thing material that passed, no mention is made of this gentleman; and I am sure, that I should not have omitted one so well known in the literary world. It may easily be imagined that this my first interview with Dr. Johnson, with all its circumstances, made a strong impression on my mind, and would be registered with peculiar attention.

{It is remarkable, that in the editions of Murphy's Life of Johnson, published subsequently to the appearance of this note, in 1792, he never corrected the misstatement here mentioned.—M.}

in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.[1] I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think, that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

"People (he remarked) may be taken in once, who imagine that an authour is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion.

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength or great wisdom is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do every thing for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities, such as those of birth and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attention, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This

[1] That this was a momentary sally against Garrick there can be no doubt; for at Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit-night at his theatre to this very person, by which she had got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, "It is observed, Sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but will suffer nobody else to do it." JOHNSON, (smiling) "Why, Sir, that is true."

is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

"Sir, this book ('The Elements of Criticism,' which he had taken up,) is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical."

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked publick measures and the royal family, he said, "I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tedium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and I doubt, Derrick is his enemy.[1]

"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and

[1] Mr. Sheridan was then reading lectures upon Oratory at Bath, where Derrick was Master of the Ceremonies; or, as the phrase is, KING.

Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topick, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book, when the authour is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously: but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of cloaths looked very rusty: he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."—"Sir, (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."—I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day.

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney.—BURNEY. "How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?" JOHNSON. "It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it." BURNEY. "Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."

Johnson continued. "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.

"The morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but, with respect to me, the action is very wrong. So, religious exercises, if not performed with an intention to please GOD, avail us nothing. As our Saviour says of those who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'"

"The Christian religion has very strong evidences. It, indeed, appears in some degree strange to reason; but in History we have undoubted facts, against which, in reasoning *à priori*, we have more arguments than we have for them; but then, testimony has great weight, and casts the balance. I would recommend to every man whose faith is yet unsettled, Grotius,—Dr. Pearson,—and Dr. Clarke."

Talking of Garrick, he said, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings: and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time I recollect no part of his conversation, except that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, "Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances shew the extent of the human power in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shews what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue."

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. "Poh, poh! (said he, with a complacent smile,) never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you."

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre

tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should." A few days afterwards I met him near Temple-bar, about one o'clock in the morning, and asked him if he would then go to the Mitre. "Sir, (said he) it is too late; they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night with all my heart."

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place; for instead of procuring a commission in the foot-guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent Civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated, by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row, I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no Ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. "Why, Sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue." What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions: upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, "He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius."

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the

evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the MITRE,—the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON,—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. I find in my Journal the following minute of our conversation, which, though it will give but a very faint notion of what passed, is, in some degree a valuable record; and it will be curious in this view, as showing how habitual to his mind were some opinions which appear in his works.

"Colley Cibber, Sir, was by no means a blockhead; but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that he *intended* his birth-day Odes should be bad: but that was not the case, Sir; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died he shewed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself:

> 'Perch'd on the eagle's soaring wing,
> The lowly linnet loves to sing.'

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet. Cibber's familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead has assumed. *Grand* nonsense is insupportable. Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players."

I did not presume to controvert this censure, which was tinctured with his prejudice against players, but I could not help thinking that a dramatick poet might with propriety pay a compliment to an eminent performer, as Whitehead has very happily done in his verses to Mr. Garrick.

"Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, nor much command of words. The obscurity in which he has involved himself will not persuade us that he is sublime. His Elegy in a church-yard has a happy selection of images, but I don't like what are called his great things. His ode which begins

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
Confusion on thy banners wait!'

has been celebrated for its abruptness, and plunging into th subject all at once. But such arts as these have no meri unless when they are original. We admire them only once and this abruptness has nothing new in it. We have ha it often before. Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnn Armstrong:

'Is there ever a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree, &c.'

And then, Sir,

'Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.'

There, now, you plunge at once into the subject. You hav no previous narration to lead you to it. The two next lines i that Ode are, I think, very good:

'Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.'[1]

Here let it be observed, that although his opinion of Gray' poetry was widely different from mine, and I believe from tha of most men of taste, by whom it is with justice highl admired, there is certainly much absurdity in the clamou which has been raised, as if he had been culpably injurious t the merit of that bard, and had been actuated by envy. Alas ye little short-sighted criticks, could Johnson be envious o the talents of any of his contemporaries? That his opinion on this subject was what in private and in publick he uniformly expressed, regardless of what others might think, we may wonder, and perhaps regret; but it is shallow and unjust to charge him with expressing what he did not think.

Finding him in a placid humour, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage to hear whose wisdom, I conceived, in the ardour of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intel lectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands;—I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged, that though educated very strictly in the principles of religion, I had for some time been misled into a

[1] My friend Mr. Malone, in his valuable comments on Shakspeare, has traced in that great poet the *disjecta membra* of these lines.

certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the Christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, he called to me with warmth, 'Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you." He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and the little we could know of final causes; so that the objections of, why was it so? or why was it not so? ought not to disturb us: adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argument, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprized when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of Christians themselves: "For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious."

We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, "Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice cry, 'Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished;' my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might *imagine* I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me."

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question, whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and, therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat

with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illu
trious friend, yet as I find it has gained ground, it is necessar
to refute it. The real fact then is, that Johnson had a ver
philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimon
as to make him submit his understanding to what was authent
cally proved, though he could not comprehend why it was s
Being thus disposed, he was willing to inquire into the truth
any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of whic
has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he fro
being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matte
with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refut
its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill in hi
poem entitled "The Ghost," availed himself of the absur
credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of hi
under the name of "POMPOSO," representing him as one o
the believers of the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which, i
the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London
Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour unde
an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. I
will therefore surprize them a good deal when they are informe
upon undoubted authority, that Johnson was one of those b
whom the imposture was detected. The story had become s
popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in thi
research he was assisted by the Reverend Dr. Douglas, no
Bishop of Salisbury, the great detecter of impostures; wh
informs me, that after the gentlemen who went and examine
into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrot
in their presence an account of it, which was published in th
news-papers and Gentleman's Magazine, and undeceived th
world.[1]

Our conversation proceeded. "Sir, (said he,) I am a friend
to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness o

[1] The account was as follows: "On the night of the 1st of February, many gentlemen
eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Reverend Mr
Aldrich, of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house, for the examination of the noises supposed
to be made by a departed spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime.

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to
be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies.
They sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down stairs, when they
interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge o
belief of fraud.

"The supposed spirit had before publickly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it
would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerken
well, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there, by a knock
upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity
of the supposed spirit.

"While they were enquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's
chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches.
When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon

society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed."

Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an authour, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right."

I mentioned Mallet's tragedy of "ELVIRA," which had been acted the preceding winter at Drury-lane, and that the Honourable Andrew Erskine, Mr. Dempster, and myself, had joined in writing a pamphlet, entitled "Critical Strictures" against it.[1] That the mildness of Dempster's disposition had, however, relented; and he had candidly said, "We have hardly a right to abuse this tragedy; for bad as it is, how vain should either of us be to write one not near so good." JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir; this is not just reasoning. You *may* abuse a tragedy, though you cannot write one. You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables."

When I talked to him of the paternal estate to which I was heir, he said, "Sir, let me tell you, that to be a Scotch landlord, where you have a number of families dependent upon you, and attached to you, is, perhaps as high a situation as humanity can arrive at. A merchant upon the 'Change of London, with a hundred thousand pounds, is nothing; an English Duke, with an immense fortune, is nothing: he has no tenants who consider themselves as under his patriarchal care, and who will follow him to the field upon an emergency."

His notion of the dignity of a Scotch landlord had been formed upon what he had heard of the Highland Chiefs; for it is long since a lowland landlord has been so curtailed in his

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er back, and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the pirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression n the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any other agency, no vidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

"The Spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person to whom the promise as made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one o'clock went into the hurch, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went with another into he vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more han silence ensued: the person supposed to be accused by the spirit, then went down ith several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the irl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired and as permitted to go home with her father.

"It is, therefore, the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of aking or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher ause."

[1] The Critical Review, in which Mallet himself sometimes wrote, characterised this amphlet as "the crude efforts of envy, petulance, and self-conceit." There being thus hree epithets, we the three authours had a humourous contention how each should be ppropriated.

feudal authority, that he has little more influence over h
tenants than an English landlord; and of late years most
the Highland Chiefs have destroyed, by means too well known
the princely power which they once enjoyed.

He proceeded: "Your going abroad, Sir, and breaking o
idle habits, may be of great importance to you. I would g
where there are courts and learned men. There is a good de
of Spain that has not been perambulated. I would have yo
go thither. A man of inferiour talents to yours may furnish u
with useful observations upon that country." His supposin
me, at that period of life, capable of writing an account of m
travels that would deserve to be read, elated me not a little.

I appeal to every impartial reader whether this faithful deta
of his frankness, complacency, and kindness to a young man,
stranger and a Scotchman, does not refute the unjust opinio
of the harshness of his general demeanour. His occasiona
reproofs of folly, impudence, or impiety, and even the sudde
sallies of his constitutional irritability of temper, which hav
been preserved for the poignancy of their wit, have produce
that opinion among those who have not considered that suc
instances, though collected by Mrs. Piozzi into a small volume
and read over in a few hours, were, in fact, scattered through
long series of years: years, in which his time was chiefly spen
in instructing and delighting mankind by his writings an
conversation, in acts of piety to GOD, and good-will to men.

I complained to him that I had not yet acquired muc
knowledge, and asked his advice as to my studies. He said
"Don't talk of study now. I will give you a plan; but it wi
require some time to consider of it." "It is very good in yo
(I replied,) to allow me to be with you thus. Had it bee
foretold to me some years ago that I should pass an evenin
with the authour of the RAMBLER, how should I have exulted!
What I then expressed was sincerely from the heart. He wa
satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, "Sir, I am gla
we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings and morn
ings too, together." We finished a couple of bottles of port
and sat till between one and two in the morning.

He wrote this year in the Critical Review the account o
"Telemachus, a Mask," by the Reverend George Graham, o
Eton College. The subject of this beautiful poem was par
ticularly interesting to Johnson, who had much experience o
"the conflict of opposite principles," which he describes a
"The contention between pleasure and virtue, a struggle which

vill always be continued while the present system of nature hall subsist; nor can history or poetry exhibit more than pleasure triumphing over virtue, and virtue subjugating pleasure."

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavour to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity.[1] He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that "though he made no great figure in mathematicks, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them." He afterwards studied physick at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent: and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the authour of "An Enquiry into the present State of polite learning in Europe," and of "The Citizen of the World," a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese.[2] No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*"[3] His mind resembled a

[1] (Goldsmith got a premium at a Christmas examination in Trinity College, Dublin, which I have seen.—KEARNEY.]

[A premium obtained at the Christmas examination is generally more honourable than any other, because it ascertains the person who receives it to be the first in literary merit. In the other examinations, the person thus distinguished may be only the second in merit; he who has previously obtained the same honorary reward, sometimes receiving a written certificate that *he* was the best answerer, it being a rule that not more than one premium should be adjudged to the same person in one year. See *ante*, p. 193. M.]

[2] [He had also published in 1759, "The Bee, being Essays on the most interesting Subjects."—M.]

[3] See his Epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson.

fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a stron vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. N deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did n grow there: but the elegant shrubbery and the fragra parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been general circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in convers tion;[1] but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. H had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which som times produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. H was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and fro vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever h was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of th subject, or even without thought. His person was short, h countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those wh were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to s ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credibl When accompanying two beautiful young ladies[2] with the mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that mo attention was paid to them than to him; and once at th exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who s next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made t toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such prais and exclaimed with some warmth, "Pshaw! I can do it bett myself."[3]

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so th his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affection were social and generous, and when he had money he gave away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequenc predominated over his attention to truth. When he began t rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean

[1] In allusion to this, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was "inspired idiot"; and Garrick described him as one

"——for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll."

Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to me that he frequently heard Goldsmith talk warm of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellen should preclude a man from that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from t envy which attended it; and therefore Sir Joshua was convinced that he was intentiona more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his charac would be sufficiently supported by his work. If it indeed was his intention to appe absurd in company, he was often very successful. But with due deference to Joshua's ingenuity, I think the conjecture too refined.

[2] The Misses Hornecks, one of whom is now married to Henry Bunbury, Esq. a the other to Colonel Gwyn.

[3] He went home with Mr. Burke to supper, and broke his shin by attempting exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppe

Durham,[1] a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his "Vicar of Wakefield." But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, Sir, (said he,) a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his 'Traveller;' and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the 'Traveller' had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

Mrs. Piozzi[2] and Sir John Hawkins[3] have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."[4]

[1] I am willing to hope that there may have been some mistake as to this anecdote, though I had it from a dignitary of the church. Dr. Isaac Goldsmith, his near relation, was Dean of Cloyne, in 1747.

[2] Anecdotes of Johnson, p. 119.

[3] Life of Johnson, p. 420.

[4] It may not be improper to annex here Mrs. Piozzi's account of this transaction, in her own words, as a specimen of the extreme inaccuracy with which all her anecdotes of Dr. Johnson are related, or rather discoloured and distorted. "I have forgotten the year, but it could scarcely, I think, be later than 1765 or 1766, that he was *called abruptly from our house after dinner*, and returning *in about three hours*, said he had been with

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday the 1st July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school. Goldsmith's respectful attachment to Johnson was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great Master. He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart, by incidental remarks in the course of conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levet, whom he entertained under his roof, "He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;" and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson."

Goldsmith attempting this evening to maintain, I suppose from an affectation of paradox, "that knowledge was not desirable on its own account, for it often was a source of unhappiness." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that knowledge may in some cases produce unhappiness, I allow. But, upon the whole, knowledge, *per se*, is certainly an object which every man would wish to attain, although, perhaps, he may not take the trouble necessary for attaining it."

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated political and biographical writer, being mentioned, Johnson said, "Campbell is a man of much knowledge, and has a good share of imagination. His 'Hermippus Redivivus' is very entertaining, as an account of the Hermetick philosophy, and as furnishing a curious history of the extravagances of the human mind. If it were merely imaginary, it would be nothing at all. Campbell is not always rigidly careful of truth in his conversation; but I do not believe there is any thing of this carelessness in his books. Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years;[1] but he never passes

an enraged authour, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was *drinking himself drunk* with Madeira, to drown care, and fretting over a novel, which, when *finished*, was to be his *whole fortune*, but he *could not get it done for distraction*, nor could he step out of doors to offer it for sale. Mr. Johnson, therefore, sent away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance, and *desiring some immediate relief*; which when he brought back to the writer, *he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch and pass their time in merriment*." Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, p. 119.

[1] I am inclined to think that he was misinformed as to this circumstance. I own I am jealous for my worthy friend Dr. John Campbell. For though Milton could without remorse absent himself from public worship, I cannot. On the contrary, I have the same habitual impressions upon my mind, with those of a truly venerable Judge, who said to Mr. Langton, "Friend Langton, if I have not been at church on Sunday, I do not feel myself

church without pulling off his hat. This shews that he has good principles. I used to go pretty often to Campbell's on a Sunday evening till I began to consider that the shoals of Scotchmen who flocked about him might probably say, when any thing of mine was well done, 'Ay, ay, he has learnt this of CAWMELL!'"

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that "it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, that it would sink into oblivion." I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now, than I once had; for he has shewn more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few."

In this depreciation of Churchill's poetry I could not agree with him. It is very true that the greatest part of it is upon the topicks of the day, on which account, as it brought him great fame and profit at the time, it must proportionably slide out of the publick attention as other occasional objects succeed. But Churchill had extraordinary vigour both of thought and expression. His portraits of the players will ever be valuable to the true lovers of the drama; and his strong caricatures of several eminent men of his age, will not be forgotten by the curious. Let me add, that there are in his works many passages which are of a general nature; and his "Prophesy of Famine" is a poem of no ordinary merit. It is, indeed, falsely injurious to Scotland; but therefore may be allowed a greater share of invention.

Bonnell Thornton had just published a burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's day, adapted to the ancient British musick, viz. the

easy." Dr. Campbell was a sincerely religious man. Lord Macartney, who is eminent for his variety of knowledge, and attention to men of talents, and knew him well, told me, that when he called on him in a morning, he found him reading a chapter in the Greek New Testament, which he informed his Lordship was his constant practice. The quantity of Dr. Campbell's composition is almost incredible, and his labours brought him large profits. Dr. Joseph Warton told me that Johnson said of him, 'He is the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature.'

salt-box, the jews-harp, the marrow-bones and cleaver, the hum strum or hurdy gurdy, &c." Johnson praised its humour, and seemed much diverted with it. He repeated the following passage:

> "In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
> And clattering and battering and clapping combine;
> With a rap and a tap while the hollow side sounds,
> Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds."[1]

I mentioned the periodical paper called "THE CONNOISSEUR." He said it wanted matter.—No doubt it had not the deep thinking of Johnson's writings. But surely it has just views of the surface of life, and a very sprightly manner. His opinion of THE WORLD was not much higher than of THE CONNOISSEUR.

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigour and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, *strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian ether*, I could with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

At this time *Miss* Williams,[2] as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for *her*, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoterick

[1] [In 1769 I set for Smart and Newberry, Thornton's burlesque Ode, on St. Cecilia's day. It was performed at Ranelagh in masks, to a very crowded audience, as I was told; for I then resided in Norfolk. Beard sung the salt-box song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the Fencing master, and father of Miss Brent, the celebrated singer; Skeggs on the broom stick, as bassoon; and a remarkable performer on the Jews-harp. "Jazzing twangs the iron lyre." Cleavers were cast in bell metal for this entertainment. All the performers of the old woman's Oratory, employed by Foote, were, I believe, employed at Ranelagh, on this occasion. Burney.]

[2] [See *ante*, p. 178. This lady resided in Dr. Johnson's house in Gough square from about 1752 to 1758, and in that year, on his removing to Gray's Inn, she went to lodgings. At a subsequent period, she again became an inmate with Johnson, in Johnson's court. —M.]

over an exoterick disciple of a sage of antiquity, "I go to see Miss Williams." I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Tuesday the 5th of July, I again visited Johnson. He told me he had looked into the poems of a pretty voluminous writer, Mr. (now Dr.) John Ogilvie, one of the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland, which had lately come out, but could find no thinking in them. BOSWELL. "Is there not imagination in them, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, there is in them what *was* imagination, but it is no more imagination in *him*, than sound is sound in the echo. And his diction too is not his own. We have long ago seen *white-robed innocence*, and *flower-bespangled meads*."

Talking of London, he observed, "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists."—I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They, whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatick enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns, and the great emporium for ladies of easy virtue. But the intellectual man is struck with it, as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentleman whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said,

"Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence."—Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. "There is nothing (continued he) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office, complaining of my landlord, and had been informed, that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behaviour, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could shew itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, Sir, (said he,) I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in Bow-street. But, if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, Sir, you may quarter two life-guardmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of assafœtida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie,[1] who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I in my turn, was proud to have the honour of shewing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to *shine*, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well known maxim of the British constitution, "the King can do no wrong;" affirming, that, "what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." JOHNSON. "Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the

[1] The Northern bard mentioned page 261. When I asked Dr. Johnson's permission to introduce him, he obligingly agreed; adding, however, with a sly pleasantry, "but he must give us none of his poetry." It is remarkable that Johnson and Churchill, however much they differed in other points, agreed on this subject. See Churchill's "Journey." It is, however, but justice to Dr. Ogilvie to observe, that his "Day of Judgment" has no inconsiderable share of merit.

King is the head, he is supreme: he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to Majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should command, cannot force a Judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the Judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*" I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government.

This generous sentiment, which he uttered with great fervour, struck me exceedingly, and stirred my blood to that pitch of fancied resistance, the possibility of which I am glad to keep in mind, but to which I trust I never shall be forced.

"Great abilities (said he) are not requisite for an Historian; for in historical composition, all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand, so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring, will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."

"Bayle's Dictionary is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most."

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, "I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not

profound; but his morality, his humour, and his elegance of writing, set him very high."

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topick of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physick there, contradicted this very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON. "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of Nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some common-place observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned;[1] adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule, "Why, yes, Sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly however respectable had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the colour of the world as it moves along. Your father is a Judge

[1] [Johnson would suffer none of his friends to fill up chasms in conversation with remarks on the weather: "Let us not talk of the weather."—BURNEY.]

in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and son, while one aims at power and the other at independence." I said, I was afraid my father would force me to be a lawyer. JOHNSON. "Sir, you need not be afraid of his forcing you to be a laborious practising lawyer; that is not in his power. For as the proverb says, 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.' He may be displeased that you are not what he wishes you to be; but that displeasure will not go far. If he insists only on your having as much law as is necessary for a man of property, and then endeavours to get you into Parliament, he is quite in the right."

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith, in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON. "Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him."

Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said, "It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the ministry have assured us, in all the formality of the Gazette, that it is taken.'—Very true. But the ministry have put us to an enormous expence by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money.—'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.'—Ay, but these men have still more interest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself; for when you come home we will not believe you. We will say, you have been bribed.—Yet, Sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony.

How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion?"

"Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge."

To a man of vigorous intellect and ardent curiosity like his own, reading without a regular plan may be beneficial; though even such a man must submit to it, if he would attain a full understanding of any of the sciences.

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. "Why, Sir, (said he, with a hearty laugh,) it is a mighty foolish noise that they make.[1] I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James' health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

There was here, most certainly, an affectation of more Jacobitism than he really had; and indeed an intention of admitting, for the moment, in a much greater extent than it really existed, the charge of disaffection imputed to him by the world, merely for the purpose of shewing how dexterously he could repel an attack, even though he were placed in the most disadvantageous position; for I have heard him declare that if holding up his right hand would have secured victory at Culloden to Prince Charles's army, he was not sure he would have held it up; so little confidence had he in the right claimed by the house of Stuart, and so fearful was he of the consequences of another revolution on the throne of Great Britain; and Mr. Topham Beauclerk assured me, he had

[1] When I mentioned the same idle clamour to him several years afterwards, he said with a smile, "I wish my pension were twice as large, that they might make twice as much noise."

heard him say this before he had his pension. At another time he said to Mr. Langton, "Nothing has ever offered, that has made it worth my while to consider the question fully." He, however, also said to the same gentleman, talking of King James the Second, "It was become impossible for him to reign any longer in this country." He no doubt had an early attachment to the House of Stuart; but his zeal had cooled as his reason strengthened. Indeed, I heard him once say, "that after the death of a violent Whig, with whom he used to contend with great eagerness, he felt his Toryism much abated,"[1] I suppose he meant Mr. Walmsley.

Yet there is no doubt that at earlier periods he was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend, Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favoured me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection. One day when dining at old Mr. Langton's, where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson, with great warmth, what he could mean by putting such a question to his niece! "Why, Sir, (said Johnson) I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of Kings. He that believes in the divine right of Kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of Bishops. He that believes in the divine right of Bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for *Whiggism is a negation of all principle.*"[2]

He advised me when abroad to be as much as I could with the Professors in the Universities, and with the Clergy; for from their conversation I might expect the best accounts of every thing in whatever country I should be, with the additional advantage of keeping my learning alive.

It will be observed, that when giving me advice as to my

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit. p. 402 (Nov. 16).

[2] He used to tell, with great humour, from my relation to him, the following little story of my early years, which was literally true. "Boswell, in the year 1745, was a fine boy, wore a white cockade, and prayed for King James, till one of his uncles (General Cochrane) gave him a shilling on condition that he would pray for King George, which he accordingly did. So you see (says Boswell) that *Whigs of all ages are made the same way.*"

travels, Dr. Johnson did not dwell upon cities, and palaces, and pictures, and shows, and Arcadian scenes. He was of Lord Essex's opinion, who advises his kinsman Roger Earl of Rutland, "rather to go a hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town."[1]

I described to him an impudent fellow from Scotland, who affected to be a savage, and railed at all established systems. JOHNSON. "There is nothing surprizing in this, Sir. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hogstye, as long as you looked at him and called to him to come out. But let him alone, never mind him, and he'll soon give it over."

I added that the same person maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a lyar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

Sir David Dalrymple, now one of the Judges of Scotland by the title of Lord Hailes, had contributed much to increase my high opinion of Johnson, on account of his writings, long before I attained to a personal acquaintance with him; I, in return, had informed Johnson of Sir David's eminent character for learning and religion; and Johnson was so much pleased, that at one of our evening meetings he gave him for his toast. I at this time kept up a very frequent correspondence with Sir David; and I read to Dr Johnson to-night the following passage from the letter which I had last received from him:

"It gives me pleasure to think that you have obtained the friendship of Mr. Samuel Johnson. He is one of the best moral writers which England has produced. At the same time, I envy you the free and undisguised converse with such a man. May I beg you to present my best respects to him, and to assure him of the veneration which I entertain for the authour of the Rambler and of Rasselas? Let me recommend this last work to you; with the Rambler you certainly are acquainted. In Rasselas you will see a tender hearted operator, who probes the wound only to heal it. Swift, on the contrary, mangles human nature. He cuts and slashes, as if he took pleasure in the operation, like the tyrant who said, *Ita feri ut*

[1] Letter to Rutland on Travel, 16mo. 1596.

se sentiat emori." Johnson seemed to be much gratified by this just and well-turned compliment.

He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, full and unreserved. He said it would be a very good exercise, and would yield me great satisfaction when the particulars were faded from my remembrance. I was uncommonly fortunate in having had a previous coincidence of opinion with him upon this subject, for I had kept such a journal for some time; and it was no small pleasure to me to have this to tell him, and to receive his approbation. He counselled me to keep it private, and said I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. From this habit I have been enabled to give the world so many anecdotes, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. I mentioned that I was afraid I put into my journal too many little incidents. JOHNSON. "There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

Next morning Mr. Dempster happened to call on me, and was so much struck even with the imperfect account which I gave him of Dr. Johnson's conversation, that to his honour be it recorded, when I complained that drinking port and sitting up late with him, affected my nerves for some time after, he said, "One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man."

On Tuesday, July 18, I found tall Sir Thomas Robinson sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said, that the King of Prussia valued himself upon three things;—upon being a hero, a musician, and an authour. JOHNSON. "Pretty well, Sir, for one man. As to his being an authour, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you may suppose Voltaire's foot-boy to do, who has been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the colouring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works." When I was at Ferney, I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterised as "a superstitious dog;" but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, "An honest fellow!"

But I think the criticism much too severe; for the "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburgh" are written as well as many works of that kind. His poetry, for the style of which he

himself makes a frank apology, "*Jargonnant un François barbare,*" though fraught with pernicious ravings of infidelity has, in many places, great animation, and in some a pathetick tenderness.

Upon this contemptuous animadversion on the King of Prussia, I observed to Johnson, "It would seem then, Sir, that much less parts are necessary to make a King, than to make an Authour: for the King of Prussia is confessedly the greatest King now in Europe, yet you think he makes a very poor figure as an Authour."

Mr. Levet this day showed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his Chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewed with manuscript leaves, in Johnson's own hand-writing, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they perhaps might contain portions of the Rambler, or of Rasselas. I observed an apparatus for chymical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favourable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me, that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant when he wanted to study, secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. "A servant's strict regard for truth, (said he) must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself*." I am, however, satisfied that every servant, of any degree of intelligence, understands saying his master is not at home, not at all as the affirmation of a fact, but as the customary words, intimating that his master wishes not to be seen; so that there can be no bad effect from it.

Mr. Temple, now vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall, who had been my intimate friend for many years, had at this time chambers in Farrar's-buildings, at the bottom of Inner Temple-lane, which he kindly lent me upon my quitting my lodgings, he being to return to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I found them particularly convenient for me, as they were so near Dr. Johnson's.

On Wednesday, July 20, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Dempster, and my uncle Dr. Boswell, who happened to be now in London,

supped with me at these Chambers. JOHNSON. "Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations for seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and finding it late, have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist. No, Sir, I wish him to drive on."

Mr. Alexander Donaldson, bookseller, of Edinburgh, had for some time opened a shop in London, and sold his cheap editions of the most popular English books, in defiance of the supposed common-law right of *Literary Property*. Johnson, though he concurred in the opinion which was afterwards sanctioned by a judgement of the House of Lords, that there was no such right, was at this time very angry that the Booksellers of London, for whom he uniformly professed much regard, should suffer from an invasion of what they had ever considered to be secure; and he was loud and violent against Mr. Donaldson. "He is a fellow who takes advantage of the law to injure his brethren; for notwithstanding that the statute secures only fourteen years of exclusive right, it has always been understood by the *trade*, that he, who buys the copyright of a book from the authour, obtains a perpetual property; and upon that belief, numberless bargains are made to transfer that property after the expiration of the statutory term. Now Donaldson, I say, takes advantage here, of people who have really an equitable title from usage; and if we consider how few of the books, of which they buy the property, succeed so well as to bring profit, we should be of opinion that the term of fourteen years is too short; it should be sixty years." DEMPSTER. "Donaldson, Sir, is anxious for the encouragement of literature. He reduces the price of books, so that poor students may buy them." JOHNSON, (laughing). "Well, Sir, allowing that to be his motive, he is no better than Robin Hood, who robbed the rich in order to give to the poor."

It is remarkable, that when the great question concerning Literary Property came to be ultimately tried before the supreme tribunal of this country, in consequence of the very spirited exertions of Mr. Donaldson, Dr. Johnson was zealous against a perpetuity; but he thought that the term of the

exclusive right of authours should be considerably enlarged. He was then for granting a hundred years.

The conversation now turned upon Mr. David Hume's style. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, his style is not English; the structure of his sentences is French. Now the French structure and the English structure may, in the nature of things, be equally good. But if you allow that the English language is established, he is wrong. My name might originally have been Nicholson, as well as Johnson; but were you to call me Nicholson now, you would call me very absurdly."

Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was at this time a fashionable topick. It gave rise to an observation by Mr. Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who ought to value only merit. JOHNSON. "If man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, Sir, in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyse this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing: but, put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shewn to be very insignificant. In civilized society, personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty fixes your allowance at three pounds a year; but as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, Sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, Sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on, as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one;

ut that must proceed from other causes than from his having
ne large fortune: for, *cæteris paribus*, he who is rich in a
ivilized society, must be happier than he who is poor; as
ches, if properly used, (and it is a man's own fault if they are
ot,) must be productive of the highest advantages. Money,
) be sure, of itself is of no use; for its only use is to part with
. Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led
way by a childish desire of novelty.[1] When I was a boy, I
sed always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because
ost ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be
id upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not
uster up more plausible arguments, than those which are
rged against wealth and other external advantages. Why,
ow, there is stealing; why should it be thought a crime?
Then we consider by what unjust methods property has been
ften acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be
njust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the
roperty of another from him? Besides, Sir, when we consider
ne bad use that many people make of their property, and how
uch better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended
s a very allowable practice. Yet, Sir, the experience of man-
nd has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that
ey make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was
nning about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer
r the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time,
ery sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought
represent poverty as no evil, shew it to be evidently a great
il. You never find people labouring to convince you that
ou may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune.—So you
ear people talking how miserable a King must be; and yet
ey all wish to be in his place."

It was suggested that Kings must be unhappy, because they
e deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and
nreserved society. JOHNSON. "That is an ill-founded notion.
eing a King does not exclude a man from such society.
reat Kings have always been social. The King of Prussia,
e only great King at present, is very social. Charles the
econd, the last King of England who was a man of parts, was
ocial; and our Henrys and Edwards were all social."

Mr. Dempster having endeavoured to maintain that intrinsick

[1] [Johnson told Dr. Burney that Goldsmith said, when he first began to write, he termined to commit to paper nothing but what was *new*; but he afterwards found that at was *new* was generally false, and from that time was no longer solicitous about velty.—BURNEY.]

merit *ought* to make the only distinction amongst mankin JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, mankind have found that this cann be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsi merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst ma kind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. We all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not lon acquiesce, but would endeavour to obtain a superiority b their bodily strength. But, Sir, as subordination is ve necessary for society, and contentions for superiority ve dangerous, mankind, that is to say, all civilized nations, hav settled it upon a plain invariable principle. A man is bor to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain office gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly t human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we shoul have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure."

I said, I considered distinction of rank to be of so muc importance in civilized society, that if I were asked on th same day to dine with the first Duke in England, and wit the first man in Britain for genius, I should hesitate whic to prefer. JOHNSON. "To be sure, Sir, if you were t dine only once, and it were never to be known where yo dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first ma for genius; but to gain most respect, you should dine wit the first Duke in England. For nine people in ten tha you meet with, would have a higher opinion of you fo having dined with a Duke; and the great genius himse would receive you better, because you had been with th great Duke."

He took care to guard himself against any possibl suspicion that his settled principles of reverence for ran and respect for wealth were at all owing to mean or intereste motives; for he asserted his own independence as a literar man. "No man (said he) who ever lived by literature, ha lived more independently than I have done." He said h had taken longer time than he needed to have done i composing his Dictionary. He received our compliment upon that great work with complacency, and told us tha the Academy *della Crusca* could scarcely believe that it wa done by one man.

Next morning I found him alone, and have preserved th following fragments of his conversation. Of a gentlema who was mentioned, he said, "I have not met with any ma for a long time who has given me such general displeasure

He is totally unfixed in his principles, and wants to puzzle other people." I said his principles had been poisoned by a noted infidel writer, but that he was, nevertheless, a benevolent good man. JOHNSON. "We can have no dependance upon that instinctive, that constitutional goodness which is not founded upon principle. I grant you that such a man may be a very amiable member of society. I can conceive him placed in such a situation that he is not much tempted to deviate from what is right; and as every man prefers virtue, when there is not some strong incitement to transgress its precepts, I can conceive him doing nothing wrong. But if such a man stood in need of money, I should not like to trust him; and I should certainly not trust him with young ladies, for *there* there is always temptation. Hume, and other sceptical innovators, are vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expence. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to errour. Truth, Sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull. If I could have allowed myself to gratify my vanity at the expence of truth, what fame might I have acquired. Every thing which Hume has advanced against Christianity had passed through my mind long before he wrote. Always remember this, that after a system is well settled upon positive evidence, a few partial objections ought not to shake it. The human mind is so limited, that it cannot take in all the parts of a subject, so that there may be objections raised against any thing. There are objections against a *plenum*, and objections against a *vacuum*; yet one of them must certainly be true."

I mentioned Hume's argument against the belief of miracles, that it is more probable that the witnesses to the truth of them are mistaken, or speak falsely, than that the miracles should be true. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the great difficulty of proving miracles should make us very cautious in believing them. But let us consider; although GOD has made Nature to operate by certain fixed laws, yet it is not unreasonable to think that he may suspend those laws, in order to establish a system highly advantageous to mankind. Now the Christian Religion is a most beneficial system, as it gives us light and certainty where we were before in darkness and doubt. The miracles which prove it are attested by men who had no interest in deceiving us; but who, on the contrary, were told that they should suffer persecution. and did actually lay down

their lives in confirmation of the truth of the facts which th asserted. Indeed, for some centuries the heathens did n pretend to deny the miracles; but said they were performe by the aid of evil spirits. This is a circumstance of gre weight. Then, Sir, when we take the proofs derived fro prophecies which have been so exactly fulfilled, we have mo satisfactory evidence. Supposing a miracle possible, as which, in my opinion, there can be no doubt, we have as stron evidence for the miracles in support of Christianity, as th nature of the thing admits."

At night, Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at th Turk's Head coffee-house, in the Strand. "I encourage th house (said he,) for the mistress of it is a good civil woma and has not much business."

"Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. I the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if the do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than ol men; they have more generous sentiments in every respec I love the young dogs of this age, they have more wit an humour and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dog are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early years I read ver hard. It is a sad reflection but a true one, that I knew almos as much at eighteen as I do now.[1] My judgement, to be sur was not so good; but, I had all the facts. I remember very wel when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Youn man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock o knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find tha poring upon books will be but an irksome task.'"

This account of his reading, given by himself in plain words sufficiently confirms what I have already advanced upon th disputed question as to his application. It reconciles an seeming inconsistency in his way of talking upon it at differen times; and shews that idleness and reading hard were with hi relative terms, the import of which, as used by him, must b gathered from a comparison with what scholars of differen degrees of ardour and assiduity have been known to do. An let it be remembered, that he was now talking spontaneously and expressing his genuine sentiments; whereas at other time he might be induced, from his spirit of contradiction, or mor properly from his love of argumentative contest, to speak lightl

[1] [His great period of study was from the age of twelve to that of eighteen; as h told Mr. Langton, who gave me this information.—M.]

of his own application to study. It is pleasing to consider that the old gentleman's gloomy prophecy as to the irksomeness of books to men of an advanced age, which is too often fulfilled, was so far from being verified in Johnson, that his ardour for literature never failed, and his last writings had more ease and vivacity than any of his earlier productions.

He mentioned to me now, for the first time, that he had been distrest by melancholy, and for that reason had been obliged to fly from study and meditation, to the dissipating variety of life. Against melancholy he recommended constant occupation of mind, a great deal of exercise, moderation in eating and drinking, and especially to shun drinking at night. He said melancholy people were apt to fly to intemperance for relief, but that it sunk them much deeper in misery. He observed, that labouring men who work hard, and live sparingly, are seldom or never troubled with low spirits.

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. "Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect, than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay[1] in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, Sir, shewed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?" I mentioned a certain authour who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by shewing no deference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted. JOHNSON. "Suppose a shoemaker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a lord: how he would stare. 'Why, Sir, do you stare? (says the shoemaker,) I do great service to society. 'Tis true, I am

[1] This *one* Mrs. Macaulay was the same personage who afterwards made herself so much known as "the celebrated female historian."

paid for doing it; but so are you, Sir: and I am sorry to sa
it, better paid than I am, for doing something not so necessar
For mankind could do better without your books, than witho
my shoes.' Thus, Sir, there would be a perpetual struggle f
precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distin
tion of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to b
accidental."

He said, Dr. Joseph Warton was a very agreeable man, an
his "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope," a ve
pleasing book. I wondered that he delayed so long to give u
the continuation of it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I suppose h
finds himself a little disappointed, in not having been able t
persuade the world to be of his opinion as to Pope."

We have now been favoured with the concluding volume, i
which, to use a parliamentary expression, he has *explained*, s
as not to appear quite so adverse to the opinion of the worl
concerning Pope, as was at first thought; and we must a
agree, that his work is a most valuable accession to Englis
literature.

A writer of deserved eminence being mentioned, Johnso
said, "Why, Sir, he is a man of good parts, but being originall
poor, he has got a love of mean company and low jocularity;
very bad thing, Sir. To laugh is good, and to talk is good. Bu
you ought no more to think it enough if you laugh, than yo
are to think it enough if you talk. You may laugh in as man
ways as you talk; and surely *every* way of talking that
practised cannot be esteemed."

I spoke of Sir James Macdonald as a young man of mos
distinguished merit, who united the highest reputation at Eto
and Oxford, with the patriarchal spirit of a great Highlan
Chieftain. I mentioned that Sir James had said to me, that h
had never seen Mr. Johnson, but he had a great respect for him
though at the same time it was mixed with some degree o
terrour. JOHNSON. "Sir, if he were to be acquainted with me
it might lessen both."

The mention of this gentleman led us to talk of the Weste
Islands of Scotland, to visit which he expressed a wish that the
appeared to be a very romantick fancy, which I little though
would be afterwards realised. He told me, that his father had pu
Martin's account of those islands into his hands when he wa
very young, and that he was highly pleased with it; that he wa
particularly struck with the St. Kilda man's notion that the hig
church of Glasgow had been hollowed out of a rock; a circum

tance to which old Mr. Johnson had directed his attention. He said, he would go to the Hebrides with me, when I eturned from my travels, unless some very good companion hould offer when I was absent, which he did not think prob- ble; adding, "There are few people whom I take so much to, s you." And when I talked of my leaving England, he said ith a very affectionate air, "My dear Boswell, I should be ery unhappy at parting, did I think we were not to meet gain."—I cannot too often remind my readers, that although uch instances of his kindness are doubtless very flattering to ne, yet I hope my recording them will be ascribed to a better notive than to vanity; for they afford unquestionable evidence f his tenderness and complacency, which some, while they ere forced to acknowledge his great powers, have been so trenuous to deny.

He maintained that a boy at school was the happiest of uman beings. I supported a different opinion, from which I ave never yet varied, that a man is happier: and I enlarged pon the anxiety and sufferings which are endured at school. OHNSON. "Ah! Sir, a boy's being flogged is not so severe as man's having the hiss of the world against him. Men have a olicitude about fame; and the greater share they have of it, ne more afraid they are of losing it." I silently asked myself, Is it possible that the great SAMUEL JOHNSON really entertains ny such apprehension, and is not confident that his exalted ame is established upon a foundation never to be shaken?"

He this evening drank a bumper to Sir David Dalrymple, "as man of worth, a scholar, and a wit." "I have (said he) never eard of him, except from you; but let him know my opinion f him: for as he does not shew himself much in the world, he hould have the praise of the few who hear of him."

On Tuesday, July 26, I found Mr. Johnson alone. It was a ery wet day, and I again complained of the disagreeable effects f such weather. JOHNSON. "Sir, this is all imagination, hich physicians encourage; for man lives in air, as a fish lives n water, so that if the atmosphere press heavy from above, here is an equal resistance from below. To be sure, bad eather is hard upon people who are obliged to be abroad; and hen cannot labour so well in the open air in bad weather, as in ood: but, Sir, a smith or a taylor, whose work is within doors, ill surely do as much in rainy weather, as in fair. Some very elicate frames, indeed, may be affected by wet weather; but ot common constitutions."

We talked of the education of children; and I asked hi what he thought was best to teach them first. JOHNSON. "S it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than wh leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may star disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time yo breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of tw things you should teach your child first, another boy has lear them both."

On Thursday, July 28, we again supped in private at th Turk's Head coffee-house. JOHNSON. "Swift has a high reputation than he deserves. His excellence is strong sense for his humour, though very well, is not remarkably good. doubt whether the 'Tale of a Tub' be his; for he never owne it, and it is much above his usual manner." [1]

"Thomson, I think, had as much of the poet about him a most writers. Everything appeared to him through the mediu of his favourite pursuit. He could not have viewed those tw candles burning but with a poetical eye."

"Has not —— a great deal of wit, Sir?" JOHNSON. "I d not think so, Sir. He is, indeed, continually attempting wi but he fails. And I have no more pleasure in hearing a ma attempting wit and failing, than in seeing a man trying to lea over a ditch and tumbling into it."

He laughed heartily when I mentioned to him a saying of hi concerning Mr. Thomas Sheridan, which Foote took a wicke pleasure to circulate. "Why, Sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to becom what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is no in Nature."—"So (said he,) I allowed him all his own merit."

He now added, "Sheridan cannot bear me. I bring hi declamation to a point. I ask him a plain question, 'What d you mean to teach?' Besides, Sir, what influence can Mr Sheridan have upon the language of this great country, by hi narrow exertions? Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover to shew light at Calais."

Talking of a young man who was uneasy from thinking tha he was very deficient in learning and knowledge, he said, "A man has no reason to complain who holds a middle place, and has many below him; and perhaps he has not six of his years above him:—perhaps not one. Though he may not know any thing perfectly, the general mass of knowledge that he has

[1] This opinion was given by him more at large at a subsequent period. See "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3rd edit. p. 32 (Aug. 16).

cquired is considerable. Time will do for him all that is anting."

The conversation then took a philosophical turn. JOHNSON. Human experience, which is constantly contradicting theory, the great test of truth. A system, built upon the discoveries a great many minds, is always of more strength, than what is oduced by the mere workings of any one mind, which, of self, can do little. There is not so poor a book in the world at would not be a prodigious effort were it wrought out tirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators. he French writers are superficial, because they are not holars, and so proceed upon the mere power of their own inds; and we see how very little power they have."

"As to the Christian Religion, Sir, besides the strong idence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favour m the number of great men who have been convinced of truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius s an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine idence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of igion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a ry firm believer."

He this evening again recommended to me to perambulate ain.[1] I said it would amuse him to get a letter from me ted at Salamancha. JOHNSON. "I love the University of lamancha; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the rfulness of their conquering America, the University of amancha gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful." spoke this with great emotion, and with that generous rmth which dictated the lines in his "London," against anish encroachment.

'I expressed my opinion of my friend Derrick as but a poor ter. JOHNSON. "To be sure, Sir, he is: but you are to nsider that his being a literary man has got for him all that has. It has made him King of Bath. Sir, he has nothing say for himself but that he is a writer. Had he not been a ter, he must have been sweeping the crossings in the streets, l asking halfpence from every body that past."

n justice, however, to the memory of Mr. Derrick, who was first tutor in the ways of London, and shewed me the town

[1] I fully intended to have followed advice of such weight; but having staid much er both in Germany and Italy than I proposed to do, and having also visited Corsica, nd that I had exceeded the time allowed me by my father, and hastened to France in ay homewards.

in all its variety of departments, both literary and sportive, t
particulars of which Dr. Johnson advised me to put in writi
it is proper to mention what Johnson, at a subsequent perio
said of him both as a writer and an editor: "Sir, I have oft
said, that if Derrick's letters had been written by one of a m
established name, they would have been thought very pre
letters."[1] And, "I sent Derrick to Dryden's relations to gat
materials for his life; and I believe he got all that I mys
should have got."[2]

Poor Derrick! I remember him with kindness. Yet
cannot withhold from my readers a pleasant humourous sa
which could not have hurt him had he been alive, and now
perfectly harmless. In his collection of poems, there is
upon entering the harbour of Dublin, his native city, afte
long absence. It begins thus:

"Eblana! much lov'd city, hail!
Where first I saw the light of day."

And after a solemn reflection on his being "numbered w
forgotten dead," there is the following stanza:

"Unless my lines protract my fame,
And those, who chance to read them, cry,
I knew him! Derrick was his name,
In yonder tomb his ashes lie."

which was thus happily parodied by Mr. John Home, to wh
we owe the beautiful and pathetick tragedy of "Douglas:"

"Unless my *deeds* protract my fame,
And he who passes sadly sings,
I knew him! Derrick was his name,
On yonder tree his carcase swings!"

I doubt much whether the amiable and ingenious auth
of these burlesque lines will recollect them; for they w
produced extempore one evening while he and I were walk
together in the dining-room at Eglingtoune Castle, in 17
and I have never mentioned them to him since.

Johnson said once to me, "Sir, I honour Derrick for
presence of mind. One night, when Floyd,[3] another p
authour, was wandering about the streets in the night, he fo
Derrick fast asleep upon a bulk; upon being suddenly wak

[1] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit. p. 104 (Aug. 27).
[2] Ibid. p. 142 (Sept. 22).
[3] He published a biographical work, containing an account of eminent write
3 vols. 8vo.

errick started up, "My dear Floyd, I am sorry to see you in is destitute state: will you go home with me to *my lodgings*?" I again begged his advice as to my method of study at trecht. "Come, (said he) let us make a day of it. Let us down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there." The llowing Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a oman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. No, no, my girl, (said Johnson) it won't do." He, however, d not treat her with harshness; and we talked of the wretched e of such women, and agreed, that much more misery than ppiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce tween the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at e Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin guages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very eat advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonder- what a difference learning makes upon people even in the mmon intercourse of life, which does not appear to be ich connected with it." "And yet, (said I) people go ough the world very well, and carry on the business of life good advantage, without learning." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, t may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without rning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the gonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the y, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the gonauts?" "Sir, (said the boy) I would give what I re." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we e him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, ir, (said he) a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of nkind; and every human being, whose mind is not auched, will be willing to give all that he has, to get owledge."

Ve landed at the Old Swan, and walked to Billingsgate, ere we took oars and moved smoothly along the silver ames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with immense number and variety of ships that were lying at thor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the er.

talked of preaching, and of the great success which those

called methodists[1] have. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is owing to th expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, whi is the only way to do good to the common people, and whi clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a princip of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practic for which they will be praised by men of sense. To ins against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason, t noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the comm people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunke ness, and shew them how dreadful that would be, cannot f to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy gi up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in th country." Let this observation, as Johnson meant it, be ev remembered.

I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwic which he celebrates in his "London" as a favourite scene. had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud wi enthusiasm:

> "On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,
> Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
> Pleas'd with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,
> We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth."

He remarked that the structure of Greenwich hospital w too magnificent for a place of charity, and that its parts we too much detached, to make one great whole.

[1] All who are acquainted with the history of religion, (the most important, surely, t contains the human mind,) know that the appellation of *Methodists* was first given t society of students in the University of Oxford, who about the year 1729, were t taught her by an earnest and *methodical* attention to devout exercises. This disposit of mind is not a novelty, or peculiar to any sect, but has been, and still may be found, many Christians of every denomination. Johnson himself was in a dignified manner Methodist. In his Rambler, No. 110, he mentions with respect "the whole descrip of regulated piety;" and in his "Prayer and Meditation," many instances occur of anxious examination into his spiritual state. That this religious earnestness, and perhaps even an enthusiastick influence of the Holy Spirit, has sometimes degenera into folly, and sometimes been counterfeited for base purposes, cannot be denied. It is not, therefore, fair to decry it as all genuine. The principal argument in reason a good cannot against its abuse is, that it tends to debase human nature, and prevent genuine exertions of goodness, by an unworthy appression that God will pay no regard to them; and though it is justly said in the scriptures, that he "will reward every m according to his works." But I am unwilling to have it in my power to do justice to th whom it is the fashion to ridicule, without any knowledge of their tenets: and this I do by quoting a passage from one of their most approved, Mr Milner, who th expresses their doctrine upon this subject. "Inflamed by faith, animated in his hopes and constrained by the love of Christ, the believer moves in the sphere of pure a generous love to his duties from motives as pure as their principle. And thereby they are accumulating for him in heaven a treasure of bliss proportioned to his faithfulness, activity, and it is by no means inconsistent with our principles to feel the force of this consideration, yet love itself sweetens every duty to the soul: and the Christian therefore contemplates it has for its own sake, and for the glorious end to which it conducts him." *Essays on several important Subjects &c., by Joseph Milner, A.M. Master of Grammar School of Kingston-upon-Hull, 1789*, p. 11.

Buchanan, he said, was a very fine poet; and observed, that was the first who complimented a lady, by ascribing to her e different perfections of the heathen goddesses;[1] but that hnson improved upon this, by making his lady, at the same ne, free from their defects.

He dwelt upon Buchanan's elegant verses to Mary, Queen Scots, *Nympha Caledoniæ*, &c. and spoke with enthusiasm the beauty of Latin verse. "All the modern languages id he) cannot furnish so melodious a line as

"*Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.*"

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which s to give me his advice as to a course of study. And here I to mention with much regret, that my record of what he said miserably scanty. I recollect with admiration an animating ze of eloquence, which roused every intellectual power in me the highest pitch, but must have dazzled me so much, that memory could not preserve the substance of his discourse: the note which I find of it is no more than this:—"He ran r the grand scale of human knowledge; advised me to select ne particular branch to excel in, but to acquire a little of ry kind." The defect of my minutes will be fully supplied a long letter upon the subject, which he favoured me with, r I had been some time at Utrecht, and which my readers have the pleasure to peruse in its proper place.

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me uppose, by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very e?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature. I being more delighted with "the busy hum of men," I wered, "Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet-street." Johnson. ou are right, Sir."

am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of e. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of ery fashionable Baronet[2] in the brilliant world, who, on his ntion being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the ntry, observed, "This may be very well; but for my part, I fer the smell of a flambeau at the play-house."

[1] Epigram. Lib. II. "In Elizabeth. Anglicæ Reg."—I suspect that the author's ory here deceived him and that Johnson said, "the first *modern* poet;" for there cell known Pugnani in the Anthologia, containing this kind of eulogy.—M.

[2] dy friend Sir Michael Le Fleming. This gentleman, with all his experience of hey and elegant life, inherits, with the beautiful family domain, so inconsiderable of that love of literature, which distinguished his venerable grandfather, the Bishop arlisle. He one day observed to me, of Dr. Johnson, in a felicity of phrase, "There shout dignity about him on every occasion."

[3] Michael Le Fleming died of an apoplectick fit, while conversing at the Admiralty Lord Howick, (now the Earl Grey,) May 19, 1806.—M.

We staid so long at Greenwich, that our sail up the river, our return to London, was by no means so pleasant as in morning; for the night air was so cold that it made me shiv I was the more sensible of it from having sat up all the ni before recollecting and writing in my Journal what I thou worthy of preservation; an exertion, which, during the first p of my acquaintance with Johnson, I frequently made. remember having sat up four nights in one week, without be much incommoded in the day time.

Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a pa effeminacy, saying, "Why do you shiver?" Sir William Scott the Commons, told me, that when he complained of a head- in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotla Johnson treated him in the same manner: "At your age, Si had no head-ach." It is not easy to make allowance sensations in others, which we ourselves have not at the ti We must all have experienced how very differently we affected by the complaints of our neighbours, when we are and when we are ill. In full health, we can scarcely beli that they suffer much; so faint is the image of pain upon imagination: when softened by sickness, we readily sympath with the sufferings of others.

We concluded the day at the Turk's Head coffee-house v socially. He was pleased to listen to a particular acco which I gave him of my family, and of its hereditary est as to the extent and population of which he asked questio and made calculations; recommending, at the same time liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom proprietor was placed by Providence. He took delight hearing my description of the romantick seat of my ancest "I must be there, Sir, (said he) and we will live in the castle; and if there is not a room in it remaining, we will bu one." I was highly flattered, but could scarcely indulge a h that Auchinleck would indeed be honoured by his presen and celebrated by a description, as it afterwards was, in "Journey to the Western Islands."

After we had again talked of my setting out for Holland, said, "I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you Harwich." I could not find words to express what I felt u this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate rega

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been t morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I h

eard a woman preach. JOHNSON. "Sir, a woman's preaching s like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; ut you are surprised to find it done at all."

On Tuesday, August 2, (the day of my departure from ondon having been fixed for the 5th,) Dr. Johnson did me the onour to pass a part of the morning with me at my Chambers. Ie said, that "he always felt an inclination to do nothing." I bserved, that it was strange to think that the most indolent an in Britain had written the most laborious work, THE NGLISH DICTIONARY.

I mentioned an imprudent publication, by a certain friend of is, at an early period of life, and asked him if he thought it ould hurt him. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; not much. It may, erhaps, be mentioned at an election."

I had now made good my title to be a privileged man, and as carried by him in the evening to drink tea with Miss Villiams,[1] whom, though under the misfortune of having lost er sight, I found to be agreeable in conversation; for she ad a variety of literature, and expressed herself well; but her eculiar value was the intimacy in which she had long lived ith Johnson, by which she was well acquainted with his abits, and knew how to lead him on to talk.

[1] [In a paper already referred to, (see *ante*, p. 49) a lady who appears to have been well quainted with Mrs. Williams, thus speaks of her:

"Mrs. Williams was a person extremely interesting. She had an uncommon firmness of nd, a boundless curiosity, retentive memory, and strong judgement. She had various wers of pleasing. Her personal afflictions and slender fortune she seemed to forget, nen she had the power of doing an act of kindness: she was social, cheerful, and active, a state of body that was truly deplorable. Her regard to Dr. Johnson was formed with ch strength of judgement and firm esteem, that her voice never hesitated when she re-ated his maxims, or recited his good deeds; though upon many other occasions her want sight had led her to make so much use of her ear, as to affect her speech.

"Mrs. Williams was blind before she was acquainted with Dr. Johnson.—She had many sources, though none very great. With the Miss Wilkinsons she generally passed a part the year, and received from them presents, and from the first who died, a legacy of cloaths d money. The last of them, Mrs. Jane, left her an annual rent; but from the blundering nner of the Will, I fear she never reaped the benefit of it. The lady left money to erect hospital for ancient maids: but the number she had allotted being too great for the nation, the Doctor [Johnson] said, it would be better to expunge the word *maintain*, and t in to *starve* such a number of old maids. They asked him, What name should be ven it? he replied, "Let it be called JENNY'S WHIM." [The name of a well-known vern near Chelsea, in former days.]

'Lady Phillips made her a small allowance, and some other Welsh ladies, to all of om she was related. Mrs. Montague, on the death of Mr. Montague, settled upon her deed] ten pounds per annum.—As near as I can calculate, Mrs. Williams had about rty-five or forty pounds a year. The furniture she used [in her apartment in Dr. nson's house] was her own; her expences were small, tea and bread and butter being at st half of her nourishment. Sometimes she had a servant or charewoman to do the ruder ces of the house: but she was herself active and industrious. I have frequently seen at work. Upon remarking one day her facility in moving about the house, searching o drawers, and finding books, without the help of sight, 'Believe me, (said she,) persons o cannot do those common offices without sight, did but little while they enjoyed that ssing'—Scanty circumstances, bad health, and blindness, are surely a sufficient apology her being sometimes impatient: her natural disposition was good, friendly, and mane."—M.]

After tea he carried me to what he called his walk, whic was a long narrow paved court in the neighbourhood, ove shadowed by some trees. There we sauntered a considerabl time; and I complained to him that my love of London and c his company was such, that I shrunk almost from the thoug of going away even to travel, which is generally so muc desired by young men. He roused me by manly and spirite conversation. He advised me, when settled in any place abroa to study with an eagerness after knowledge, and to apply t Greek an hour every day; and when I was moving about, t read diligently the great book of mankind.

On Wednesday, August 3, we had our last social evening a the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreig parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate hi unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was i the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to hi very strange sayings. JOHNSON. "What do they make m say, Sir?" BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, as an instance very strang indeed, (laughing heartily as I spoke,) David Hume told me you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon t restore the Convocation to its full powers."—Little did I appre hend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convince of my errour; for, with a determined look, he thundered out "And would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian *Kirk* of Scot land have its General Assembly, and the Church of Englan be denied its Convocation?" He was walking up and dow the room, while I told him the anecdote; but when he uttere this explosion of high-church zeal, he had come close to m chair, and his eye flashed with indignation. I bowed to th storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiat on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the church with great external respectability.

I must not omit to mention that he this year wrote "The Life of Ascham," † and the Dedication to the Earl of Shaftes bury, † prefixed to the edition of that writer's English works, published by Mr. Bennet.

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage-coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman, and a young Dutchman, seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said that she had done her best to educate her children; and, particularly, that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. JOHNSON. "I wish, Madam, you would educate me too; for I have been

an idle fellow all my life." "I am sure, Sir, (said she) you have not been idle." JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, it is very true; and that gentleman there, (pointing to me,) has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever." I asked him privately how he could expose me so. JOHNSON. "Poh, poh! said he) they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more." In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholicks, and of the horrours of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained, that 'false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition." He had in his pocket "*Pomponius Mela de Situ Orbis*," in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography. Though by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute, that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only six-pence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers who gave him no more than his due. This was a just reprimand; for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any article for which there is a constant demand.

He talked of Mr. Blacklock's poetry, so far as it was descriptive of visible objects; and observed, that "as its authour had the misfortune to be blind, we may be absolutely sure that such passages are combinations of what he has remembered of the works of other writers who could see. That foolish fellow, Spence, has laboured to explain philosophically how Blacklock may have done, by means of his own faculties, what it is impossible he should do. The solution, as I have given it, is plain. Suppose, I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him; shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures, that, perhaps, his nerves have by

some unknown change all at once become effective? No, Sir, it is clear how he got into a different room: he was *carried*."

Having stopped a night at Colchester, Johnson talked of that town with veneration, for having stood a siege for Charles the First. The Dutchman alone now remained with us. He spoke English tolerably well; and thinking to recommend himself to us by expatiating on the superiority of the criminal jurisprudence of this country over that of Holland, he inveighed against the barbarity of putting an accused person to the torture in order to force a confession. But Johnson was as ready for this, as for the Inquisition. "Why, Sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered as a favour to an accused person; for no man is put to the torture there, unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England. An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment, than those who are tried among us."

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. "Some people (said he,) have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind any thing else." He now appeared to me *Jean Bull philosophe*, and he was for the moment, not only serious but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his Rambler is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment: his look seemed rivetted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite: which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly *abstemious*, was not a *temperate* man either in

eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me, that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he eat upon all occasions, when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he eat, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember when he was in Scotland, his praising "*Gordon's palates*," (a dish of palates at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honour to more important subjects. "As for Maclaurin's imitation of a *made dish*, it was a wretched attempt." He about the same time was so much displeased with the performances of a nobleman's French cook, that he exclaimed with vehemence, "I'd throw such a rascal into the river;" and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill: "I, Madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook: whereas, Madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure: but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to." On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when he had dined with his neighbour and landlord, in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen, the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in every thing, he pronounced this eulogy: "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner, had there been a *Synod of Cooks*."

While we were left by ourselves, after the Dutchman had gone to bed, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behaviour which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it; and said, "I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course."

He flattered me with some hopes that he would, in the course of the following summer, come over to Holland, and accompany me in a tour through the Netherlands.

I teased him with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. A moth having fluttered round the candle, and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to admonish me; saying with a sly look, and in a solemn but a quiet tone, "That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was BOSWELL."

Next day we got to Harwich, to dinner; and my passage in the packet-boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my baggage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say, it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined in so dull a place. JOHNSON. "Don't, Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be *terrible*, though I *were* to be detained some time here." The practice of using words of disproportionate magnitude, is, no doubt, too frequent every where; but, I think, most remarkable among the French, of which, all who have travelled in France must have been struck with innumerable instances.

We went and looked at the church, and having gone into it, and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, "Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR and REDEEMER."

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it,—"I refute it *thus*."[1] This was a stout exemplification of the *first truths* of *Pere Bouffier*, or the *original principles* of Reid and of Beattie; without admitting which, we can no more argue in metaphysicks, than we can argue in mathematicks without axioms. To me it is not conceivable how Berkeley can be answered by pure reasoning; but I know

[1] [Dr. Johnson seems to have been imperfectly acquainted with Berkeley's doctrine: as his experiment only proves that we have the sensation of solidity, which Berkeley did not deny.—He admitted that we had sensations or ideas that are usually called sensible qualities, one of which is solidity: he only denied the existence of *matter*, i.e. an inert senseless substance, in which they are supposed to subsist.—Johnson's exemplification concurs with the vulgar notion, that solidity is matter.—KEARNEY.]

that the nice and difficult task was to have been undertaken by one of the most luminous minds of the present age, had not politicks "turned him from calm philosophy aside." What an admirable display of subtilty, united with brilliance, might his contending with Berkeley have afforded us! How must we, when we reflect on the loss of such an intellectual feast, regret that he should be characterised as the man,

> "Who born for the universe narrow'd his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind?"

My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, "I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you." As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

Utrecht seeming at first very dull to me. after the animated scenes of London, my spirits were grievously affected; and I wrote to Johnson a plaintive and desponding letter, to which he paid no regard. Afterwards, when I had acquired a firmer tone of mind, I wrote him a second letter, expressing much anxiety to hear from him. At length I received the following epistle, which was of important service to me, and, I trust, will be so to many others.

"*A Mr. Mr.* BOSWELL, *à la Cour de l'Empereur*, UTRECHT.

"DEAR SIR,

"You are not to think yourself forgotten, or criminally neglected, that you have had yet no letter from me. I love to see my friends, to hear from them, to talk to them, and to talk of them; but it is not without a considerable effort of resolution that I prevail upon myself to write. I would not, however, gratify my own indolence by the omission of any important duty, or any office of real kindness.

"To tell you that I am or am not well, that I have or have not been in the country, that I drank your health in the room in which we last sat together, and that your acquaintance continue to speak of you with their former kindness, topicks with which those letters are commonly filled which are written only for the

sake of writing, I seldom shall think worth communicating but if I can have it in my power to calm any harassing disquiet, to excite any virtuous desire, to rectify any important opinion, or fortify any generous resolution, you need not doubt but I shall at least wish to prefer the pleasure of gratifying a friend much less esteemed than yourself, before the gloomy calm of idle vacancy. Whether I shall easily arrive at an exact punctuality of correspondence, I cannot tell I shall, at present, expect that you will receive this in return for two which I have had from you. The first, indeed, gave me an account so hopeless of the state of your mind, that it hardly admitted or deserved an answer; by the second I was much better pleased; and the pleasure will still be increased by such a narrative of the progress of your studies, as may evince the continuance of an equal and rational application of your mind to some useful enquiry.

"You will, perhaps, wish to ask, what study I would recommend. I shall not speak of theology, because it ought not to be considered as a question whether you shall endeavour to know the will of GOD.

"I shall, therefore, consider only such studies as we are at liberty to pursue or to neglect; and of these I know not how you will make a better choice, than by studying the civil law as your father advises, and the ancient languages, as you had determined for yourself; at least resolve, while you remain in any settled residence, to spend a certain number of hours every day amongst your books. The dissipation of thought of which you complain, is nothing more than the vacillation of a mind suspended between different motives, and changing its direction as any motive gains or loses strength. If you can but kindle in your mind any strong desire, if you can but keep predominant any wish for some particular excellence or attainment, the gusts of imagination will break away, without any effect upon your conduct, and commonly without any trace left upon the memory.

"There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversion, and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power; and as affectation in time improves to habit, they at last tyrannise over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom

who, while he was chill, was harmless; but when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison. You know a gentleman, who, when first he set his foot in the gay world, as he prepared himself to whirl in the vortex of pleasure, imagined a total indifference and universal negligence to be the most agreeable concomitants of youth, and the strongest indication of an airy temper and a quick apprehension. Vacant to every object, and sensible of every impulse, he thought that all appearance of diligence would deduct something from the reputation of genius; and hoped that he should appear to attain, amidst all the ease of carelessness, and all the tumult of diversion, that knowledge and those accomplishments which mortals of the common fabrick obtain only by mute abstraction and solitary drudgery. He tried this scheme of life awhile, was made weary of it by his sense and his virtue; he then wished to return to his studies; and finding long habits of idleness and pleasure harder to be cured than he expected, still willing to retain his claim to some extraordinary prerogatives, resolved the common consequences of irregularity into an unalterable decree of destiny, and concluded that Nature had originally formed him incapable of rational employment.

"Let all such fancies, illusive and destructive, be banished henceforward from your thoughts for ever. Resolve, and keep your resolution; choose, and pursue your choice. If you spend this day in study, you will find yourself still more able to study to-morrow; not that you are to expect that you shall at once obtain a complete victory. Depravity is not very easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted; but let no accidental surprise or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again where you left off, and endeavour to avoid the seducements that prevailed over you before.

"This, my dear Boswell, is advice which, perhaps, has been often given you, and given you without effect. But this advice, if you will not take from others, you must take from your own reflections, if you purpose to do the duties of the station to which the bounty of Providence has called you.

"Let me have a long letter from you as soon as you can. I hope you continue your Journal, and enrich it with many observations upon the country in which you reside. It will

be a favour if you can get me any books in the Frisic language, and can enquire how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"London, Dec. 8, 1763."

I am sorry to observe, that neither in my own minutes, nor in my letters to Johnson which have been preserved by him can I find any information how the poor are maintained in the Seven Provinces. But I shall extract from one of my letters what I learnt concerning the other subject of his curiosity.

"I have made all possible enquiry with respect to the Frisick language, and find that it has been less cultivated than any other of the northern dialects; a certain proof of which is their deficiency of books. Of the old Frisick there are no remains, except some ancient laws preserved by Schotanus in his '*Beschryvinge van die Heerlykheid van Friesland*;' and his '*Historia Frisica.*' I have not yet been able to find these books. Professor Trotz, who formerly was of the University of Vranyken in Friesland, and is at present preparing an edition of all the Frisick laws, gave me this information. Of the modern Frisick, or what is spoken 'by the boors of this day, I have procured a specimen. It is Gisbert Japix's '*Rymelerie*,' which is the only book that they have. It is amazing that they have no translation of the bible, no treatises of devotion, nor even any of the ballad and story-books which are so agreeable to country people. You shall have Japix by the first convenient opportunity. I doubt not to pick up Schotanus. Mynheer Trotz has promised me his assistance."

Early in 1764 Johnson paid a visit to the Langton family, at their seat of Langton in Lincolnshire, where he passed some time, much to his satisfaction. His friend, Bennet Langton, it will not be doubted, did every thing in his power to make the place agreeable to so illustrious a guest; and the elder Mr. Langton and his lady, being fully capable of understanding his value, were not wanting in attention. He, however, told me that old Mr. Langton, though a man of considerable learning, had so little allowance to make for his occasional "laxity of talk," that because in the course of discussion he sometimes mentioned what might be said in favour of the peculiar tenets of the Romish church, he went to his grave believing him to be of that communion.

Johnson, during his stay at Langton, had the advantage of a good library, and saw several gentlemen of the neighbourhood. I have obtained from Mr. Langton the following particulars of this period.

He was now fully convinced that he could not have been satisfied with a country living; for talking of a respectable clergyman in Lincolnshire, he observed, "This man, Sir, fills up the duties of his life well. I approve of him, but could not imitate him."

To a lady who endeavoured to vindicate herself from blame for neglecting social attention to worthy neighbours, by saying, 'I would go to them if it would do them any good;" he said, 'What good, Madam, do you expect to have in your power to do them? It is shewing them respect, and that is doing them good."

So socially accommodating was he, that once when Mr. Langton and he were driving together in a coach, and Mr. Langton complained of being sick, he insisted that they should go out, and sit on the back of it in the open air, which they did. And being sensible how strange the appearance must be, observed, that a countryman whom they saw in a field would probably be thinking, "If these two madmen should come down, what would become of me?"

Soon after his return to London, which was in February, was founded that CLUB which existed long without a name, but at Mr. Garrick's funeral became distinguished by the title of THE LITERARY CLUB. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the merit of being the first proposer of it, to which Johnson acceded; and the original members were, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, Soho, one evening in every week, at seven, and generally continued their conversation till a pretty late hour. This club has been gradually increased to its present number, thirty-five. After about ten years, instead of supping weekly, it was resolved to dine together once a fortnight during the meeting of Parliament. Their original tavern having been converted into a private house, they moved first to Prince's in Sackville-street, then to the Telier's in Dover-street, and now meet at Parsloe's, St. James's-street. Between the time of its formation, and the time at which this work is passing through the press, (June 1792,)[1]

[1] [The second edition is here spoken of.—M.]

the following persons, now dead, were members of it: Mr Dunning, (afterwards Lord Ashburton,) Mr. Samuel Dyer Mr. Garrick, Dr. Shipley Bishop of St. Asaph, Mr. Vesey Mr. Thomas Warton, and Dr Adam Smith. The presen members are, Mr. Burke, Mr. Langton, Lord Charlemont, Si Robert Chambers, Dr. Percy Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Barnard Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Marlay Bishop of Clonfert, Mr. Fox Dr. George Fordyce, Sir William Scott, Sir Joseph Banks, Si Charles Bunbury, Mr. Windham of Norfolk, Mr. Sheridan Mr. Gibbon, Sir William Jones, Mr. Colman, Mr. Steevens Dr. Burney, Dr. Joseph Warton, Mr. Malone, Lord Ossory Lord Spencer, Lord Lucan, Lord Palmerston, Lord Eliot Lord Macartney, Mr. Richard Burke, junior, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Warren, Mr. Courtenay, Dr. Hinchliffe Bishop of Peterborough, the Duke of Leeds, Dr. Douglas Bishop o Salisbury, and the writer of this account.[1]

Sir John Hawkins[2] represents himself as a "*seceder*" from thi society, and assigns as the reason of his "*withdrawing*" himsel from it, that its late hours were inconsistent with his domestic arrangements. In this he is not accurate; for the fact was that he one evening attacked Mr. Burke, in so rude a manner that all the company testified their displeasure; and at thei next meeting his reception was such, that he never came again.

He is equally inaccurate with respect to Mr. Garrick, of whom

[1] [The Literary Club has since been deprived by death of Dr. Hinchliffe Bishop o Peterborough, Mr. Gibbon, Sir William Jones, Mr. Richard Burke, Mr. Colman, Mr Boswell, (the author of this work,) the Marquis of Bath, Dr. Warren, Mr. Burke, th Rev. Dr. Farmer, the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Lucan, James Earl of Charlemont Mr. Steevens, Dr. Warton, Mr. Langton, Lord Palmerston, Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Marlay Bishop of Waterford, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Robert Chambers, Lord Eliot, Lor Macartney, Dr. Barnard Bishop of Limerick, Mr. Fox, Dr. Horsley Bishop of St. Asaph Dr. Douglas Bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. French Lawrence. Its latest and its irrepar able loss was that of the Right Hon. William Windham, the delight and admiration o this society, and of every other with whom he ever associated.—Of the persons above mentioned some were chosen members of it, after the preceding account was written. I has since that time acquired Sir Charles Blagden, Major Rennell, the Hon. Frederic North, the Right Hon. George Canning, Mr. Marsden, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, the Reverend Dr. Vincent, Dean of Westminster Mr. William Lock, Jun., Mr. George Ellis, Lord Minto, the Right Hon. Sir William Grant Master of the Rolls, Sir George Staunton, Bart., Mr. Charles Wilkins, the Righ Hon. Sir William Drummond, Sir Henry Halford, M.D., Sir Henry Englefield, Bart. Henry Lord Holland, John Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Charles Hatchett, Mr. Charle Vaughan, Mr. Humphrey Davy, and the Rev. Dr. Burney.—The Club, some years afte Mr. Boswell's death, removed (in 1799,) from Parsloe's to the Thatched House i St. James's-street, where they still continue to meet.

The total number of those who have been members of this Club, from its foundation t the present time, (October 1810,) is, seventy-six; of whom fifty-five have been authours. Of the seventy-six members above mentioned, forty-three are dead; thirty three living.—M.]

[2] Life of Johnson, p. 425.

[3] From Sir Joshua Reynolds.

[The Knight having refused to pay his portion of the reckoning for supper, because h usually eat no supper at home, Johnson observed, "Sir John, Sir, is a very *uncubati* man."—Burney.]

he says, "he trusted that the least intimation of a desire to come among us, would procure him a ready admission; but in this he was mistaken. Johnson consulted me upon it; and when I could find no objection to receiving him, exclaimed,—'He will disturb us by his buffoonery;'—and afterwards so managed matters, that he was never formally proposed, and, by consequence, never admitted."[1]

In justice both to Mr. Garrick and Dr. Johnson, I think it necessary to rectify this mis-statement. The truth is, that not very long after the institution of our club, Sir Joshua Reynolds was speaking of it to Garrick. "I like it much, (said he,) I think I shall be of you." When Sir Joshua mentioned this to Dr. Johnson, he was much displeased with the actor's conceit. "*He'll be of us*, (said Johnson) how does he know we will *permit* him? the first Duke in England has no right to hold such language." However, when Garrick was regularly proposed some time afterwards, Johnson, though he had taken a momentary offence at his arrogance, warmly and kindly supported him, and he was accordingly elected,[2] was a most agreeable member, and continued to attend our meetings to the time of his death.

Mrs. Piozzi[3] has also given a similar misrepresentation of Johnson's treatment of Garrick in this particular, as if he had used these contemptuous expressions: if Garrick *does* apply, I'll black-ball him.—Surely, one ought to sit in a society like ours,

"Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player."

I am happy to be enabled by such unquestionable authority as that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as well as from my own knowledge, to vindicate at once the heart of Johnson and the social merit of Garrick.

In this year, except what he may have done in revising Shakspeare, we do not find that he laboured much in literature. He wrote a review of Grainger's "Sugar Cane, a Poem," in the London Chronicle. He told me, that Dr. Percy wrote the greatest part of this review; but, I imagine, he did not recollect it distinctly, for it appears to be mostly, if not altogether, his own. He also wrote in the Critical Review, an account † of Goldsmith's excellent poem, "The Traveller."

The ease and independence to which he had at last attained by royal munificence, increased his natural indolence. In his

[1] Life of Johnson, p. 425.
[2] [Mr. Garrick was elected in March 1773.—M.]
[3] Letters to and from Dr. Johnson. Vol. II. p. 278.

"Meditations," he thus accuses himself: "Good Friday April 20, 1764. I have made no reformation; I have live totally useless, more sensual in thought, and more addicted wine and meat."[1] And next morning he thus feelingly com plains: "My indolence, since my last reception of the sacrament has sunk into grosser sluggishness, and my dissipation spread into wilder negligence. My thoughts have been clouded wi sensuality; and, except that from the beginning of this year have, in some measure, forborne excess of strong drink, m appetites have predominated over my reason. A kind strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not wha has become of the last year; and perceive that incidents an intelligence pass over me without leaving any impression." H then solemnly says, "This is not the life to which heaven promised;"[2] and he earnestly resolves an amendment.

It was his custom to observe certain days with a pious abstraction: viz. New-year's day, the day of his wife's death Good Friday, Easter-day, and his own birth-day. He this year says, "I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving: having from the earliest time almost that I can remember, been form ing schemes of a better life. I have done nothing. The need of doing, therefore, is pressing, since the time of doing is short O God, grant me to resolve aright, and to keep my resolutions for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."[3] Such a tenderness of conscience, such a fervent desire of improvement, will rarely be found. It is, surely, not decent in those who are hardened in indifference to spiritual improvement, to treat this pious anxiety of Johnson with contempt.

About this time he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriack disorder, which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr. Adams told me, that, as an old friend he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state, sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used this emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 50.
[2] Ibid. p. 52.
[3] Ibid. p. 58.

been distinctly overheard.[1] His friend Mr. Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill says,

"That Davies hath a very pretty wife,——"

when Dr. Johnson muttered—"lead us not into temptation," used with waggish and gallant humour to whisper Mrs. Davies, 'You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends even ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot, (I am not certain which,) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture: for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. A strange instance of something of this nature, even when on horseback, happened when he was in the Isle of Sky.[2] Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good way about, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester-fields; but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollection associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted, it is requisite to mention, that while talking or even musing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side towards his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backwards and forwards, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various

[1] [It used to be imagined at Mr. Thrale's, when Johnson retired to a window or corner of the room, by perceiving his lips in motion, and hearing a murmur without audible articulation, that he was praying; but this was not *always* the case, for I was once, perhaps unperceived by him, writing at a table, so near the place of his retreat, that I heard him repeating some lines in an ode of Horace, over and over again, as if by iteration to exercise the organs of speech, and fix the ode in his memory:

Audiet cives accuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent,
Audiet pugnas.

It was during the American war.—BURNEY.]

[2] Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, 3rd edit. p. 316 (Oct. 12).

sounds with his mouth; sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, *too, too, too*: all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I suppose was a relief to his lungs; and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind.

I am fully aware how very obvious an occasion I here give for the sneering jocularity of such as have no relish of an exact likeness; which to render complete, he who draws it must not disdain the slightest strokes. But if witlings should be inclined to attack this account, let them have the candour to quote what I have offered in my defence.

He was for some time in the summer at Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, on a visit to the Reverend Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore. Whatever dissatisfaction he felt at what he considered as a slow progress in intellectual improvement, we find that his heart was tender, and his affections warm, as appears from the following very kind letter:

"To Joshua Reynolds, Esq. in Leicester-fields, London.

"DEAR SIR,

"I DID not hear of your sickness till I heard likewise of your recovery, and therefore escaped that part of your pain, which every man must feel, to whom you are known as you are known to me.

"Having had no particular account of your disorder, I know not in what state it has left you. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you, or my own interest as by preserving you, in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man whom I call a friend.

"Pray, let me hear of you from yourself, or from dear Miss

Reynolds.[1] Make my compliments to Mr. Mudge. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate
"And most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

'At the Rev. Mr. Percy's, at Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire, (by Castle Ashby,) Aug. 19, 1764."

Early in the year 1765 he paid a short visit to the University of Cambridge, with his friend Mr. Beauclerk. There is a lively picturesque account of his behaviour on this visit, in the Gentleman's Magazine for March 1785, being an extract of a letter from the late Dr. John Sharp. The two following sentences are very characteristical: "He drank his large potations of tea with me, interrupted by many an indignant contradiction, and many a noble sentiment."—"Several persons got into his company the last evening at Trinity, where, about twelve, he began to be very great; stripped poor Mrs. Macaulay to the very skin, then gave her for his toast, and drank her in two bumpers."

The strictness of his self-examination, and scrupulous Christian humility, appear in his pious meditation on Easter-day this year.—"I purpose again to partake of the blessed sacrament; yet when I consider how vainly I have hitherto resolved at this annual commemoration of my Saviour's death, to regulate my life by his laws, I am almost afraid to renew my resolutions."

The concluding words are very remarkable, and shew that he laboured under a severe depression of spirits. "Since the last Easter I have reformed no evil habit; my time has been unprofitably spent, and seems as a dream that has left nothing behind. *My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me.* Good Lord, deliver me!"[2]

No man was more gratefully sensible of any kindness done to him than Johnson. There is a little circumstance in his diary this year, which shews him in a very amiable light.

"July 2. I paid Mr. Simpson ten guineas, which he had formerly lent me in my necessity, and for which Tetty expressed her gratitude."

"July 8. I lent Mr. Simpson ten guineas more."

[1] Sir Joshua's sister, for whom Johnson had a particular affection, and to whom he wrote many letters which I have seen, and which I am sorry her too nice delicacy will not permit to be published.

[2] Prayers and Meditations, p. 61.

Here he had a pleasing opportunity of doing the same kindness to an old friend, which he had formerly received from him. Indeed his liberality as to money was very remarkable. The next article in his diary is, "July 16th, I received seventy-five pounds. Lent Mr. Davies twenty-five."

Trinity College, Dublin, at this time surprised Johnson with a spontaneous compliment of the highest academical honours, by creating him Doctor of Laws. The diploma, which is in my possession, is as follows:

"*OMNIBUS ad quos præsentes literæ pervenerint, salutem. Nos Præpositus et Socii Seniores Collegii sacrosanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis Reginæ, Elizabethæ juxta Dublin, testamur,* Samuel Johnson, *Armigero, ob egregiam scriptorum elegantium et utilitatem, gratiam concessam fuisse pro gradu Doctoratûs in utroque Jure, octavo die Julii, Anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo sexagesimo-quinto. In cujus rei testimonium singulorum manus et sigillum quo in hisce utimur apposuimus; vicesimo tertio die Julii, Anno Domini millesimo septingentesimo sexagesimo quinto.*

Gul. Clement.	Fran. Andrews.	R. Murray.
Tho. Wilson.	*Præp.*	Robtus Law.
Tho. Leland.		Mich. Kearney."

This unsolicited mark of distinction, conferred on so great a literary character, did much honour to the judgement and liberal spirit of that learned body. Johnson acknowledged the favour in a letter to Dr. Leland, one of their number; but I have not been able to obtain a copy of it.[1]

He appears this year to have been seized with a temporary

[1] [Since the publication of the edition in 1804, a copy of this letter has been obligingly communicated to me by John Leland, Esq. son to the learned Historian, to whom it is addressed:

"To the Rev. Dr. Leland.

"Sir,

"Among the names subscribed to the degree which I have had the honour of receiving from the University of Dublin, I find none of which I have any personal knowledge but those of Dr Andrews and yourself.

"Men can be estimated by those who know them not, only as they are represented by those who know them; and therefore I flatter myself that I owe much of the pleasure which this distinction gives me, to your concurrence with Dr. Andrews in recommending me to the learned society.

"Having desired the Provost to return my general thanks to the University, I beg that you, Sir, will accept my particular and immediate acknowledgments.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient and most humble servant,

Sam. Johnson."

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street,
London, Oct. 17, 1765."

I have not been able to recover the letter which Johnson wrote to Dr. Andrews on this occasion.—M.]

t of ambition, for he had thoughts both of studying law, and f engaging in politicks. His "Prayer before the Study of Law" s truly admirable:

"Sept. 26, 1765.

"Almighty God, the giver of wisdom, without whose help esolutions are vain, without whose blessing study is ineffectual; nable me, if it be thy will, to attain such knowledge as may ualify me to direct the doubtful, and instruct the ignorant; to revent wrongs and terminate contentions; and grant that I ay use that knowledge which I shall attain, to thy glory nd my own salvation, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."[1]

His prayer in the view of becoming a politician is entitled, Engaging in Politicks with H——n," no doubt, his friend, he Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton, for whom, uring a long acquaintance, he had a great esteem, and to whose onversation he once paid this high compliment: "I am very nwilling to be left alone, Sir, and therefore I go with my ompany down the first pair of stairs, in some hopes that they ay, perhaps, return again; I go with you, Sir, as far as the reet-door." In what particular department he intended to ngage,[2] does not appear, nor can Mr. Hamilton explain. His rayer is in general terms: "Enlighten my understanding with nowledge of right, and govern my will by thy laws, that no eceit may mislead me, nor temptation corrupt me; that I may lways endeavour to do good, and hinder evil."[3] There is othing upon the subject in his diary.

This year was distinguished by his being introduced into the mily of Mr. Thrale, one of the most eminent brewers in ngland, and member of Parliament for the borough of South- ark. Foreigners are not a little amazed, when they hear of rewers, distillers, and men in similar departments of trade, eld forth as persons of considerable consequence. In this reat commercial country it is natural that a situation which roduces much wealth should be considered as very respectable;

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 66.

[2] [In the Preface to a late Collection of Mr. Hamilton's Pieces, it has been observed, at our authour was, by the generality of Johnson's words, "led to suppose that he was zed with a temporary fit of ambition, and that hence he was induced to apply his oughts to law and politicks. But Mr. Boswell was certainly mistaken in this respect; d these words merely allude to Johnson's having at that time entered into some gagement with Mr. Hamilton occasionally to furnish him with his sentiments on the eat political topicks which should be considered in parliament." In consequence of s engagement, Johnson, in November, 1765, wrote a very valuable tract, entitled, Considerations on Corn," which is printed as an Appendix to the works of Mr. amilton, published by T. Payne in 1808.—M.]

[3] Prayers and Meditations, p. 67.

and, no doubt, honest industry is entitled to esteem. But, perhaps, the too rapid advances of men of low extraction tends to lessen the value of that distinction by birth and gentility which has ever been found beneficial to the grand scheme of subordination. Johnson used to give this account of the rise of Mr. Thrale's father: "He worked at six shillings a week for twenty years in the great brewery, which afterwards was his own. The proprietor of it[1] had an only daughter, who was married to a nobleman. It was not fit that a peer should continue the business. On the old man's death, therefore, the brewery was to be sold. To find a purchaser for so large a property was a difficult matter; and, after some time, it was suggested, that it would be adviseable to treat with Thrale, a sensible, active, honest man, who had been employed in the house, and to transfer the whole to him for thirty thousand pounds, security being taken upon the property. This was accordingly settled. In eleven years Thrale paid the purchase-money. He acquired a large fortune, and lived to be a member of Parliament for Southwark.[2] But what was most remarkable was the liberality with which he used his riches. He gave his son and daughters the best education. The esteem which his good conduct procured him from the noble man who had married his master's daughter, made him to be treated with much attention; and his son, both at school and at the University of Oxford, associated with young men of the first rank. His allowance from his father, after he left college, was splendid; not less than a thousand a year. This, in a man who had risen as old Thrale did, was a very extraordinary instance of generosity. He used to say, 'If this young dog does not find so much after I am gone as he expects, let him remember that he has had a great deal in my own time.'"

The son, though in affluent circumstances, had good sense enough to carry on his father's trade, which was of such extent that I remember he once told me, he would not quit it for a

[1] [The predecessor of old Thrale was Edmund Halsey, Esq.; the nobleman who married his daughter, was Lord Cobham, great uncle of the Marquis of Buckingham. But I believe, Dr. Johnson was mistaken in assigning so very low an origin to Mr. Thrale. The Clerk of St. Alban's, a very aged man, told me, that he, (the elder Thrale,) married a sister of Mr. Halsey. It is at least certain that the family of Thrale was of some consideration in that town: in the abbey church is a handsome monument to the memory of Mr. John Thrale, late of London, Merchant, who died in 1704, aged 64; Margaret, his wife, and three of their children who died young, between the years 1680 and 1690. The arms upon this monument are, paly of eight, gules and or, impaling ermine, on a chief indented vert, three wolves' (or gryphons') heads, or, couped at the neck. Crest on a ducal coronet, a tree, vert.—BLAKEWAY.]

[2] [In 1733 he served the office of High Sheriff for Surrey; and died April 9, 17—A. CHALMERS.]

nnuity of ten thousand a year; "Not (said he,) that I get ten housand a year by it, but it is an estate to a family." Having eft daughters only, the property was sold for the immense ım of one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds; a agnificent proof of what may be done by fair trade in a ng period of time.

There may be some who think that a new system of entility[1] might be established, upon principles totally different om what have hitherto prevailed. Our present heraldry, it ay be said, is suited to the barbarous times in which it had s origin. It is chiefly founded upon ferocious merit, upon ilitary excellence. Why, in civilized times, we may be sked, should there not be rank and honours, upon principles, hich, independent of long custom, are certainly not less orthy, and which, when once allowed to be connected with evation and precedency, would obtain the same dignity in our nagination? Why should not the knowledge, the skill, the xpertness, the assiduity, and the spirited hazards of trade and ommerce, when crowned with success, be entitled to give ose flattering distinctions by which mankind are so universally aptivated?

Such are the specious, but false, arguments for a proposition hich always will find numerous advocates, in a nation where en are every day starting up from obscurity to wealth. To fute them is needless. The general sense of mankind cries ut, with irresistible force, "*Un gentilhomme est toujours gentilomme.*"

Mr. Thrale had married Miss Hester Lynch Salusbury, of od Welch extraction, a lady of lively talents, improved by ducation. That Johnson's introduction into Mr. Thrale's mily, which contributed so much to the happiness of his life, as owing to her desire for his conversation, is a very probable id the general supposition: but it is not the truth. Mr. urphy, who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having spoken ry highly of Dr. Johnson, he was requested to make them quainted. This being mentioned to Johnson, he accepted an invitation to dinner at Thrale's, and was so much pleased

[1] Mrs. Burney informs me that she heard Dr. Johnson say, "An English Merchant new species of Gentleman." He, perhaps, had in his mind the following ingenious sage in "The Conscious Lovers," Act iv. Scene ii., where Mr. Sealand thus addresses John Bevil: "Give me leave to say, that we merchants are a species of gentry that 're grown into the world this last century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful you landed-folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us; for your ding forsooth is extended no farther than a load of hay, or a fat ox.—You are pleasant ople indeed! because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore, I warrant you, ustry is dishonourable."

with his reception, both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they s much pleased with him, that his invitations to their house wer more and more frequent, till at last he became one of th family, and an apartment was appropriated to him, both i their house at Southwark and in their villa at Streatham.

Johnson had a very sincere esteem for Mr. Thrale, as a ma of excellent principles, a good scholar, well skilled in trade, a sound understanding, and of manners such as presented th character of a plain independent English 'Squire. As thi family will frequently be mentioned in the course of th following pages, and as a false notion has prevailed tha Mr. Thrale was inferiour, and in some degree insignificant compared with Mrs. Thrale, it may be proper to give a tru state of the case from the authority of Johnson himself in hi own words.

"I know no man, (said he,) who is more master o his wife and family than Thrale. If he but holds up a finger, he is obeyed. It is a great mistake to suppose that she is above him in literary attainments. She i more flippant; but he has ten times her learning: he is a regular scholar; but her learning is that of a school-boy in one of the lower forms." My readers may naturally wish for some representation of the figures of this couple. Mr. Thrale was tall, well proportioned, and stately. As for *Madam*, or *my Mistress*, by which epithets Johnson used to mention Mrs Thrale, she was short, plump, and brisk. She has herself given us a lively view of the idea which Johnson had of her person, on her appearing before him in a dark coloured gown. "You little creatures should never wear those sort of clothes however; they are unsuitable in every way. What! have not all insects gay colours?"[1] Mr. Thrale gave his wife a liberal indulgence, both in the choice of their company, and in the mode of entertaining them. He understood and valued Johnson, without remission, from their first acquaintance to the day of his death. Mrs. Thrale was enchanted with Johnson's conversation for its own sake, and had also a very allowable vanity in appearing to be honoured with the attention of so celebrated a man.

Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life: his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well-

[1] Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 279.

rdered family. He was treated with the utmost respect, and
ven affection. The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk
oused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were
lone. But this was not often the case; for he found here a
onstant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment,
he society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every
ay; who were assembled in numerous companies; called
orth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration,
o which no man could be insensible.

In the October of this year [1] he at length gave to the world
is edition of Shakespeare, which, if it had no other merit but
hat of producing his Preface, in which the excellencies and
efects of that immortal bard are displayed with a masterly
and, the nation would have had no reason to complain. A
lind indiscriminate admiration of Shakspeare had exposed
he British nation to the ridicule of foreigners. Johnson, by
andidly admitting the faults of his poet, had the more credit
bestowing on him deserved and indisputable praise; and
oubtless none of all his panegyrists have done him half so
uch honour. Their praise was like that of a counsel, upon
s own side of the cause; Johnson's was like the grave, well
onsidered, and impartial opinion of the judge, which falls
om his lips with weight, and is received with reverence.
Vhat he did as a commentator has no small share of merit,
ough his researches were not so ample, and his investigations
o acute as they might have been; which we now certainly
now from the labours of other able and ingenious criticks
ho have followed him. He has enriched his edition with
concise account of each play, and of his characteristick
xcellence. Many of his notes have illustrated obscurities in
he text, and placed passages eminent for beauty in a more
onspicuous light; and he has, in general, exhibited such a
ode of annotation, as may be beneficial to all subsequent
litors.

His Shakspeare was virulently attacked by Mr. William
enrick, who obtained the degree of LL.D. from a Scotch

[From a letter written by Dr. Johnson to Dr. Joseph Warton, the day after the publ
ation of his Shakspeare, Oct. 9, 1765, (See Wooll's Memoirs of Dr. Warton, 4to. 1806) it
pears that Johnson spent some time with that gentleman at Winchester in this year.
a letter written by Dr. Warton to Mr. Thomas Warton, not long afterwards (January
1766) is a paragraph which may throw some light on various passages in Dr. Warton's
ition of Pope, relative to Johnson — "I only dined with Johnson, who seemed cold and
ifferent, and scarce said any thing to me: perhaps he has heard what I said of his
akspeare, or rather was offended at what I wrote to him: — as he pleases." The letter
e alluded to, it is believed, has not been preserved: at least, it does not appear in the
llection above referred to.—M.]

University, and wrote for the booksellers in a great variety branches. Though he certainly was not without considera merit, he wrote with so little regard to decency, and princip and decorum, and in so hasty a manner, that his reputati was neither extensive nor lasting. I remember one eveni when some of his works were mentioned, Dr. Goldsmith sa he had never heard of them; upon which Dr. Johns observed, "Sir, he is one of the many who have ma themselves *publick*, without making themselves *known*."

A young student of Oxford, of the name of Barclay, wro an answer to Kenrick's review of Johnson's Shakspea Johnson was at first angry that Kenrick's attack should ha the credit of an answer. But afterwards, considering the you man's good intention, he kindly noticed him, and probab would have done more, had not the young man died.

In his Preface to Shakspeare, Johnson treated Voltaire ve contemptuously, observing, upon some of his remarks, "The are the petty cavils of petty minds." Voltaire, in reveng made an attack upon Johnson, in one of his numerous litera sallies which I remember to have read; but there being n general index to his voluminous works, have searched in vai and therefore cannot quote it.

Voltaire was an antagonist with whom I thought Johnso should not disdain to contend. I pressed him to answer. H said, he perhaps might; but he never did.

Mr. Burney having occasion to write to Johnson for son receipts for subscriptions to his Shakspeare, which Johnso had omitted to deliver when the money was paid, he availe himself of that opportunity of thanking Johnson for the gre pleasure which he had received from the perusal of his Prefac to Shakspeare; which, although it excited much clamou against him at first, is now justly ranked among the mos excellent of his writings. To this letter Johnson returned th following answer:

"To Charles Burney, Esq. in Poland-Street.

"SIR,

"I am sorry that your kindness to me has brought upo you so much trouble, though you have taken care to abat that sorrow, by the pleasure which I receive from your appro bation. I defend my criticism in the same manner with you We must confess the faults of our favourite, to gain credit t our praise of his excellencies. He that claims, either in him

elf or for another, the honours of perfection, will surely injure he reputation which he designs to assist.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to your family. I m, Sir,

"Your most obliged
"And most humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

Oct. 16, 1765."

From one of his Journals I transcribed what follows:

"At church, Oct. —65.

"To avoid all singularity; *Bonaventura*.[1]

"To come in before service, and compose my mind by meditation, or by reading some portions of scripture. *Tetty*.

"If I can hear the sermon, to attend it, unless attention be more troublesome than useful.

"To consider the act of prayer as a reposal of myself upon God, and a resignation of all into his holy hand."

In 1764 and 1765 it should seem that Dr. Johnson was so busily employed with his edition of Shakspeare, as to have had little leisure for any other literary exertion, or, indeed, even for private correspondence. He did not favour me with a single letter for more than two years, for which it will appear that he afterwards apologised.

He was, however, at all times ready to give assistance to his friends, and others, in revising their works, and in writing for them, or greatly improving, their Dedications. In that courtly species of composition no man excelled Dr. Johnson. Though the loftiness of his mind prevented him from ever dedicating in his own person, he wrote a very great number of Dedications for others. Some of these, the persons who were favoured with them, are unwilling should be mentioned, from a too anxious apprehension, as I think, that they might be suspected of having received larger assistance; and some, after all the diligence I have bestowed, have escaped my enquiries. He told me, a great many years ago, "he believed he had dedicated to all the Royal Family round;" and it was indifferent to him what was the subject of the work dedicated, provided it were innocent. He once dedicated some Musick for the German Flute to Edward, Duke of York. In writing Dedications for others, he considered himself as by no means speaking his own sentiments.

[1] He was probably proposing to himself the model of this excellent person, who for his piety was named *The Seraphick Doctor*.

Notwithstanding his long silence, I never omitted to write to him, when I had any thing worthy of communicating. I generally kept copies of my letters to him, that I might have a full view of our correspondence, and never be at a loss to understand any reference in his letters. He kept the greater part of mine very carefully; and a short time before his death was attentive enough to seal them up in bundles, and order them to be delivered to me, which was accordingly done. Amongst them I found one, of which I had not made a copy, and which I own I read with pleasure at the distance of almost twenty years. It is dated November, 1765, at the palace of Pascal Paoli, in Corte, the capital of Corsica, and is full of generous enthusiasm. After giving a sketch of what I had seen and heard in that island, it proceeded thus: "I dare to call this a spirited tour. I dare to challenge your approbation."

This letter produced the following answer, which I found on my arrival at Paris.

A Mr. Mr. BOSWELL, *chez Mr.* WATERS, *Banquier, à Paris.*

"DEAR SIR,

"APOLOGIES are seldom of any use. We will delay till your arrival the reasons, good or bad, which have made me such a sparing and ungrateful correspondent. Be assured, for the present, that nothing has lessened either the esteem or love with which I dismissed you at Harwich. Both have been increased by all that I have been told of you by yourself or others; and when you return, you will return to an unaltered, and, I hope, unalterable friend.

"All that you have to fear from me is the vexation of disappointing me. No man loves to frustrate expectations which have been formed in his favour; and the pleasure which I promise myself from your journals and remarks is so great, that perhaps no degree of attention or discernment will be sufficient to afford it.

"Come home, however, and take your chance. I long to see you, and to hear you; and hope that we shall not be so long separated again. Come home, and expect such welcome as is due to him, whom a wise and noble curiosity has led, where perhaps no native of this country ever was before.

"I have no news to tell you that can deserve your notice; nor would I willingly lessen the pleasure that any novelty may give you at your return. I am afraid we shall find it difficult

keep among us a mind which has been so long feasted with riety. But let us try what esteem and kindness can effect.

"As your father's liberality has indulged you with so long a mble, I doubt not but you will think his sickness, or even s desire to see you, a sufficient reason for hastening your turn. The longer we live, and the more we think, the gher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness parents and of friends. Parents we can have but once; and promises himself too much, who enters life with the expect-ion of finding many friends. Upon some motive, I hope, at you will be here soon; and am willing to think that it will an inducement to your return, that it is sincerely desired , dear Sir,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Johnson's Court, Fleet-street,
January 14, 1766."

I returned to London in February, and found Dr. Johnson a good house in Johnson's court, Fleet-street, in which he d accommodated Miss Williams with an apartment on the ound floor, while Mr. Levett occupied his post in the garret: s faithful Francis was still attending upon him. He received e with much kindness. The fragments of our first convers-ion, which I have preserved, are these: I told him that oltaire, in a conversation with me, had distinguished Pope d Dryden thus:—"Pope drives a handsome chariot, with a uple of neat trim nags; Dryden a coach, and six stately rses." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the truth is, they both drive aches and six; but Dryden's horses are either galloping or mbling: Pope's go at a steady even trot."[1] He said of oldsmith's "Traveller," which had been published in my sence, "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's ne."

And here it is proper to settle, with authentick precision, hat has long floated in publick report, as to Johnson's being mself the authour of a considerable part of that poem. Much, doubt, both of the sentiments and expression were derived om conversation with him; and it was certainly submitted to

[1] It is remarkable that Mr. Gray has employed somewhat the same image to characterise Dryden. He, indeed, furnishes his car with but two horses; but they are of thereal race:

"Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courfers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long refounding pace."

Ode on the Progress of Poesy.

his friendly revision: but in the year 1783, he at my reque marked with a pencil the lines which he had furnished, whi are only line 420th,

"To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;"

and the concluding ten lines, except the last couplet but on which I distinguish by the Italick character:

"How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure,
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestick joy:
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power, but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own."

He added, "These are all of which I can be sure." The bear a small proportion to the whole, which consists of fo hundred and thirty-eight verses. Goldsmith, in the couple which he inserted, mentions *Luke* as a person well known, an superficial readers have passed it over quite smoothly; whil those of more attention have been as much perplexed by *Luk* as by *Lydiat*, in "The Vanity of Human Wishes." The trut is, that Goldsmith himself was in a mistake. In the *Respublic Hungarica*, there is an account of a desperate rebellion in th year 1514, headed by two brothers, of the name of *Zeck*, Georg and Luke. When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke*, wa punished by his head being encircled with a red hot iron crown "*coronâ candescente ferreâ coronatur.*" The same severity torture was exercised on the Earl of Athol, one of th murderers of King James I. of Scotland.[1]

Dr. Johnson at the same time favoured me by marking th lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village, which are only the last four:

"That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away:
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

Talking of education, "People have now-a-days, (said he, got a strange opinion that every thing should be taught b lectures. Now, I cannot see that lectures can do so muc

[1] [On the iron crown, see Mr. Steevens's note 7, on Act iv. sc. i. of RICHARD III. I seems to be alluded to in MACBETH, Act iv. sc. i. "Thy crown does sear," &c. Se also Gough's Camden, vol. iii. p. 396.—BLAKEWAY.]

od as reading the books from which the lectures are taken. know nothing that can be best taught by lectures, except ere experiments are to be shewn. You may teach chymistry lectures:—You might teach making of shoes by lectures!" At night I supped with him at the Mitre Tavern, that we ght renew our social intimacy at the original place of meeting. t there was now a considerable difference in his way of ing. Having had an illness, in which he was advised to ve off wine, he had, from that period, continued to abstain m it, and drank only water, or lemonade.

I told him that a foreign friend of his, whom I had met with road, was so wretchedly perverted to infidelity, that he treated e hopes of immortality with brutal levity; and said, "As an dies like a dog, let him lie like a dog." JOHNSON. "*If* dies like a dog, *let* him lie like a dog." I added, that this an said to me, "I hate mankind, for I think myself one of e best of them, and I know how bad I am." JOHNSON. Sir, he must be very singular in his opinion, if he thinks mself one of the best of men; for none of his friends think m so."—He said, "No honest man could be a Deist; for no an could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of ristianity." I named Hume. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; Hume rned to a clergyman in the bishoprick of Durham, that he d never read the New Testament with attention."—I entioned Hume's notion, that all who are happy are equally ppy; a little Miss with a new gown at a dancing-school ball, General at the head of a victorious army, and an orator, after ving made an eloquent speech in a great assembly. JOHNSON. Sir, that all who are happy, are equally happy, is not true. peasant and a philosopher may be equally *satisfied*, but not ually *happy*. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of reeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having ual happiness with a philosopher." I remember this very estion very happily illustrated in opposition to Hume, by the everend Mr. Robert Brown, at Utrecht. "A small drinking- ss and a large one, (said he,) may be equally full; but the ge one holds more than the small."[1]

[Bishop Hall, in discussing this subject, has the same image: "Yet so conceive of se heavenly degrees, that the least is glorious. *So do these vessels differ, that all are .*" EPISTLES, Dec. iii. cp. 6. "Of the different degrees of heavenly glory." This t learned and ingenious writer, however, was not the first who suggested this image; it is found also in an old book entitled "A Work worth the reading," by Charles bon, 4to, 1591. In the fifth dialogue of this work, in which the question debated is, hether there be degrees of glorie in heaven, or difference of paines in hell," one of the akers observes, that "no doubt in the world to come, (where the least pleasure is

Dr. Johnson was very kind this evening, and said to me "You have now lived five-and-twenty years, and you have employed them well." "Alas, Sir, (said I,) I fear not. Do know history? Do I know mathematicks? Do I know law? JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, though you may know no science s well as to be able to teach it, and no profession so well as to b able to follow it, your general mass of knowledge of books an men renders you very capable to make yourself master of an science, or fit yourself for any profession." I mentioned the a gay friend had advised me against being a lawyer, becaus I should be excelled by plodding blockheads. JOHNSON "Why, Sir, in the formulary and statutory part of law, plodding blockhead may excel; but in the ingenious an rational part of it a plodding blockhead can never excel."

I talked of the mode adopted by some to rise in the world by courting great men, and asked him whether he had eve submitted to it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I never was nea enough to great men, to court them. You may be prudentl attached to great men, and yet independent. You are not t do what you think wrong; and, Sir, you are to calculate, an not pay too dear for what you get. You must not give shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth o court, you are a fool if you do not pay court."

He said, "If convents should be allowed at all, they shoul only be retreats for persons unable to serve the publick, o who have served it. It is our first duty to serve society; and after we have done that, we may attend wholly to the salvatio of our own souls. A youthful passion for abstracted devotio should not be encouraged."

I introduced the subject of second sight, and othe mysterious manifestations; the fulfilment of which, I suggested might happen by chance. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, but the have happened so often, that mankind have agreed to thin them not fortuitous."

I talked to him a great deal of what I had seen in Corsica and of my intention to publish an account of it. He encou aged me by saying, "You cannot go to the bottom of th

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unspeakable,) it cannot be but that he which hath bin most afflicted here, shall conceiv and receive more exceeding joy, than he which hath bin touched with lesse tribulation and yet the joyes of heaven are little compared to *vessels filled with liquor, of a quantities*; for everie man shall have his full measure there." By "*all* quantities" th writer (who seems to refer to a still more ancient authour than himself) I suppose, mean *different* quantities.—M.]

bject; but all that you tell us will be new to us. Give us many anecdotes as you can."

Our next meeting at the Mitre was on Saturday the 15th of ebruary, when I presented to him my old and most intimate end, the Reverend Mr. Temple, then of Cambridge. I ving mentioned that I had passed some time with Rousseau his wild retreat, and having quoted some remark made by r. Wilkes, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in aly, Johnson said, (sarcastically,) "It seems, Sir, you have ept very good company abroad, Rousseau and Wilkes!" hinking it enough to defend one at a time, I said nothing as my gay friend, but answered with a smile, "My dear Sir, ou don't call Rousseau bad company. Do you really think *m* a bad man?" JOHNSON. "Sir, if you are talking jest-gly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be inted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations ve expelled him: and it is a shame that he is protected in this untry." BOSWELL. "I don't deny, Sir, but that his novel ay, perhaps, do harm; but I cannot think his intention was d." JOHNSON. "Sir, that will not do. We cannot prove y man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through e head, and say you intended to miss him; but the Judge ll order you to be hanged. An alleged want of intention, hen evil is committed, will not be allowed in a court of stice. Rousseau, Sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner gn a sentence for his transportation, than that of any felon ho has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I ould like to have him work in the plantations." BOSWELL. Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" JOHN-N. "Why, Sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iquity between them."

This violence seemed very strange to me, who had read any of Rousseau's animated writings with great pleasure, and en edification; had been much pleased with his society, and as just come from the Continent, where he was very generally lmired. Nor can I yet allow that he deserves the very severe nsure which Johnson pronounced upon him His absurd eference of savage to civilised life, and other singularities, are oofs rather of a defect in his understanding, than of any epravity in his heart. And notwithstanding the unfavourable pinion which many unworthy men have expressed of his *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*," I cannot help

admiring it as the performance of a man full of sincere reve
ential submission to Divine Mystery, though beset wi
perplexing doubts; a state of mind to be viewed with pi
rather than with anger.

On his favourite subject of subordination, Johnson sai
"So far is it from being true that men are naturally equa
that no two people can be half an hour together, but one sha
acquire an evident superiority over the other."

I mentioned the advice given us by philosophers, to conso
ourselves, when distressed or embarrassed, by thinking
those who are in a worse situation than ourselves. This,
observed, could not apply to all, for there must be some wh
have nobody worse than they are. JOHNSON. "Why, to b
sure, Sir, there are; but they don't know it. There is n
being so poor and so contemptible, who does not think the
is somebody still poorer, and still more contemptible."

As my stay in London at this time was very short, I had n
many opportunities of being with Dr. Johnson; but I felt m
veneration for him in no degree lessened, by my having see
multorum hominum mores et urbes. On the contrary, b
having it in my power to compare him with many of the mo
celebrated persons of other countries, my admiration of h
extraordinary mind was increased and confirmed.

The roughness, indeed, which sometimes appeared in h
manners, was more striking to me now, from my having bee
accustomed to the studied smooth complying habits of th
Continent; and I clearly recognised in him, not without respe
for his honest conscientious zeal, the same indignant and sa
castical mode of treating every attempt to unhinge or weake
good principles.

One evening, when a young gentleman teased him with a
account of the infidelity of his servant, who, he said, woul
not believe the scriptures, because he could not read them i
the original tongues, and be sure that they were not invented
"Why, foolish fellow, (said Johnson,) has he any bette
authority for almost everything that he believes?" BOSWELL
"Then the vulgar, Sir, never can know they are right, bu
must submit themselves to the learned." JOHNSON. "To b
sure, Sir. The vulgar are the children of the State, and mus
be taught like children." BOSWELL. "Then, Sir, a poo
Turk must be a Mahometan, just as a poor Englishman mus
be a Christian?" JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Sir; and wha
then? This now is such stuff as I used to talk to my mothe

en I first began to think myself a clever fellow; and she ght to have whipt me for it."

Another evening Dr. Goldsmith and I called on him, with hope of prevailing on him to sup with us at the Mitre. found him indisposed, and resolved not to go abroad. Come then, (said Goldsmith,) we will not go to the Mitre night, since we cannot have the big man with us." Johnson en called for a bottle of port, of which Goldsmith and I took, while our friend, now a water-drinker, sat by us.

OLDSMITH. "I think, Mr. Johnson, you don't go near the eatres now. You give yourself no more concern about a w play, than if you had never had any thing to do with the ge." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, our tastes greatly alter. The l does not care for the child's rattle, and the old man does t care for the young man's whore." GOLDSMITH. "Nay, ; but your Muse was not a whore." JOHNSON. "Sir, I do t think she was. But as we advance in the journey of life drop some of the things which have pleased us; whether it that we are fatigued and don't choose to carry so many ngs any farther, or that we find other things which we like tter." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, why don't you give us some- ng in some other way?" GOLDSMITH. "Ay, Sir, we have claim upon you." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I am not obliged do any more. No man is obliged to do as much he can do. A man is to have part of his life to nself. If a soldier has fought a good many campaigns, he not to be blamed, if he retires to ease and tranquillity. A ysician, who has practised long in a great city, may be cused, if he retires to a small town, and takes less practice. ow, Sir, the good I can do by my conversation bears the me proportion to the good I can do by my writings, that the actice of a physician, retired to a small town, does to his actice in a great city." BOSWELL. "But I wonder, Sir, you ve not more pleasure in writing than in not writing." HNSON. "Sir, you *may* wonder."

He talked of making verses, and observed, "The great fficulty is, to know when you have made good ones. When mposing, I have generally had them in my mind, perhaps ty at a time, walking up and down in my room; and then I ve written them down, and often, from laziness, have written ly half lines. I have written a hundred lines in a day. I member, I wrote a hundred lines of 'The Vanity of Human ishes' in a day. Doctor, (turning to Goldsmith,) I am not

quite idle; I made one line t'other day; but I made no more. GOLDSMITH. "Let us hear it; we'll put a bad one to it. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; I have forgot it."

Such specimens of the easy and playful conversation of th great Dr. Samuel Johnson are, I think, to be prized; a exhibiting the little varieties of a mind so enlarged and s powerful when objects of consequence required its exertions and as giving us a minute knowledge of his character and mode of thinking.

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"WHAT your friends have done, that from your departure till now nothing has been heard of you, none of us are able to inform the rest; but as we are all neglected alike, no one thinks himself entitled to the privilege of complaint.

"I should have known nothing of you or of Langton, from the time that dear Miss Langton left us, had not I met Mr Simpson, of Lincoln, one day in the street, by whom I was informed that Mr. Langton, your Mamma, and yourself, had been all ill, but that you were all recovered.

"That sickness should suspend your correspondence, I did not wonder; but hoped that it would be renewed at your recovery.

"Since you will not inform us where you are, or how you live, I know not whether you desire to know any thing of us. However, I will tell you that THE CLUB subsists; but we have the loss of Burke's company since he has been engaged in publick business in which he has gained more reputation than perhaps any man at his [first] appearance ever gained before. He made two speeches in the House for repealing the Stamp-act, which were publickly commended by Mr. Pitt, and have filled the town with wonder.

"Burke is a great man by nature, and is expected soon to attain civil greatness. I am grown greater too, for I have maintained the newspapers these many weeks; and what is greater still, I have risen every morning since New-year's day, at about eight: when I was up, I have indeed done but little; yet it is no slight advancement to obtain for so many hours more, the consciousness of being.

"I wish you were in my new study; I am now writing my first letter in it. I think it looks very pretty about me.

"Dyer [1] is constant at THE CLUB; Hawkins is remiss; I am not over diligent. Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Reynolds, are very constant. Mr. Lye is printing his Saxon and Gothick Dictionary: all THE CLUB subscribes.

"You will pay my respects to all my Lincolnshire friends.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Most affectionately your's,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"March 9, 1766.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"IN supposing that I should be more than commonly affected by the death of Peregrine Langton,[2] you were not mistaken; he was one of those whom I loved at once by instinct and by reason. I have seldom indulged more hope of any thing than of being able to improve our acquaintance to friendship. Many a time have I placed myself again at Langton, and imagined the pleasure with which I should walk to Partney [3] in a summer morning; but this is no longer possible. We must now endeavour to preserve what is left us,—his example of piety and œconomy. I hope you make what enquiries you can, and write down what is told you. The little things which distinguish domestick characters are soon forgotten: if you delay to enquire, you will have no information; if you neglect to write, information will be vain.[4]

[1] [Samuel Dyer, Esq. a most learned and ingenious Member of the LITERARY CLUB, for whose understanding and attainments Dr. Johnson had great respect. He died Sept. 14, 1772. A more particular account of this gentleman may be found in a Note on the Life of Dryden, p. 186, prefixed to the edition of that great writer's PROSE WORKS, in four volumes, 8vo. 1800: in which his character is vindicated, and the very unfavourable and unjust representation of it, given by Sir John Hawkins in his Life of Johnson, pp. 222-232, is minutely examined.—M.]

[2] Mr. Langton's uncle.

[3] The place of residence of Mr. Peregrine Langton.

[4] Mr. Langton did not disregard this counsel, but wrote the following account, which he has been pleased to communicate to me:

"The circumstances of Mr. Peregrine Langton were these. He had an annuity for life of two hundred pounds *per annum*. He resided in a village in Lincolnshire: the rent of his house, with two or three small fields, was twenty-eight pounds; the county he lived in was not more than moderately cheap; his family consisted of a sister, who paid him eighteen pounds annually for her board, and a niece. The servants were two maids, and two men in livery. His common way of living, at his table, was three or four dishes; the appurtenances to his table were neat and handsome; he frequently entertained company at dinner, and then his table was well served with as many dishes as were usual at the tables of the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. His own appearance, as to clothes, was genteelly neat and plain. He had always a post-chaise, and kept three horses.

"Such, with the resources I have mentioned, was his way of living, which he did not suffer to employ his whole income: for he had always a sum of money lying by him for

"His art of life certainly deserves to be known and studied. He lived in plenty and elegance upon an income which to many would appear indigent, and to most, scanty. How he lived, therefore, every man has an interest in knowing. His death, I hope, was peaceful; it was surely happy.

"I wish I had written sooner, lest, writing now, I should

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any extraordinary expences that might arise. Some money he put into the stocks; at his death, the sum he had there amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds. He purchased out of his income his household-furniture and linen, of which latter he had a very ample store; and, as I am assured by those that had very good means of knowing, not less than the tenth part of his income was set apart for charity: at the time of his death, the sum of twenty-five pounds was found, with a direction to be employed in such uses.

"He had laid down a plan of living proportioned to his income, and did not practise any extraordinary degree of parsimony, but endeavoured that in his family there should be plenty without waste. As an instance that this was his endeavour, it may be worth while to mention a method he took in regulating a proper allowance of malt liquor to be drunk in his family, that there might not be a deficiency, or any intemperate profusion: On a complaint made that his allowance of a hogshead in a month, was not enough for his own family, he ordered the quantity of a hogshead to be put into bottles, had it locked up from the servants, and distributed out, every day, eight quarts, which is the quantity each day at one hogshead in a month; and told his servants, that if that did not suffice, he would allow them more; but, by this method, it appeared at once that the allowance was much more than sufficient for his small family; and this proved a clear conviction, that could not be answered, and saved all future dispute. He was, in general, very diligently and punctually attended and obeyed by his servants; he was very considerate as to the injunctions he gave, and explained them distinctly; and, at their first coming to his service, steadily exacted a close compliance with them, without any remission: and the servants finding this to be the case, soon grew habitually accustomed to the practice of their business, and then very little further attention was necessary. On extraordinary instances of good behaviour, or diligent service, he was not wanting in particular encouragements and presents above their wages: it is remarkable that he would permit their relations to visit them, and stay at his house two or three days at a time.

"The wonder, with most that hear an account of his œconomy, will be, how he was able, with such an income, to do so much, especially when it is considered that he paid for every thing he had. He had no land, except the two or three small fields which I have said he rented; and, instead of gaining any thing by their produce, I have reason to think he lost by them; however, they furnished him with no further assistance towards his housekeeping, than grass for his horses, (not hay, for that I know he bought,) and for two cows. Every Monday morning he settled his family accounts, and so kept up a constant attention to the confining his expences within his income; and to do it more exactly, compared those expences with a computation he had made, how much that income would afford him every week and day of the year. One of his œconomical practices was, as soon as any repair was wanting in or about his house, to have it immediately performed. When he had money to spare, he chose to lay in a provision of linen or clothes, or any other necessaries; as then, he said, he could afford it, which he might not be so well able to do when the actual want came; in consequence of which method, he had a considerable supply of necessary articles lying by him, beside what was in use.

"But the main particular that seems to have enabled him to do so much with his income, was, that he paid for everything as soon as he had it, except, alone, what were current accounts, such as rent for his house, and servants' wages: and these he paid at the stated times with the utmost exactness. He gave notice to the tradesmen of the neighbouring market-towns, that they should no longer have his custom, if they let any of his servants have any thing without their paying for it. Thus he put it out of his power to commit those imprudences to which those are liable that defer their payments by using their money some other way than where it ought to go. And whatever money he had by him, he knew that it was not demanded elsewhere, but that he might safely employ it as he pleased.

"His example was confined, by the sequestered place of his abode, to the observation of few, though his prudence and virtue would have made it valuable to all who could have known it. These few particulars, which I knew myself, or have obtained from those who lived with him, may afford instruction, and be an incentive to that wise art of living, which he so successfully practised."

enew your grief; but I would not forbear saying what I have ow said.

"This loss is, I hope, the only misfortune of a family to vhom no misfortune at all should happen, if my wishes could vert it. Let me know how you all go on. Has Mr. Langton ot him the little horse that I recommended? It would do im good to ride about his estate in fine weather.

"Be pleased to make my compliments to Mrs. Langton, and o dear Miss Langton, and Miss Di, and Miss Juliet, and to very body else.

"THE CLUB holds very well together. Monday is my ight.[1] I continue to rise tolerably well, and read more than did. I hope something will yet come on it. I am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"May 10, 1766,
Johnson's-court, Fleet-street."

After I had been some time in Scotland, I mentioned to im in a letter that "On my first return to my native country, fter some years of absence, I was told of a vast number of my cquaintance who were all gone to the land of forgetfulness, nd I found myself like a man stalking over a field of battle, vho every moment perceives some one lying dead." I com-lained of irresolution, and mentioned my having made a vow s a security for good conduct. I wrote to him again without eing able to move his indolence: nor did I hear from him ll he had received a copy of my inaugural Exercise, or Thesis in Civil Law, which I published at my admission as an dvocate, as is the custom in Scotland. He then wrote to me s follows:

"To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"THE reception of your Thesis put me in mind of my ebt to you. Why did you * * * * * * * * * * * *[2] I ill punish you for it, by telling you that your Latin wants orrection.[3] In the beginning, *Spe alterae*, not to urge that it

[1] Of his being in the chair of THE LITERARY CLUB, which at this time met once a week the evening.

[2] The passage omitted alluded to a private transaction.

[3] This censure of my Latin relates to the Dedication, which was as follows.

VIRO NOBILISSIMO, ORNATISSIMO,
JOANNI,
VICECOMITI MOUNTSTUART,
ATAVIS EDITO REGIBUS
EXCELSÆ FAMILLÆ DE BUTE SPEI ALTERÆ;

should be *primæ*, is not grammatical: *alteræ* should be *alterî*. In the next line you seem to use *genus* absolutely, for what we call *family*, that is, for *illustrious extraction*, I doubt without authority. *Homines nullius originis*, for *Nullis orti majoribus*; or, *Nullo loco nati*, is, as I am afraid, barbarous.—Ruddiman is dead.

"I have now vexed you enough, and will try to please you. Your resolution to obey your father I sincerely approve; but do not accustom yourself to enchain your volatility by vows; they will sometime leave a thorn in your mind, which you will, perhaps, never be able to extract or eject. Take this warning; it is of great importance.

"The study of the law is what you very justly term it, copious and generous;[1] and in adding your name to its professors, you have done exactly what I always wished, when I wished you best. I hope that you will continue to pursue it vigorously and constantly. You gain, at least, what is no small advantage, security from those troublesome and wearisome discontents, which are always obtruding themselves upon the mind vacant, unemployed, and undetermined.

"You ought to think it no small inducement to diligence and perseverance, that they will please your father. We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody, and the pleasure of pleasing ought to be greatest, and at last always will be greatest, when our endeavours are exerted in consequence of our duty.

LABENTE SECULO.
QUUM HOMINES NULLIUS ORIGINIS
GENUS ÆQUARE OPIBUS AGGREDIUNTUR,
SANGUINIS ANTIQUI ET ILLUSTRIS
SEMPER MEMORI,
NATALIUM SPLENDOREM VIRTUTIBUS AUGENTI:
AD PUBLICA POPULI COMITIA
JAM LEGATO;
IN OPTIMATIUM VERO MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ SENATU,
JURE HÆREDITARIO,
OLIM CONSESSURO:
VIM INSITAM VARIA DOCTRINA PROMOVENTE,
NEC TAMEN SE VENDITANTE,
PRÆDITO:
PRISCA FIDE ANIMO LIBERRIMO,
ET MORUM ELEGANTIA
INSIGNI:
IN ITALIÆ VISITANDÆ ITINERE,
SOCIO SUO HONORATISSIMO,
HASCE JURISPRUDENTIÆ PRIMITIAS
DEVINCTISSIMÆ AMICITIÆ ET OBSERVANTIÆ
MONUMENTUM,
D. D. C. Q.
JACOBUS BOSWELL.

[1] This alludes to the first sentence of the *Proœmium* of my Thesis. "JURISPRUDENTIA *studio nullum uberius, nullum generosius: in legibus enim agitandis, populorum mores variasque fortunæ vices ex quibus leges oriuntur, contemplari, simul solemus.*"

"Life is not long, and too much of it must not pass in idle deliberation how it shall be spent: deliberation, which those who begin it by prudence, and continue it with subtilty, must, after long expence of thought, conclude by chance. To prefer one future mode of life to another, upon just reasons, requires faculties which it has not pleased our Creator to give us.

"If therefore the profession you have chosen has some unexpected inconveniences, console yourself by reflecting that no profession is without them; and that all the importunities and perplexities of business are softness and luxury, compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy, and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness.

'Hæc sunt quæ nostrâ potui te voce monere;
Vade, age.'

"As to your History of Corsica, you have no materials which others have not, or may not have. You have, somehow, or other, warmed your imagination. I wish there were some cure, like the lover's leap, for all heads of which some single idea has obtained an unreasonable and irregular possession. Mind your own affairs, and leave the Corsicans to theirs. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"London, Aug. 21, 1766." "SAM. JOHNSON.

"To DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"MUCH ESTEEMED AND DEAR SIR, "Auchinleck, Nov. 6, 1766

"I PLEAD not guilty to[1] *

"Having thus, I hope, cleared myself of the charges brought against me, I presume you will not be displeased if I escape the punishment which you have decreed for me unheard. If you have discharged the arrows of criticism against an innocent man, you must rejoice to find they have missed him, or have not been pointed so as to wound him.

"To talk no longer in allegory, I am, with all deference, going to offer a few observations in defence of my Latin, which you have found fault with.

"You think I should have used *spei primæ*, instead of *spei alteræ*. *Spes* is, indeed, often used to express something on which we have a future dependence, as in Virg. Eclog. i. l. 14.

[1] The passage omitted explained the transaction to which the preceding letter had alluded.

'—— *modo namque gemellos*
Spem *gregis ah silice in nudâ connixa reliquit.*'

and in Georg. iii. l. 473.

'Spemque *gregemque simul*,'

for the lambs and the sheep. Yet it is also used to expres any thing on which we have a present dependence, and i well applied to a man of distinguished influence,—our support our refuge, our *præsidium*, as Horace calls Mæcenas. So Æneid xii. l. 57, Queen Amata addresses her son-in-law Turnus:—'Spes *tu nunc una*:' and he was then no futur hope, for she adds,

'—— *decus imperiumque Latini*
Te penes;'

which might have been said of my Lord Bute some years ago Now I consider the present Earl of Bute to be '*Excelsæ familiæ de Bute* spes prima;' and my Lord Mountstuart, as hi eldest son, to be '*spes altera*.' So in Æneid xii. l. 168, afte having mentioned Pater Æneas, who was the *present* spes, th *reigning* spes, as my German friends would say, the *spes prima* the poet adds,

'*Et juxta Ascanius, magnæ* spes altera *Romæ*.'

"You think *alterce* ungrammatical, and you tell me it should have been *alteri*. You must recollect, that in old times *alter* was declined regularly; and when the ancient fragments preserved in the *Juris Civilis Fontes* were written, it was certainly declined in the way that I use it. This, I should think, may protect a lawyer who writes *alterce* in a dissertation upon part of his own science. But as I could hardly venture to quote fragments of old law to so classical a man as Mr. Johnson, I have not made an accurate search into these remains, to find examples of what I am able to produce in poetical composition. We find in Plaut. Rudens, act iii. scene 4,

'*Nam huic* alterce *patria quæ sit profecto nescio*.'

Plautus is, to be sure, an old comick writer; but in the days of Scipio and Lelius, we find Terent. Heautontim. act ii. scene 3.

'——*hoc ipsa in itinere* alterce
Dum narrat, forte audivi.'

"You doubt my having authority for using *genus* absolutely,

or what we call *family*, that is, for *illustrious extraction*. Now take *genus* in Latin, to have much the same signification with *birth* in English; both in their primary meaning expressing imply descent, but both made to stand κατ' ἐξοχήν, for noble escent. *Genus* is thus used in Hor. lib. ii. Sat. v. l. 8.

'*Et* genus *et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior alga est.*'

nd in lib. i. Epist. vi. l. 37.

'*Et* genus *et formam Regina pecunia donat.*'

nd in the celebrated contest between Ajax and Ulysses, Ovid's Metamorph. lib. xiii. l. 140.

'*Nam* genus *et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,*
Vix ea nostra voco.'

"*Homines nullius originis*, for *nullis orti majoribus*, or *nullo oco nati*, is, 'you are afraid, barbarous.'

"*Origo* is used to signify extraction, as in Virg. Æneid 286,

'*Nascetur pulchrâ Trojanus* origine *Cæsar.*'

nd in Æneid x. l. 618,

'*Ille tamen nostrâ deducit* origine *nomen.*'

nd as *nullus* is used for obscure, is it not in the genius of the atin language to write *nullius originis*, for obscure extraction?

"I have defended myself as well as I could.

"Might I venture to differ from you with regard to the tility of vows? I am sensible that it would be very dangerous o make vows rashly, and without a due consideration. But cannot help thinking that they may often be of great advantage to one of a variable judgement and irregular inclinations. always remember a passage in one of your letters to our talian friend Baretti; where talking of the monastick life, you ay you do not wonder that serious men should put themselves nder the protection of a religious order, when they have ound how unable they are to take care of themselves. For ay own part, without affecting to be a Socrates, I am sure I ave a more than ordinary struggle to maintain with *the Evil Principle*; and all the methods I can devise are little enough o keep me tolerably steady in the paths of rectitude.

* * * * * * * *

"I am ever, with the highest veneration,
"Your affectionate humble servant,
"JAMES BOSWELL."

It appears from Johnson's diary, that he was this year at Mr. Thrale's, from before Midsummer till after Michaelmas and that he afterwards passed a month at Oxford. He had then contracted a great intimacy with Mr. Chambers of that University, afterwards Sir Robert Chambers, one of the Judges in India.

He published nothing this year in his own name; but the noble dedication * to the King, of Gwyn's "London and Westminster Improved," was written by him; and he furnished the Preface,† and several of the pieces, which compose a volume of Miscellanies by Mrs. Anna Williams, the blind lady who had an asylum in his house.[1] Of these, there are his "Epitaph on Phillips;" * "Translation of a Latin Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer;" † "Friendship, an Ode;" * and "The Ant," * a paraphrase from the Proverbs, of which I have a copy in his own hand writing; and, from internal evidence, I ascribe to him, "To Miss — on her giving the Authour a gold and silk net-work Purse of her own weaving;" † and "The happy Life." † — Most of the pieces in this volume have evidently received additions from his superiour pen, particularly "Verses to Mr. Richardson, on his Sir Charles Grandison;" "The Excursion;" "Reflections on a Grave digging in Westminster Abbey." There is in this collection a poem, "On the death of Stephen Grey, the Electrician;" * which, on reading it, appeared to me to be undoubtedly Johnson's. I asked Mrs. Williams whether it was not his. "Sir, (said she, with some warmth,) I wrote that poem before I had the honour of Dr. Johnson's acquaintance." I, however, was so much impressed with my first notion, that I mentioned it to Johnson, repeating, at the same time, what Mrs. Williams had said. His answer was, "It is true, Sir, that she wrote it before she was acquainted with me; but she has not told you that I wrote it all over again, except two lines." "The Fountains,"† a beautiful little Fairy tale in prose, written with exquisite

[1] [In a paper already mentioned, (See *ante*, pp. 49 and 287) the following account of this publication is given by a lady well acquainted with Mrs. Williams

"As to her poems she many years attempted to publish them: the half-crowns she had got towards the publication, she confessed to me, went for necessaries, and that the greatest pain she ever felt was from the appearance of defrauding her subscribers. "but what can I do? the Doctor [Johnson] always puts me off with 'Well, we'll think about it,' and Goldsmith says, 'Leave it to me.' However, two of her friends, under her directions, made a new subscription at a crown, the whole price of the work, and in a very little time raised sixty pounds. Mrs. Carter was applied to by Mrs. Williams's desire, and she, with the utmost activity and kindness, procured a long list of names. At length the work was published, in which is a fine written but gloomy tale of Dr. Johnson. The money Mrs. Williams had various uses for, and a part of it was funded."

By this publication Mrs. Williams got 150*l*. Ibid. M.]

simplicity, is one of Johnson's productions; and I cannot withhold from Mrs. Thrale the praise of being the authour of that admirable poem, "The Three Warnings."

He wrote this year a letter, not intended for publication, which has, perhaps, as strong marks of his sentiment and style, as any of his compositions. The original is in my possession It is addressed to the late Mr. William Drummond, bookseller in Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, but small estate, who took arms for the house of Stuart in 1745; and during his concealment in London till the act of general pardon came out, obtained the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, who justly esteemed him as a very worthy man. It seems, some of the members of the society in Scotland for propagating Christian knowledge had opposed the scheme of translating the holy scriptures into the Erse or Gaelick language, from political considerations of the disadvantage of keeping up the distinction between the Highlanders and the other inhabitants of North-Britain. Dr. Johnson being informed of this, I suppose by Mr. Drummond, wrote with a generous indignation as follows:

"To Mr. William Drummond.

"SIR,

"I DID not expect to hear that it could be, in an assembly convened for the propagation of Christian knowledge, a question whether any nation uninstructed in religion should receive instruction; or whether that instruction should be imparted to them by a translation of the holy books into their own language. If obedience to the will of GOD be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of his will be necessary to obedience, I know not how he that withholds this knowledge, or delays it, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He, that voluntarily continues ignorance, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces; as to him that should extinguish the tapers of a light-house, might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks. Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good in the highest degree, who wishes not to others the largest measures of the greatest good. To omit for a year, or for a day, the most efficacious method of advancing Christianity, in compliance with any purposes that terminate on this side of the grave, is a crime of which I know not that the world has yet had an example,

except in the practice of the planters of America, a race of mortals whom, I suppose, no other man wishes to resemble.

"The Papists have, indeed, denied to the laity the use of the bible; but this prohibition, in few places now very rigorously enforced, is defended by arguments, which have for their foundation the care of souls. To obscure, upon motives merely political, the light of revelation, is a practice reserved for the reformed; and, surely, the blackest midnight of popery is meridian sunshine to such a reformation. I am not very willing that any language should be totally extinguished. The similitude and derivation of languages afford the most indubitable proof of the traduction of nations, and the genealogy of mankind. They add often physical certainty to historical evidence; and often supply the only evidence of ancient migrations, and of the revolutions of ages which left no written monuments behind them.

"Every man's opinions, at least his desires, are a little influenced by his favourite studies. My zeal for languages may seem, perhaps, rather over-heated, even to those by whom I desire to be well esteemed. To those who have nothing in their thoughts but trade or policy, present power, or present money, I should not think it necessary to defend my opinions; but with men of letters I would not unwillingly compound, by wishing the continuance of every language, however narrow in its extent, or however incommodious for common purposes, till it is reposited in some version of a known book, that it may be always hereafter examined and compared with other languages, and then permitting its disuse. For this purpose the translation of the bible is most to be desired. It is not certain that the same method will not preserve the Highland language, for the purposes of learning, and abolish it from daily use. When the Highlanders read the Bible, they will naturally wish to have its obscurities cleared, and to know the history, collateral or appendant. Knowledge always desires increase; it is like fire, which must first be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself. When they once desire to learn, they will naturally have recourse to the nearest language by which that desire can be gratified, and one will tell another that if he would attain knowledge, he must learn English.

"This speculation may, perhaps, be thought more subtle than the grossness of real life will easily admit. Let it, however, be remembered, that the efficacy of ignorance has

ong been tried, and has not produced the consequence expected. Let knowledge therefore, take its turn; and let he patrons of privation stand awhile aside, and admit the peration of positive principles.

"You will be pleased, Sir, to assure the worthy man who is employed in the new translation,[1] that he has my wishes for his success; and if here or at Oxford I can be of any use, that I shall think it more than honour to promote his undertaking.

"I am sorry that I delayed so long to write.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

'Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.
Aug. 13, 1766."

The opponents of this pious scheme being made ashamed of their conduct, the benevolent undertaking was allowed to go on.

The following letters, though not written till the year after, being chiefly upon the subject, are here inserted.

"TO MR. WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

"DEAR SIR,

"THAT my letter should have had such effects as you mention, gives me great pleasure. I hope you do not flatter me by imputing to me more good than I have really done. Those whom my arguments have persuaded to change their opinion, shew such modesty and candour as deserve great praise.

"I hope the worthy translator goes diligently forward. He has a higher reward in prospect than any honours which this world can bestow. I wish I could be useful to him.

"The publication of my letter, if it could be of use in a cause to which all other causes are nothing, I should not prohibit. But first, I would have you to consider whether the publication will really do any good; next, whether by

[1] The Rev. Mr. John Campbell, Minister of the parish of Kippen, near Stirling, who has lately favoured me with a long, intelligent, and very obliging letter upon this work, makes the following remark. "Dr. Johnson has alluded to the worthy man employed in the translation of the New Testament. Might not this have afforded you an opportunity of paying a proper tribute of respect to the memory of the Rev. Mr. James Stuart, late Minister of Kilbn, distinguished by his eminent Piety, Learning, and Taste. The amiable simplicity of his life, his warm benevolence, his indefatigable and successful exertions for civilizing and improving the Parish of which he was Minister for upwards of fifty years, entitle him to the gratitude of his country, and the veneration of all good men. It certainly would be a pity, if such a character should be permitted to sink into oblivion."

printing and distributing a very small number, you may not attain all that you propose; and, what perhaps I should have said first, whether the letter, which I do not now perfectly remember, be fit to be printed.

"If you can consult Dr. Robertson, to whom I am a little known, I shall be satisfied about the propriety of whatever he shall direct. If he thinks that it should be printed, I entreat him to revise it; there may, perhaps, be some negligent lines written, and whatever is amiss, he knows very well how to rectify.[1]

"Be pleased to let me know, from time to time, how this excellent design goes forward.

"Make my compliments to young Mr. Drummond, whom I hope you will live to see such as you desire him.

"I have not lately seen Mr. Elphinston, but believe him to be prosperous. I shall be glad to hear the same of you, for I am, Sir,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street,
April 21, 1767."

"TO THE SAME.

"SIR,

"I RETURNED this week from the country, after an absence of near six months, and found your letter with many others, which I should have answered sooner, if I had sooner seen them.

"Dr. Robertson's opinion was surely right. Men should not be told of the faults which they have mended. I am glad the old language is taught, and honour the translator as a man whom GOD has distinguished by the high office of propagating his word.

"I must take the liberty of engaging you in an office of charity. Mrs. Heely, the wife of Mr. Heely, who had lately some office in your theatre, is my near relation, and now in great distress. They wrote me word of their situation some time ago, to which I returned them an answer which raised hopes of more than it is proper for me to give them. Their representation of their affairs I have discovered to be such as cannot be trusted; and at this distance, though their case

[1] This paragraph shews Johnson's real estimation of the character and abilities of the celebrated Scottish Historian, however lightly, in a moment of caprice, he may have spoken of his works.

requires haste, I know not how to act. She, or her daughters, may be heard of at Canongate Head. I must beg, Sir, that you will enquire after them, and let me know what is to be done. I am willing to go to ten pounds, and will transmit you such a sum, if upon examination you find it likely to be of use. If they are in immediate want, advance them what you think proper. What I could do, I would do for the woman, having no great reason to pay much regard to Heely himself.[1]

"I believe you may receive some intelligence from Mrs. Baker, of the theatre, whose letter I received at the same time with yours; and to whom, if you see her, you will make my excuse for the seeming neglect of answering her.

"Whatever you advance within ten pounds shall be immediately returned to you, or paid as you shall order. I trust wholly to your judgment.

"I am, Sir, &c.
"SAM. JOHNSON."

"London, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, Oct. 24, 1767."

Mr. Cuthbert Shaw,[2] alike distinguished by his genius, misfortunes, and misconduct, published this year a poem, called "The Race, by Mercurius Spur, Esq." in which he whimsically made the living poets of England contend for pre-eminence of fame by running:

"Prove by their heels the prowess of the head."

In this poem there was the following portrait of Johnson:

"Here Johnson comes,—unblest with outward grace,
His rigid morals stamp'd upon his face.
While strong conceptions struggle in his brain;
(For even wit is brought to bed with pain:)
To view him, porters with their loads would rest,
And babes cling frightened to the nurse's breast.
With looks convulsed he roars in pompous strain,
And, like an angry lion, shakes his mane.
The Nine, with terrour struck, who ne'er had seen,
Aught human with so terrible a mien,
Debating whether they should stay or run,
Virtue steps forth and claims him for her son.
With gentle speech she warns him now to yield,
Nor stain his glories in the doubtful field;
But wrapt in conscious worth, content sit down,
Since Fame, resolv'd his various pleas to crown,

[1] This is the person concerning whom Sir John Hawkins has thrown out very unwarrantable reflections both against Dr. Johnson and Mr. Francis Barber.
[2] See an account of him in the European Magazine, Jan. 1786.

Though forc'd his present claim to disavow,
Had long reserv'd a chaplet for his brow.
He bows, obeys; for time shall first expire,
Ere Johnson stay, when Virtue bids retire."

The Honourable Thomas Hervey[1] and his lady, having unhappily disagreed, and being about to separate, Johnson interfered as their friend, and wrote him a letter of expostulation, which I have not been able to find; but the substance of it is ascertained by a letter to Johnson in answer to it, which Mr. Hervey printed. The occasion of this correspondence between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Hervey, was thus related to me by Mr. Beauclerk. "Tom Hervey had a great liking for Johnson, and in his will had left him a legacy of fifty pounds. One day he said to me 'Johnson may want this money now, more than afterwards. I have a mind to give it him directly. Will you be so good as to carry a fifty pound note from me to him?' This I positively refused to do, as he might, perhaps, have knocked me down for insulting him, and have afterwards put the note in his pocket. But I said, if Hervey would write him a letter, and enclose him a fifty pound note, I should take care to deliver it. He accordingly did write him a letter, mentioning that he was only paying a legacy a little sooner. To his letter he added, '*P.S. I am going to part with my wife.*' Johnson then wrote to him, saying nothing of the note, but remonstrating with him against parting with his wife."

When I mentioned to Johnson the story, in as delicate terms as I could, he told me that the fifty pound note was given to him by Mr. Hervey in consideration of his having written for him a pamphlet against Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who, Mr. Hervey imagined, was the authour of an attack upon him; but that it was afterwards discovered to be the work of a garreteer, who wrote "The Fool:" the pamphlet therefore against Sir Charles was not printed.

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of

[1] [The Honourable Thomas Hervey, whose letter to Sir Thomas Hanmer in 1742, was much read at that time. He was the second son of John, the first Earl of Bristol, and one of the brothers of Johnson's early friend, Henry Hervey. He married in 1744, Anne, daughter of Francis Coughlan, Esq. and died Jan. 20, 1775.—M.]

books,[1] which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that should contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place: so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him: upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.[2]

His Majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioned his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered,

[1] Dr. Johnson had the honour of contributing his assistance towards the formation of this library; for I have read a long letter from him to Mr. Barnard, giving the most masterly instructions on the subject. I wished much to have gratified my readers with the perusal of this letter, and have reason to think that his Majesty would have graciously pleased to permit its publication; but Mr. Barnard, to whom I applied, declined it "on his own account."

[2] The particulars of this conversation I have been at great pains to collect with the most authenticity, from Dr. Johnson's own detail to myself; from Mr. Langton who was present when he gave an account of it to Dr. Joseph Warton, and several other friends at Sir Joshua Reynolds's; from Mr. Barnard; from the copy of a letter written by the late Mr. Strahan the printer, to Bishop Warburton; and from a minute, the original of which is among the papers of the late Sir James Caldwell, and a copy of which was most obligingly obtained for me from his son Sir John Caldwell, by Sir Francis Lumm. To all these gentlemen I beg leave to make my grateful acknowledgments, and particularly to Sir Francis Lumm, who was pleased to take a great deal of trouble, and even had the minute laid before the King by Lord Caermarthen, now Duke of Leeds, then one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, who announced to Sir Francis the Royal pleasure concerning it by a letter, in these words: "I have the King's commands to assure you, Sir, how sensible his Majesty is of your attention in communicating the minute of the conversation previous to its publication. As there appears no objection to your complying with Mr. Boswell's wishes on the subject, you are at full liberty to deliver it to that gentleman, to make such use of in his Life of Dr. Johnson, as he may think proper."

that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any they had at Cambridge; at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Ay, (said the King,) that is the publick library."

His Majesty enquired if he was then writing any thing. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too, (said the King,) if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my Sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance.

His Majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a great deal; Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others: for instance, he said he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled

arrick's acting, in its universality.[1] His Majesty then talked f the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he eemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of . Johnson answered "Warburton has most general, most cholastic learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do ot know which of them calls names best." The King was leased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, "You do ot think, then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument the case." Johnson said, he did not think there was. Why truly, (said the King,) when once it comes to calling ames, argument is pretty well at an end."

His Majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord yttelton's history, which was then just published. Johnson aid, he thought his style pretty good, but that he had blamed Ienry the Second rather too much. "Why, (said the King), ney seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir, (answered ohnson,) not to Kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he roceeded to explain himself; and immediately subjoined, That for those who spoke worse of Kings than they deserved, e could find no excuse; but that he could more easily con- eive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, ithout any ill intention; for, as Kings had much in their power o give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, om gratitude, exaggerate their praises: and as this proceeded om a good motive, it was certainly excusable, as far as errour ould be excusable."

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. ohnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no eracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an ssertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified o a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes t a time than by using one. "Now, (added Johnson,) every ne acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of hem he looks through, the less the object will appear." Why, (replied the King,) this is not only telling an untruth, ut telling it clumsily; for, if that be the case, every one who an look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

"I now, (said Johnson to his friends, when relating what ad passed,) began to consider that I was depreciating this han in the estimation of his Sovereign, and thought it was

[1] The Reverend Mr. Strahan clearly recollects having been told by Johnson, that he King observed that Pope made Warburton a Bishop. "True, Sir, (said Johnson,) at Warburton did more for Pope; he made him a Christian": alluding, no doubt, to s ingenious comments on the "Essay on Man."

time for me to say something that might be more favourabl
He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding,
very curious observer; and if he would have been contented
tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been
very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse
such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals, mentioned pa
ticularly the *Journal des Savans*, and asked Johnson if it w
well done. Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, ar
gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried
on for some years: enlarging at the same time, on the natur
and use of such works. The King asked him if it was we
done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think tha
it was. The King then asked him if there were any othe
literary journals published in this kingdom, except the Monthl
and Critical Reviews; and on being answered there was n
other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best: Johnso
answered, that the Monthly Review was done with most care
the Critical upon the best principles; adding that the authour
of the Monthly Review were enemies to the Church. This th
King said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the Philosophical Transac
tions, when Johnson observed that they had now a better
method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Ay
(said the King,) they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;"
for his Majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance,
which Johnson himself had forgot.

His Majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography
of this country ably executed, and proposed to Dr. Johnson to
undertake it. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with
his Majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his
Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly
manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued
tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing
room. After the King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself
highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation, and gracious
behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of
the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have
ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton,
"Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we
may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second."

At Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where a circle of Johnson's friends

as collected round him to hear his account of this memorable
onversation, Dr. Joseph Warton, in his frank and lively man-
er, was very active in pressing him to mention the particulars.
Come now, Sir, this is an interesting matter; do favour us
ith it." Johnson, with great good humour, complied.

He told them, "I found his Majesty wished I should talk,
nd I made it my business to talk. I find it does a man good
o be talked to by his sovereign. In the first place, a man
unnot be in a passion—." Here some question interrupted
im, which is to be regretted, as he certainly would have
ointed out and illustrated many circumstances of advantage,
om being in a situation, where the powers of the mind are at
nce excited to vigorous exertion, and tempered by reverential
we.

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in
elating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars
f what passed between the King and him, Dr. Goldsmith
emained unmoved upon a sopha at some distance, affecting
ot to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company.
He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention,
hat he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of
urnishing him with a Prologue to his play, with the hopes of
hich he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected
hat he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular
onour Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frank-
ess, and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He
prung from the sopha, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of
lutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had
ust been hearing described, exclaimed, "Well, you acquitted
ourself in this conversation better than I should have done;
or I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."

I received no letter from Johnson this year; nor have I
liscovered any of the correspondence[1] he had, except the two
etters to Mr. Drummond, which have been inserted, for the
ake of connection, with that to the same gentleman in 1766.
His diary affords no light as to his employment at this time.
He passed three months at Lichfield:[2] and I cannot omit an
ffecting and solemn scene there, as related by himself:

[1] It is proper here to mention, that when I speak of his correspondence, I consider it independent of the voluminous collection of letters which, in the course of many years, he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, which forms a separate part of his works; and as a proof of the high estimation set on any thing which came from his pen, was sold by that lady for the sum of five hundred pounds.

[2] [In his letter to Mr. Drummond dated Oct. 24, 1767, he mentions that he had arrived in London, after an absence of nearly *six months*, in the country. Probably part of that time was spent at Oxford.—M.]

"Sunday, Oct. 18, 1767. Yesterday, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave for ever of my dear old friend Catharine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

"I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part for ever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer; and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervour, while I prayed, kneeling by her, nearly in the following words:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, whose loving kindness is over all thy works, behold, visit, and relieve this thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Grant that the sense of her weakness may add strength to her faith, and seriousness to her repentance. And grant that by the help of thy Holy Spirit, after the pains and labours of this short life, we may all obtain everlasting happiness, through JESUS CHRIST our Lord, for whose sake hear our prayers. Amen. Our Father, &c.

"I then kissed her. She told me, that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes, and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted. I humbly hope to meet again, and to part no more."[1]

By those who have been taught to look upon Johnson as a man of a harsh and stern character, let this tender and affectionate scene be candidly read; and let them then judge whether more warmth of heart, and grateful kindness, is often found in human nature.

We have the following notice in his devotional record:

"August 2, 1767. I have been disturbed and unsettled for a long time, and have been without resolution to apply to study or to business, being hindered by sudden snatches."[2]

He, however, furnished Mr. Adams with a dedication* to the King of that ingenious gentleman's "Treatise on the Globes," conceived and expressed in such a manner as could not fail to be very grateful to a Monarch, distinguished for his love of the sciences.

This year was published a ridicule of his style, under the title of "Lexiphanes." Sir John Hawkins ascribes it to Dr.

[1] Prayers and Meditations p. 77 and 78. [2] Ibid., p. 73.

enrick; but its authour was one Campbell, a Scotch purser in e navy. The ridicule consisted in applying Johnson's "words large meaning," to insignificant matters, as if one should put e armour of Goliath upon a dwarf. The contrast might be ughable; but the dignity of the armour must remain the me in all considerate minds. This malicious drollery, there- re, it may easily be supposed, could do no harm to its ustrious object.

"To Bennet Langton, Esq. at Mr. Rothwell's, Perfumer, in New Bond-street, London.

"DEAR SIR,

"That you have been all summer in London is one ore reason for which I regret my long stay in the country. I ope that you will not leave the town before my return. We have ere only the chance of vacancies, in the passing carriages, and have bespoken one that may, if it happens, bring me to town the fourteenth of this month: but this is not certain.

"It will be a favour if you communicate this to Mrs. Villiams: I long to see all my friends.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

Lichfield, Oct. 10, 1767."

It appears from his notes of the state of his mind,[1] that he ffered great perturbation and distraction in 1768. Nothing his writings was given to the publick this year, except the rologue* to his friend Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good- atured Man." The first lines of this Prologue are strongly haracteristical of the dismal gloom of his mind; which in his se, as in the case of all who are distressed with the same alady of imagination, transfers to others its own feelings. ho could suppose it was to introduce a comedy, when Mr. ensley solemnly began,

"Press'd with the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind."

But this dark ground might make Goldsmith's humour shine e more.[2]

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 81.

[2] [In this prologue, as Mr. John Taylor informs me, after the fourth line—"And social row loses half its pain," the following couplet was inserted:

"*Amidst the toils of this returning year*
When senators and nobles learn to fear;
Our *little* bard without complaint may share
The bustling season's epidemick care:"

In the spring of this year, having published my "Account
Corsica, with the Journal of a Tour to that Island," I returne
to London, very desirous to see Dr. Johnson, and hear hi
upon the subject. I found he was at Oxford, with his frien
Mr. Chambers, who was now Vinerian Professor, and lived i
New Inn Hall. Having had no letter from him since that i
which he criticised the Latinity of my Thesis, and having bee
told by somebody that he was offended at my having put int
my book an extract of his letter to me at Paris, I was impatien
to be with him, and therefore followed him to Oxford, where
was entertained by Mr. Chambers, with a civility which I sha
ever gratefully remember. I found that Dr. Johnson had sen
a letter to me to Scotland, and that I had nothing to complai
of but his being more indifferent to my anxiety than I wishe
him to be. Instead of giving, with the circumstances of tim
and place, such fragments of his conversation as I preserve
during this visit to Oxford, I shall throw them together i
continuation.

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think tha
the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feeling o
honesty. JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir, if you act properly. Yo
are not to deceive your clients with false representations o
your opinion: you are not to tell lies to a judge." BOSWELL
"But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know
to be bad?" JOHNSON. "Sir, you do not know it to be good
or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are
to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call
knowing, a cause to be bad, must be from reasoning, must be
from your supposing your arguments to be weak and incon-
clusive. But, Sir, that is not enough. An argument which
does not convince yourself, may convince the Judge to whom
you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, Sir, you
are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and
you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause
is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the
Judge's opinion." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, does not affecting a
warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of
one opinion, when you are in reality of another opinion, does

So the Prologue appeared in "the Publick Advertiser," the theatrical gazette of that day soon after the first representation of this comedy in 1768.—Goldsmith probably thought that the lines printed in Italick characters, which, however, seem necessary, or at least improve the sense, might give offence, and therefore persuaded Johnson to omit them. The epithet *little*, which perhaps the authour thought might diminish his dignity, was also changed to *anxious*.—M.]

ot such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some nger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common e, in the intercourse with his friends?" JOHNSON. "Why , Sir. Every body knows you are paid for affecting rmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no ssimulation: the moment you come from the bar you resume ur usual behaviour. Sir, a man will no more carry the tifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, an a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will ntinue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on s feet."[1]

Talking of some of the modern plays, he said, "False elicacy" was totally void of character. He praised Goldnith's "Good-natured Man;" said, it was the best comedy, at had appeared since "The Provoked Husband," and that ere had not been of late any such character exhibited on the age as that of Croaker. I observed it was the Suspirius of s Rambler. He said, Goldsmith had owned he had borrowed from thence. "Sir, (continued he) there is all the difference the world between characters of nature and characters of anners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of elding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are ry entertaining; but they are to be understood, by a more perficial observer, than characters of nature, where a man ust dive into the recesses of the human heart."

It always appeared to me that he estimated the compositions Richardson too highly, and that he had an unreasonable ejudice against Fielding. In comparing those two writers, he ed this expression: "that there was as great a difference tween them, as between a man who knew how a watch was ade, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the al-plate." This was a short and figurative state of his distinc-n between drawing characters of nature and characters only manners. But I cannot help being of opinion, that the at watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large ocks of Richardson, and that his dial-plates are brighter. elding's characters, though they do not expand themselves so dely in dissertation, are as just pictures of human nature, and will venture to say, have more striking features, and nicer uches of the pencil; and though Johnson used to quote with probation a saying of Richardson's, "that the virtues of

[1] [See "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," Aug. 15, where Johnson has pported the same argument.—J. BOSWELL.]

Fielding's heroes were the vices of a truly good man," I w
venture to add, that the moral tendency of Fielding's writing
though it does not encourage a strained and rarely possib
virtue, is ever favourable to honour and honesty, and cherish
the benevolent and generous affections. He who is as good
Fielding would make him, is an amiable member of societ
and may be led on by more regulated instructors, to a high
state of ethical perfection.

Johnson proceeded: "Even Sir Francis Wronghead is
character of manners, though drawn with great humour." H
then repeated, very happily, all Sir Francis's credulous accou
to Manly of his being with "the great man," and securing
place. I asked him, if "The Suspicious Husband" did n
furnish a well-drawn character, that of Ranger. JOHNSON: "N
Sir; Ranger is just a rake, a mere rake, and a lively youn
fellow, but no *character*."

The great Douglas Cause was at this time a very gener
subject of discussion. I found he had not studied it with muc
attention, but had only heard parts of it occasionally. He
however, talked of it, and said, "I am of opinion that positiv
proof of fraud should not be required of the plaintiff, but tha
the Judges should decide according as probability shall appea
to preponderate, granting to the defendant the presumption o
filiation to be strong in his favour. And I think too, that
good deal of weight should be allowed to the dying declaration
because they were spontaneous. There is a great differenc
between what is said without our being urged to it, and wha
is said from a kind of compulsion. If I praise a man's boo
without being asked my opinion of it, that is honest praise, t
which one may trust. But if an authour asks me if I like hi
book, and I give him something like praise, it must not b
taken as my real opinion."

"I have not been troubled for a long time with authours
desiring my opinion of their works. I used once to be sadly
plagued with a man who wrote verses, but who literally had n
other notion of a verse, but that it consisted of ten syllables.
Lay your knife and your fork, across your plate, was to him a
verse:

Lay yōur knife ānd your fōrk, acrōss your plāte.

As he wrote a great number of verses, he sometimes by chance
made good ones, though he did not know it.'

He renewed his promise of coming to Scotland, and going

th me to the Hebrides, but said he would now content him-
lf with seeing one or two of the most curious of them. He
id "Macaulay, who writes the account of St. Kilda, set out
th a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart
odern thinker; and yet affirms for a truth, that when a ship
rives there all the inhabitants are seized with a cold."

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated writer, took a great deal
pains to ascertain this fact, and attempted to account for it
physical principles, from the effect of effluvia from human
odies. Johnson, at another time, praised Macaulay for his
magnanimity," in asserting this wonderful story, because it
as well attested. A lady of Norfolk, by a letter to my friend
r. Burney, has favoured me with the following solution:
Now for the explication of this seeming mystery, which is so
ry obvious as, for that reason, to have escaped the penetration
Dr. Johnson and his friend, as well as that of the authour.
eading the book with my ingenious friend, the late Reverend
r. Christian of Docking—after ruminating a little, 'The
use, (says he,) is a natural one. The situation of St. Kilda
nders a North-East Wind indispensably necessary before a
anger can land. The wind, not the stranger, occasions an
idemick cold: If I am not mistaken, Mr. Macaulay is dead,
living, this solution might please him, as I hope it will Mr.
oswell, in return for the many agreeable hours his works have
orded us.'"

Johnson expatiated on the advantages of Oxford for learning.
There is here, Sir, (said he), such a progressive emulation.
he students are anxious to appear well to their tutors; the
tors are anxious to have their pupils appear well in the
llege; the colleges are anxious to have their students appear
ll in the University; and there are excellent rules of
scipline in every college. That the rules are sometimes
observed, may be true; but is nothing against the system.
he members of an University may, for a season, be unmind-
of their duty. I am arguing for the excellency of the
stitution."

Of Guthrie, he said, "Sir, he is a man of parts. He has no
eat regular fund of knowledge; but by reading so long, and
iting so long, he no doubt has picked up a good deal."

He said he had lately been a long while at Lichfield, but had
own very weary before he left it. BOSWELL. "I wonder at
at, Sir; it is your native place." JOHNSON. "Why so is
otland *your* native place."

His prejudice against Scotland appeared remarkably stron at this time. When I talked of our advancement in literatur "Sir, (said he,) you have learnt a little from us, and you thin yourselves very great men. Hume would never have writte History, had not Voltaire written it before him. He is an ech of Voltaire." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, we have Lord Kames. JOHNSON. "You *have* Lord Kames. Keep him; ha, ha, ha We don't envy you him. Do you ever see Dr. Robertson? BOSWELL. "Yes, Sir." JOHNSON. "Does the dog talk o me?" BOSWELL. "Indeed, Sir, he does, and loves you. Thinking that I now had him in a corner, and being solicitou for the literary fame of my country, I pressed him for his opinio on the merit of Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland. But, t my surprize, he escaped.—"Sir, I love Robertson, and I won' talk of his book."

It is but justice both to him and Dr. Robertson to add, tha though he indulged himself in this sally of wit, he had too good taste not to be fully sensible of the merits of that admirable work.

An essay, written by Mr. Deane, a Divine of the Church o England, maintaining the future life of brutes, by an explication of certain parts of the scriptures, was mentioned. and the doctrine insisted on by a gentleman who seemed fond of curious specu lation. Johnson, who did not like to hear of any thing concerning a future state which was not authorized by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious metaphysical pensive face, addressed him, "But really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him," Johnson, rolling with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly round, and replied, "True, Sir: and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of *him*." He then rose up, strided to the fire, and stood for some time laughing and exulting.

I told him that I had several times when in Italy, seen the experiment of placing a scorpion within a circle of burning coals; that it ran round and round in extreme pain; and finding no way to escape, retired to the centre, and like a true Stoick philosopher, darted its sting into its head, and thus at once, freed itself from its woes. "*This must end 'em.*" I said, this was a curious fact, as it shewed deliberate suicide in a reptile.

ohnson would not admit the fact. He said, Maupertuis [1] was
opinion that it does not kill itself, but dies of the heat, that
gets to the centre of the circle, as the coolest place; that its
rning its tail in upon its head is merely a convulsion, and that
does not sting itself. He said he would be satisfied if the
eat anatomist Morgagni, after dissecting a scorpion on which
e experiment had been tried, should certify that its sting had
enetrated into its head.

He seemed pleased to talk of natural philosophy. "That
oodcocks, (said he,) fly over the northern countries, is proved,
ecause they have been observed at sea. Swallows certainly
eep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together,
y flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw them-
lves under water, and lye in the bed of a river." He told
s, one of his first essays was a Latin poem upon the glow-
orm. I am sorry I did not ask where it was to be found.
Talking of the Russians and the Chinese, he advised me to
ead Bell's Travels. I asked him whether I should read Du
Ialde's Account of China. "Why yes, (said he) as one reads
uch a book; that is to say, consult it."

He talked of the heinousness of the crime of adultery, by
hich the peace of families was destroyed. He said, "Con-
usion of progeny constitutes the essence of the crime; and
herefore a woman who breaks her marriage vows is much more
riminal than a man who does it. A man, to be sure, is
riminal in the sight of GOD; but he does not do his wife a
ery material injury, if he does not insult her; if, for instance,
om mere wantonness of appetite, he steals privately to her
hambermaid. Sir, a wife ought not greatly to resent this. I
ould not receive home a daughter who had run away from
er husband on that account. A wife should study to reclaim
er husband by more attention to please him. Sir, a man will
ot, once in a hundred instances, leave his wife and go to a
arlot, if his wife has not been negligent of pleasing."

[1] I should think it impossible not to wonder at the variety of Johnson's reading, however desultory it might have been. Who could have imagined that the High Church of England-man would be so prompt in quoting *Maupertuis*, who, I am sorry to think, stands in the list of those unfortunate mistaken men, who call themselves *esprits forts*. I have, however, a high respect for that Philosopher whom the Great Frederick of Prussia loved and honoured, and addressed pathetically in one of his Poems,

"*Maupertuis cher Maupertuis*
Que notre vie est peu de chose."

There was in Maupertuis a vigour and yet a tenderness of sentiment, united with strong intellectual powers, and uncommon ardour of soul. Would he had been a Christian! I cannot help earnestly venturing to hope that he is one now.
[Maupertuis died in 1759 at the age of 62, in the arms of the Bernoullis, *très chrétiennement*.—BURNEY.]

Here he discovered that acute discrimination, that sol judgement, and that knowledge of human nature, for which h was upon all occasions remarkable. Taking care to keep view the moral and religious duty, as understood in our natio he shewed clearly from reason and good sense, the great degree of culpability in the one sex deviating from it than th other; and, at the same time, inculcated a very useful lesso as to *the way to keep him.*

I asked him if it was not hard that one deviation fro chastity should so absolutely ruin a young woman. JOHNSON "Why no, Sir; it is the great principle which she is taugh When she has given up that principle, she has given up ever notion of female honour and virtue, which are all included i chastity."

A gentleman talked to him of a lady whom he greatly admire and wished to marry, but was afraid of her superiority of talent "Sir, (said he,) you need not be afraid; marry her. Before year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and tha wit not so bright." Yet the gentleman may be justified in hi apprehension by one of Dr. Johnson's admirable sentences i his life of Waller: "He doubtless praised many whom h would have been afraid to marry; and, perhaps, married on whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualitie contribute to domestick happiness, upon which poetry has n colours to bestow: and many airs and sallies may deligh imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve.

He praised Signor Baretti. "His account of Italy is a ver entertaining book; and, Sir, I know no man who carries hi head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks; bu with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly."

At this time I observed upon the dial-plate of his watch short Greek inscription, taken from the New Testament, Νυ γαρ ερχεται, being the first words of our SAVIOUR'S solemn admonition to the improvement of that time which is allowed us to prepare for eternity; "the night cometh when no man can work." He sometime afterwards laid aside this dial-plate and when I asked him the reason, he said, "It might do very well upon a clock which a man keeps in his closet; but to have it upon his watch which he carries about with him, and which is often looked at by others, might be censured as ostentatious." Mr. Steevens is now possessed of the dial-plate inscribed as above.

He remained at Oxford a considerable time; I was obliged go to London, where I received his letter, which had been turned from Scotland.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"MY DEAR BOSWELL,

"I HAVE omitted a long time to write to you, without nowing very well why. I could now tell why I should not rite; for who would write to men who publish the letters of eir friends, without their leave? Yet I write to you in spite my caution, to tell you that I shall be glad to see you, and at I wish you would empty your head of Corsica, which I ink has filled it rather too long. But, at all events, I shall glad, very glad to see you.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Oxford, March 23, 1768."

I answered thus:

"To Mr. Samuel Johnson.

"London, 26th April, 1768.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE received your last letter, which, though very ort, and by no means complimentary, yet gave me real easure, because it contains these words, 'I shall be glad, ry glad to see you.'—Surely you have no reason to complain my publishing a single paragraph of one of your letters; the mptation to it was so strong. An irrevocable grant of your endship, and your dignifying my desire of visiting Corsica th the epithet of 'a wise and noble curiosity,' are to me more luable than many of the grants of kings.

But how can you bid me 'empty my head of Corsica?' y noble-minded friend, do you not feel for an oppressed tion bravely struggling to be free? Consider fairly what is e case. The Corsicans never received any kindness from e Genoese. They never agreed to be subject to them. They ve them nothing, and when reduced to an abject state of avery, by force, shall they not rise in the great cause of liberty, d break the galling yoke? And shall not every liberal soul e warm for them? Empty my head of Corsica? Empty it honour, empty it of humanity, empty it of friendship, empty

it of piety. No! while I live, Corsica and the cause of th brave islanders shall ever employ much of my attention, sha ever interest me in the sincerest manner.

* * * * * * *

"I am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL

["TO MRS. LUCY PORTER, IN LICHFIELD.

"Oxford, Apr. 18, 176

"MY DEAR DEAR LOVE,

"YOU have had a very great loss. To lose an old friend is to be cut off from a great part of the little pleasure that this lif allows. But such is the condition of our nature, that as we liv on we must see those whom we love drop successively, and fin our circle of relation grow less and less, till we are almos unconnected with the world; and then it must soon be ou turn to drop into the grave. There is always this consolation that we have one Protector who can never be lost but by ou own fault, and every new experience of the uncertainty of al other comforts should determine us to fix our hearts wher true joys are to be found. All union with the inhabitants c earth must in time be broken; and all the hopes that terminat here, must on [one] part or other end in disappointment.

"I am glad that Mrs. Adey and Mrs. Cobb do not leave yo alone. Pay my respects to them, and the Sewards, and all m friends. When Mr. Porter comes, he will direct you. Let m know of his arrival, and I will write to him.

"When I go back to London, I will take care of your readin glass. Whenever I can do any thing for you, remember, m dear darling, that one of my greatest pleasures is to pleas you.

"The punctuality of your correspondence I consider as proof of great regard. When we shall see each other, I kno not, but let us often think on each other, and think wit tenderness. Do not forget me in your prayers. I have for long time back been very poorly; but of what use is it t complain?

"Write often, for your letters always give great pleasure to,

"My dear,

"Your most affectionate,

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."]

Upon his arrival in London in May, he surprized me one orning with a visit at my lodging in Half-Moon-street, was uite satisfied with my explanation, and was in the kindest and ost agreeable frame of mind. As he had objected to a part one of his letters being published, I thought it right to take is opportunity of asking him explicitly whether it would be nproper to publish his letters after his death. His answer as, "Nay, Sir, when I am dead, you may do as you will."

He talked in his usual style with a rough contempt of popular berty. "They make a rout about *universal* liberty, without nsidering that all that is to be valued, or indeed can be joyed by individuals, is *private* liberty. Political liberty is od only so far as it produces private liberty. Now, Sir, there the liberty of the press, which you know is a constant topick. ppose you and I and two hundred more were restrained from inting our thoughts: what then? What proportion would at restraint upon us bear to the private happiness of the tion?"

This mode of representing the inconveniences of restraint light and insignificant, was a kind of sophistry in which he lighted to indulge himself, in opposition to the extreme laxity r which it has been fashionable for too many to argue, when is evident upon reflection, that the very essence of govern- ent is restraint; and certain it is, that as government produces tional happiness, too much restraint is better than too little. ut when restraint is unnecessary, and so close as to gall those o are subject to it, the people may and ought to remonstrate; d, if relief is not granted, to resist. Of this manly and irited principle, no man was more convinced than Johnson mself.

About this time Dr. Kenrick attacked him, through my sides, a pamphlet, entitled "An Epistle to James Boswell, Esq. casioned by his having transmitted the moral Writings of Dr. muel Johnson to Pascal Paoli, General of the Corsicans." I as at first inclined to answer this pamphlet; but Johnson who ew that my doing so would only gratify Kenrick, by keeping ve what would soon die away of itself, would not suffer me to ke any notice of it.

His sincere regard for Francis Barber, his faithful negro rvant, made him so desirous of his further improvement, that now placed him at school at Bishop Stortford, in Hertford- ire. This humane attention does Johnson's heart much nour. Out of many letters which Mr. Barber received from

his master, he has preserved three, which he kindly gave and which I shall insert according to their dates.

"To Mr. Francis Barber.

"DEAR FRANCIS,

"I have been very much out of order. I am glad to h that you are well, and design to come soon to you. I wo have you stay at Mrs. Clapp's for the present, till I determine what we shall do. Be a good boy.

"My compliments to Mrs. Clapp and to Mr. Fowler. I a

"Your's affectionately,

"May, 28, 1768." "Sam. Johnso

Soon afterwards, he supped at the Crown and Anchor tave in the Strand, with a company whom I collected to meet hi They were Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore, Dr. Dougl now Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Langton, Dr. Robertson t Historian, Dr. Hugh Blair, and Mr. Thomas Davies, w wished much to be introduced to these eminent Scotch litera but on the present occasion, he had very little opportunity hearing them talk, for with an excess of prudence, for whi Johnson afterwards found fault with them, they hardly open their lips, and that only to say something which they we certain would not expose them to the sword of Goliath; suc was their anxiety for their fame when in the presence of Joh son. He was this evening in remarkable vigour of mind, ar eager to exert himself in conversation, which he did with gre readiness and fluency; but I am sorry to find that I hav preserved but a small part of what passed.

He allowed high praise to Thomson as a poet; but whe one of the company said he was also a very good man, ou moralist contested this with great warmth, accusing him of gro sensuality and licentiousness of manners. I was very muc afraid that in writing Thomson's life, Dr. Johnson would hav treated his private character with a stern severity, but I wa agreeably disappointed; and I may claim a little merit in i from my having been at pains to send him authentick account of the affectionate and generous conduct of that poet to hi sisters, one of whom, the wife of Mr. Thomson, schoolmaste at Lanark, I knew, and was presented by her with three of hi letters, one of which Dr. Johnson has inserted in his life.

He was vehement against old Dr. Mounsey,[1] of Chelse

[1] [Messenger Mounsey, M.D. died at his apartments in Chelsea College, Dec. 26, 1788 at the great age of ninety-five. An extraordinary direction in his will may be found in th Gentleman's Magazine vol. 50, p. ii. p. 1183.—M.]

ollege, as "a fellow who swore and talked bawdy." "I have ten been in his company, (said Dr. Percy,) and never heard m swear or talk bawdy." Mr. Davies who sat next to Dr. ercy, having after this had some conversation aside with him, ade a discovery which, in his zeal to pay court to Dr. Johnson, e eagerly proclaimed aloud from the foot of the table: 'O, r, I have found out a very good reason why Dr. Percy never ard Mounsey swear or talk bawdy, for he tells me he never w him but at the Duke of Northumberland's table." "And , Sir, (said Dr. Johnson loudly to Dr. Percy) you would shield is man from the charge of swearing and talking bawdy, ecause he did not do so at the Duke of Northumberland's ble. Sir, you might as well tell us that you had seen him old up his hand at the Old Bailey, and he neither swore nor lked bawdy; or that you had seen him in the cart at Tyburn, id he neither swore nor talked bawdy. And is it thus, Sir, at you presume to controvert what I have related?" Dr. ohnson's animadversion was uttered in such a manner, that r. Percy seemed to be displeased, and soon afterwards left the ompany, of which Johnson did not at that time take any notice. Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated im with little respect as an authour. Some of us endeavoured support the Dean of St. Patrick's, by various arguments. ne in particular praised his "Conduct of the Allies." JOHNSON. Sir, his 'Conduct of the Allies' is a performance of very little ility." "Surely, Sir, (said Dr. Douglas,) you must allow it as strong facts."[1] JOHNSON. "Why yes, Sir; but what is that the merit of the composition? In the Sessions-paper of the ld Bailey there are strong facts. House-breaking is a strong ct; robbery is a strong fact; and murder is a *mighty* strong ct: but is great praise due to the historian of those strong facts? o, Sir, Swift has told what he had to tell distinctly enough, ut that is all. He had to count ten, and he has counted it ght."—Then recollecting that Mr. Davies. by acting as an *in-rmer*, had been the occasion of his talking somewhat too rshly to his friend Dr. Percy, for which, probably, when the rst ebullition was over, he felt some compunction, he took an pportunity to give him a hit: so added, with a preparatory

[1] My respectable friend. upon reading this passage, observed that he probably must ve said not simply "strong facts," but "strong facts well arranged." His lordship, wever, knows too well the value of written documents to insist on setting his recollection ainst my notes taken at the time. He does not attempt to *traverse the record*. The t, perhaps, may have been, either that the additional words escaped me in the noise of umerous company, or that Dr. Johnson, from his impetuosity, and eagerness to seize opportunity to make a lively retort, did not allow Dr. Douglas to finish his sentence.

laugh, "Why, Sir, Tom Davies might have written 'the Conduc of the Allies.'" Poor Tom being thus suddenly dragged int ludicrous notice in presence of the Scottish Doctors, to whom he was ambitious of appearing to advantage, was grievously mortified. Nor did his punishment rest here; for upon subsequent occasions, whenever he, "statesman all o'er,"[1] assumed a strutting importance, I used to hail him—"*the Authour of the Conduct of the Allies.*"

When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well, (said he,) we had good talk." BOSWELL. "Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but from the remarkable elegance of his own manners, was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behaviour. One evening about this time, when his Lordship did me the honour to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my Lord, (said Signor Baretti,) do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True, (answered the Earl, with a smile,) but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner: but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"

In 1769, so far as I can discover, the publick was favoured with nothing of Johnson's composition, either for himself or any of his friends. His "Meditations" too strongly prove that he suffered much both in body and mind; yet was he perpetually striving against *evil*, and nobly endeavouring to advance his intellectual and devotional improvement. Every generous and grateful heart must feel for the distresses of so eminent a benefactor to mankind; and now that his unhappiness is certainly known, must respect that dignity of character which prevented him from complaining.

His Majesty having the preceding year instituted the Royal

[1] See the hard drawing of him in Churchill's ROSCIAD.

cademy of Arts in London, Johnson had now the honour of eing appointed Professor in Ancient Literature.[1] In the course f the year he wrote some letters to Mrs. Thrale, passed some art of the summer at Oxford and at Lichfield, and when at xford he wrote the following letter:

"To the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton.

"dear sir,

"Many years ago, when I used to read in the library of our College, I promised to recompence the college for that ermission, by adding to their books a Baskerville's Virgil. I ave now sent it, and desire you to reposit it on the shelves in y name.[2]

"If you will be pleased to let me know when you have an our of leisure, I will drink tea with you. I am engaged for the fternoon, to-morrow and on Friday: all my mornings are my wn.[3]

"I am &c.

"Sam. Johnson."

May 31, 1769."

I came to London in the autumn, and having informed him hat I was going to be married in a few months, I wished to have s much of his conversation as I could before engaging in a state f life which would probably keep me more in Scotland, and revent me seeing him so often as when I was a single man; ut I found he was at Brighthelmstone with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. was very sorry that I had not his company with me at the ubilee, in honour of Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, the reat poet's native town. Johnson's connection both with hakspeare and Garrick founded a double claim to his presence; nd it would have been highly gratifying to Mr. Garrick. Upon is occasion I particularly lamented that he had not that warmth f friendship for his brilliant pupil, which we may suppose

[1] In which place he has been succeeded by Bennet Langton, Esq. When that truly eligious gentleman was elected to this honorary Professorship, at the same time that dward Gibbon, Esq. noted for introducing a kind of sneering infidelity into his Historical ritings, was elected Professor in Ancient History, in the room of Dr. Goldsmith, I served that it brou ht to my mind, "Wicked Will Whiston and good Mr. Ditton."—I n now also of that admirable institution as Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, by e favour of the Academicians, and the approbation of the Sovereign.

[2] "It has this inscription in a blank-leaf: '*Hunc librum D. D. Samuel Johnson, eo od hic loci studiis interdum vacavet.*' Of this library, which is an old Gothic room, he is very fond. On my observing to him that some of the *modern* libraries of the University re more commodious and pleasant for study, as being more spacious and airy, he replied, ir, if a man has a mind to *prance*, he must study at Christ-Church and All-Souls.'"

[3] "During this visit he seldom or never dined out. He appeared to be deeply engaged some literary work. Miss Williams was now with him at Oxford."

would have had a benignant effect on both. When almos every man of eminence in the literary world was happy to pa take in this festival of genius, the absence of Johnson could no but be wondered at and regretted. The only trace of hin there, was in the whimsical advertisement of a haberdasher, wh sold *Shaksperian ribbands* of various dyes; and, by way o illustrating their appropriation to the bard, introduced a line fro the celebrated Prologue at the opening of Drury-lane theatre:

"Each change of *many-colour'd* life he drew."

From Brighthelmstone Dr. Johnson wrote me the followin letter, which they who may think that I ought to have sup pressed, must have less ardent feelings than I have alway avowed.[1]

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"Why do you charge me with unkindness? I have omitte nothing that could do you good, or give you pleasure, unless i be that I have forborne to tell you my opinion of your 'Accoun of Corsica.' I believe my opinion, if you think well of m judgement, might have given you pleasure; but when it is con sidered how much vanity is excited by praise, I am not sur that it would have done you good. Your History is like othe histories, but your Journal is in a very high degree curious and delightful. There is between the history and the journal tha difference which there will always be found between notions borrowed from without, and notions generated within. You history was copied from books; your journal rose out of you own experience and observation. You express images which operated strongly upon yourself, and you have impressed them with great force upon your readers. I know not whether I could name any narrative by which curiosity is better excited, or better gratified.

[1] In the Preface to my Account of Corsica, published in 1768, I thus express myself:

"He who publishes a book affecting not to be an authour, and professing an indifference for literary fame, may possibly impose upon many people such an idea of his consequence as he wishes may be received. For my part I should be proud to be known as an authour, and I have an ardent ambition for literary fame; for, of all possessions I should imagine literary fame to be the most valuable. A man who has been able to furnish a book, which has been approved by the world, has established himself as a respectable character in distant society, without any danger of having that character lessened by the observation of his weaknesses. To preserve an uniform dignity among those who see us every day, is hardly possible; and to aim at it, must put us under the fetters of perpetual restraint. The authour of an approved book may allow his natural disposition an easy play, and yet indulge the pride of superiour genius, when he considers that by those who know him only as an authour, he never ceases to be respected. Such an authour, when in his hours of gloom and discontent, may have the consolation to think, that his writings are, at that very time, giving pleasure to numbers; and such an authour may cherish the hope of being remembered after death, which has been a great object to the noblest minds in all ages."

"I am glad that you are going to be married; and as I wish ou well in things of less importance, wish you well with roportionate ardour in this crisis of your life. What I can ontribute to your happiness, I should be very unwilling to ithhold; for I have always loved and valued you, and shall ove you and value you still more, as you become more regular nd useful: effects which a happy marriage will hardly fail to roduce.

"I do not find that I am likely to come back very soon from his place. I shall, perhaps, stay a fortnight longer; and a ortnight is a long time to a lover absent from his Mistress. Would a fortnight ever have an end?

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Brighthelmstone,
Sept. 9, 1769."

After his return to town, we met frequently, and I continued he practice of making notes of his conversation, though not ith so much assiduity as I wish I had done. At this time, ndeed, I had a sufficient excuse for not being able to appro- riate so much time to my journal; for General Paoli, after Corsica had been overpowered by the monarchy of France, as now no longer at the head of his brave countrymen, but aving with difficulty escaped from his native island, had sought n asylum in Great-Britain; and it was my duty, as well as my leasure, to attend much upon him. Such particulars of ohnson's conversation at this period as I have committed to riting, I shall here introduce, without any strict attention to ethodical arrangement. Sometimes short notes of different ays shall be blended together, and sometimes a day may seem mportant enough to be separately distinguished.

He said, he would not have Sunday kept with rigid severity nd gloom, but with a gravity and simplicity of behaviour.

I told him that David Hume had made a short collection of Scotticisms. "I wonder, (said Johnson,) that *he* should find hem."[1]

He would not admit the importance of the question con- erning the legality of general warrants. "Such a power (he bserved) must be vested in every government, to answer articular cases of necessity; and there can be no just com-

[1] [The first edition of Hume's History of England was full of Scotticisms, many of hich he corrected in subsequent editions.—M.]

plaint but when it is abused, for which those who administe government must be answerable. It is a matter of suc indifference, a matter about which the people care so ver little, that were a man to be sent over Britain to offer them a exemption from it at a half-penny a piece, very few woul purchase it." This was a specimen of that laxity of talkin which I had heard him fairly acknowledge; for, surely, whil the power of granting general warrants was supposed to b legal, and the apprehension of them hung over our heads, w did not possess that security of freedom, congenial to ou happy constitution, and which, by the intrepid exertions of Mr Wilkes, has been happily established.

He said, "The duration of Parliament, whether for seven years or the life of the King, appears to me so immaterial, tha I would not give half a crown to turn the scale one way or the other. The *habeas corpus* is the single advantage which ou government has over that of other countries."

On the 30th of September we dined together at the Mitre. I attempted to argue for the superiour happiness of the savage life, upon the usual fanciful topicks. JOHNSON. "Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized men. They have not better health; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, Sir; you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch Judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*; but I will not suffer *you*." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense?" JOHNSON. "True, Sir, but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at him." BOSWELL. "How so, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, a man who talks nonsense so well, must know that he is talking nonsense. But I am *afraid*, (chuckling and laughing,) Monboddo does *not* know that he is talking nonsense."[1] BOSWELL. "Is it wrong then, Sir, to affect singularity, in order to make people stare?" JOHNSON. "Yes, if you do it by propagating errour; and, indeed, it is wrong in any way. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare; and every wise

[1] His Lordship having frequently spoken in an abusive manner of Dr. Johnson, in my company, I on one occasion during the life-time of my illustrious friend could not refrain from retaliation, and repeated to him this saying. He has since published I don't know how many pages in one of his curious books, attempting, in much anger, but with artful effect, to persuade mankind that my illustrious friend was not the great and good man which they esteemed and ever will esteem him to be.

in has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you sh to make people stare by doing better than others, why ake them stare till they stare their eyes out. But consider w easy it is to make people stare, by being absurd. I may it by going into a drawing-room without my shoes. You member the gentleman in 'The Spectator,' who had a com- ission of lunacy taken out against him for his extreme ngularity, such as never wearing a wig, but a night-cap. ow, Sir, abstractedly, the night-cap was best: but, relatively, e advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run ter him."

Talking of a London life, he said, "The happiness of London not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I ll venture to say, there is more learning and science within e circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in l the rest of the kingdom." BOSWELL. "The only disadvan- ge is the great distance at which people live from one nother." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; but that is occasioned by e largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advan- ges." BOSWELL. "Sometimes I have been in the humour wishing to retire to a desart." JOHNSON. "Sir, you have esart enough in Scotland."

Although I had promised myself a great deal of instructive nversation with him on the conduct of the married state, of hich I had then a near prospect, he did not say much upon at topick. Mr. Seward heard him once say, that "a man as a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he arries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion." Ie maintained to me contrary to the common notion, that a oman would not be the worse wife for being learned; in which, om all that I have observed of *Artemisias*, I humbly differed om him. That a woman should be sensible and well informed, allow to be a great advantage; and think that Sir Thomas verbury,[1] in his rude versification, has very judiciously pointed ut that degree of intelligence which is to be desired in a female mpanion:

> "Give me, next *good*, an *understanding wife*,
> By Nature *wise*, not *learned* by much art;
> Some *knowledge* on her side will all my life
> More scope of conversation impart;
> Besides, her inborne virtue fortifie;
> They are most firmly good, who best know why."

1 "A Wife," a poem, 1614.

When I censured a gentleman of my acquaintance fo marrying a second time, as it shewed a disregard of his firs wife, he said "Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he no to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife ha given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wif he pays the highest compliment to the first, by shewing that sh made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be s a second time." So ingenious a turn did he give to thi delicate question. And yet, on another occasion, he owne that he once had almost asked a promise of Mrs. Johnson tha she would not marry again, but had checked himself. Indee I cannot help thinking, that in his case the request would hav been unreasonable; for if Mrs. Johnson forgot, or thought i no injury to the memory of her first love,—the husband of he youth and the father of her children,—to make a secon marriage, why should she be precluded from a third, shoul she be so inclined? In Johnson's persevering fond appropria tion of his *Tetty*, even after her decease, he seems totally t have overlooked the prior claim of the honest Birminghan trader. I presume that her having been married before had at times, given him some uneasiness; for I remember hi observing upon the marriage of one of our common friends "He has done a very foolish thing, Sir; he has married a widow, when he might have had a maid."

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I had last year th pleasure of seeing Mrs. Thrale at Dr. Johnson's one morning and had conversation enough with her to admire her talents and to shew her that I was as Johnsonian as herself. Dr Johnson had probably been kind enough to speak well of me for this evening he delivered me a very polite card from Mr Thrale and her, inviting me to Streatham.

On the 6th of October I complied with this obliging invitation and found, at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every cir cumstance that can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked up to with an awe, tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess. I rejoiced at seeing him so happy.

He played off his wit against Scotland with a good humoured pleasantry, which gave me, though no bigot to nationa prejudices, an opportunity for a little contest with him. having said that England was obliged to us for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen;—JOHNSON "Why, Sir, that is because gardening is much more necessary

mongst you than with us, which makes so many of your people learn it. It is *all* gardening with you. Things which grow wild here, must be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray now (throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing,) are you ever able to bring the *sloe* to perfection?"

I boasted that we had the honour of being the first to abolish the unhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving vails to servants. JOHNSON. "Sir, you abolished vails, because you were too poor to be able to give them."

Mrs. Thrale disputed with him on the merit of Prior. He attacked him powerfully; said he wrote of love like a man who had never felt it: his love verses were college verses; and he repeated the song "Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains," &c. in so ludicrous a manner, as to make us all wonder how any one could have been pleased with such fantastical stuff. Mrs. Thrale stood to her gun with great courage, in defence of amorous ditties, which Johnson despised, till he at last silenced her by saying, "My dear Lady, talk no more of this. Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense."

Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick's talents for light gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in "Florizel and Perdita," and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

"I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor."

JOHNSON. "Nay, my dear Lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple;—What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich." I repeated his sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To sooth him I observed, that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh, to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns: "*fœnum habet in cornu.*" "Ay, said Garrick, vehemently,) he has a whole *mow* of it."

Talking of history, Johnson said "We may know historical facts to be true, as we may know facts in common life to be true. Motives are generally unknown. We cannot trust to the characters we find in history, unless when they are drawn by those who knew the persons; as those, for instance, by Sallust and by Lord Clarendon."

He would not allow much merit to Whitfield's oratory. His popularity, Sir, (said he,) is chiefly owing to the

peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowd were he to wear a night-cap in the pulpit, or were he to preac from a tree."

I know not from what spirit of contradiction he burst ou into a violent declamation against the Corsicans, of whos heroism I talked in high terms. "Sir, (said he,) what is a this rout about the Corsicans? They have been at war wit the Genoese for upwards of twenty years, and have never ye taken their fortified towns. They might have battered dow their walls, and reduced them to powder in twenty years They might have pulled the walls in pieces, and cracked th stones with their teeth in twenty years." It was in vain t argue with him upon the want of artillery: he was not to b resisted for the moment.

On the evening of October 10, I presented Dr. Johnson t General Paoli. I had greatly wished that two men, for whon I had the highest esteem, should meet. They met with manly ease, mutually conscious of their own abilities, and o the abilities of each other. The General spoke Italian, an Dr. Johnson English, and understood one another very well with a little aid of interpretation from me, in which I compare myself to an isthmus which joins two great continents. Upo Johnson's approach, the General said, "From what I hav read of your works, Sir, and from what Mr. Boswell has tol me of you, I have long held you in great veneration." Th General talked of languages being formed on the particula notions and manners of a people, without knowing which, w cannot know the language. We may know the direct significa tion of single words; but by these no beauty of expression, n sally of genius, no wit is conveyed to the mind. All this mus be by allusion to other ideas. "Sir, (said Johnson,) you tal of language, as if you had never done any thing else but study it, instead of governing a nation." The General said, "*Quest e un troppo gran complimento*;" this is too great a compliment Johnson answered, "I should have thought so, Sir, if I ha not heard you talk." The General asked him what he though of the spirit of infidelity which was so prevalent. JOHNSON "Sir, this gloom of infidelity, I hope, is only a transient clou passing through the hemisphere, which will soon be dissipated and the sun break forth with his usual splendour." "You think then, (said the General,) that they will change thei principles like their clothes." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if they bestow no more thought on principles than on dress, it must

be so." The General said, that "a great part of the fashionable infidelity was owing to a desire of showing courage. Men who have no opportunities of shewing it as to things in this life, take death and futurity as objects on which to display it."

JOHNSON. "That is mighty foolish affectation. Fear is one of the passions of human nature, of which it is impossible to divest it. You remember that the Emperour Charles V. when he read upon the tomb-stone of a Spanish nobleman, 'Here lies one who never knew fear,' wittily said, 'Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.'"

He talked a few words of French to the General; but finding he did not do it with facility, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following note:

"*J'ai lu dans la geographie de Lucas de Linda un Pater-noster crit dans une langue toute à-fait differente de l'Italienne, et de outes autres lesquelles se derivent du Latin. L'auteur l'appelle* inguam Corsicæ rusticam: *elle a peut-etre passé, peu à peu; nais elle a certainement prevalue autrefois dans les montagnes et lans la campagne. Le même auteur dit la même chose en parlant le Sardaigne; qu'il y a deux langues dan l'Isle, une des villes, l'autre de la campagne.*"

The General immediately informed him that the *lingua rustica* was only in Sardinia.

Dr. Johnson went home with me, and drank tea till late in the night. He said, "General Paoli had the loftiest port of any man he had ever seen." He denied that military men were always the best bred men. "Perfect good breeding, he observed, consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas, in a military man, you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*."

Dr. Johnson shunned to-night any discussion of the perplexed question of fate and free will, which I attempted to agitate: "Sir, (said he,) we *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't."

He honoured me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond-street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a

gentle complacency. One of the company not being come the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasion to order dinner to be served; adding, "Ought six people to b kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes, (answered Johnson, wit a delicate humanity,) if the one will suffer more by your sittin down, than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to dive the tedious minutes, strutted about, bragging of his dress, an I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfull prone to such impressions. "Come, come, (said Garrick, talk no more of that. You are perhaps, the worst—eh, eh! —Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, whe Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will alway *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill dress*." "Well, let me tell you, (said Goldsmith,) when my taylor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water-lane.'" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."

After dinner our conversation first turned upon Pope. Johnson said, his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the Dunciad.[1] While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines one of the company ventured to say, "Too fine for such a poem:—a poem on what?" JOHNSON, (with a disdainful look,) "Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, Sir, hadst *thou* live in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits." Bickerstaff observed as a peculiar circumstance, that Pope's fame was higher when he was alive than it was then. Johnson said, his Pastorals were poor things, though the versification was fine. He told us, with high satisfaction, the anecdote of Pope's enquiring who was the authour of his "London," and saying, he will be soon *déterré*. He observed, that in Dryden's poetry there were passages drawn from a profundity which Pope could never reach. He repeated some fine lines on love, by the former, (which I have now forgotten,) and gave great applause to the

[1] [Mr. Langton informed me that he once related to Johnson (on the authority of Spence) that Pope himself admired those lines so much, that when he repeated them, his voice faltered: "and well it might, Sir, (said Johnson) for they are noble lines."—J. BOSWELL.]

haracter of Zimri. Goldsmith said, that Pope's character of Addison shewed a deep knowledge of the human heart. ohnson said, that the description of the temple, in "The Mourning Bride,"[1] was the finest poetical passage he had ever ead; he recollected none in Shakspeare equal to it.—"But, said Garrick, all alarmed for 'the God of his idolatry,') we now not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works. Shakspeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories." Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastick jealousy, went on with great ardour. "No, Sir; Congreve has *nature*;" (smiling on the tragick eagerness of Garrick;) but composing himself, he added, "Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakspeare on the whole; but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare. Sir, a man may have no more than ten guineas in the world, but he may have those ten guineas in one piece; and so may have a finer piece than a man who has ten thousand pounds: but then he has only one ten-guinea piece. —What I mean is, that you can shew me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions,[2] which produces such an effect." Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed it had *men* in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awaking in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover Cliff. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; it should be all precipice,—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description; but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said, she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it."

Talking of a Barrister who had a bad utterance, some one, (to rouse Johnson,) wickedly said, that he was unfortunate in not having been taught oratory by Sheridan. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, if he had been taught by Sheridan, he would have cleared

[1] [Act ii. sc. 3.—M.]

[2] [In Congreve's description there seems to be *an intermixture of moral notions*; as the affecting power of the passage arises from the vivid impression of the described objects on the mind of the speaker: "And shoots a chillness," &c.—KEARNEY.]

the room." GARRICK. "Sheridan has too much vanity to be a good man."—We shall now see Johnson's mode of *defending* a man; taking him into his own hands, and discriminating. JOHNSON. "No, Sir. There is, to be sure, in Sheridan, some thing to reprehend, and every thing to laugh at; but, Sir, he is not a bad man. No, Sir, were mankind to be divided into good and bad, he would stand considerably within the ranks of good. And, Sir, it must be allowed that Sheridan excels in plain declamation, though he can exhibit no character."

I should, perhaps, have suppressed this disquisition concerning a person of whose merit and worth I think with respect, had he not attacked Johnson so outrageously in his Life of Swift, and, at the same time, treated us his admirers as a set of pigmies. He who has provoked the lash of wit, cannot complain that he smarts from it.

Mrs. Montague, a lady distinguished for having written an Essay on Shakspeare, being mentioned;—REYNOLDS. "I think that essay does her honour." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, it does *her* honour, but it would do nobody else honour. I have, indeed, not read it all. But when I take up the end of a web, and find it packthread, I do not expect, by looking further, to find embroidery. Sir, I will venture to say, there is not one sentence of true criticism in her book." GARRICK. "But, Sir, surely it shews how much Voltaire has mistaken Shakspeare, which nobody else has done." JOHNSON. "Sir, nobody else has thought it worth while. And what merit is there in that? You may as well praise a schoolmaster for whipping a boy who has construed ill. No, Sir, there is no real criticism in it: none shewing the beauty of thought, as formed on the workings of the human heart."

The admirers of this Essay[1] may be offended at the slighting manner in which Johnson spoke of it: but let it be remembered, that he gave his honest opinion unbiassed by any prejudice, or any proud jealousy of a woman intruding herself into the chair of criticism; for Sir Joshua Reynolds has told me, that when the Essay first came out, and it was not known who had written it, Johnson wondered how Sir Joshua could

[1] Of whom I ask. Malone myself to be one, considering it as a piece of the second, or comparative species of criticism; and not of the profound species which [illegible] Johnson would allow to be real criticism. It is [illegible] clear and elegant expressed, and has done effectually what it professes to do, namely, vindicate Shakspeare from the mere cavils [illegible] While, [illegible] ingenious young gentleman were [illegible] this [illegible] observations. Mrs. Montague's Essay [illegible] of service to Shakspeare with a certain class of readers and is, therefore, entitled to praise. Johnson, I am assured, allowed the merit which I have stated saying, (with reference to Voltaire,) "it is conclusive *ad hominem*.

ke it. At this time Sir Joshua himself had received no in-
rmation concerning the authour, except being assured by one
f our most eminent literati, that it was clear its authour did
ot know the Greek tragedies in the original. One day at Sir
oshua's table, when it was related that Mrs. Montague, in an
xcess of compliment to the authour of a modern tragedy, had
xclaimed, "I tremble for Shakspeare;" Johnson said, "When
hakspeare has got —— for his rival, and Mrs. Montague for
s defender, he is in a poor state indeed."

Johnson proceeded: "The Scotchman has taken the right
ethod in his 'Elements of Criticism.' I do not mean that he
as taught us any thing; but he has told us old things in a new
ay." MURPHY. "He seems to have read a great deal of
rench criticism, and wants to make it his own; as if he had
een for years anatomising the heart of man, and peeping into
very cranny of it." GOLDSMITH. "It is easier to write that
ook, than to read it." JOHNSON. "We have an example of
ue criticism in Burke's 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful;'
nd, if I recollect, there is also Du Bos; and Bouhours, who
hews all beauty to depend on truth. There is no great merit
telling how many plays have ghosts in them, and how this
host is better than that. You must shew how terrour is im-
ressed on the human heart.—In the description of night in
Iacbeth, the beetle and the bat detract from the general idea
f darkness,—inspissated gloom."

Politicks being mentioned, he said, "This petitioning is a
ew mode of distressing government, and a mighty easy one. I
ill undertake to get petitions either against quarter guineas or
alf guineas, with the help of a little hot wine. There must be
o yielding to encourage this. The object is not important
nough. We are not to blow up half a dozen palaces, because
he cottage is burning."

The conversation then took another turn. JOHNSON. "It is
mazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds
men of eminence. A wit about town, who wrote Latin
awdy verses, asked me, how it happened that England and
cotland, which were once two kingdoms, were now one:—and
r Fletcher Norton did not seem to know that there were such
ublications as the Reviews."

"The ballad of Hardyknute has no great merit, if it
e really ancient.[1] People talk of nature. But mere

[1] [It is unquestionably a modern fiction. It was written by Sir John Bruce of Kinross, and first published at Edinburgh in folio, in 1719. See Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," vol. ii. pp. 96, 111, 4th edit.—M.]

obvious nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind."

On Thursday, October 19, I passed the evening with him at his house. He advised me to complete a Dictionary of words peculiar to Scotland, of which I shewed him a specimen. "Sir, (said he,) Ray has made a collection of north-country words. By collecting those of your country, you will do a useful thing towards the history of the language." He bade me also go on with collections which I was making upon the antiquities of Scotland. "Make a large book: a folio." BOSWELL. "But of what use will it be, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Never mind the use; do it."

I complained that he had not mentioned Garrick in his Preface to Shakspeare; and asked him if he did not admire him. JOHNSON. "Yes, as 'a poor player, who frets and struts his hour upon the stage;'—as a shadow." BOSWELL. "But has he not brought Shakspeare into notice?" JOHNSON. "Sir, to allow that, would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakspeare's plays are the worse for being acted: Macbeth, for instance." BOSWELL. "What, Sir, is nothing gained by decoration and action? Indeed, I do wish that you had mentioned Garrick." JOHNSON. "My dear Sir, had I mentioned him, I must have mentioned many more; Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber,—nay, and Mr. Cibber too; he too altered Shakspeare." BOSWELL. "You have read his apology, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Yes, it is very entertaining. But as for Cibber himself, taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature. I remember when he brought me one of his Odes to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end; so little respect had I for *that great man!* (laughing.) Yet I remember Richardson wondering that I could treat him with familiarity."

I mentioned to him that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. JOHNSON. "Most of them, Sir, have never thought at all." BOSWELL. "But is not the fear of death natural to man?" JOHNSON. "So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." He then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating upon the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself upon that occasion: "I know not (said he,) whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between GOD and myself."

Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others;—JOHNSON. Why, Sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly aggerated. No, Sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to ompt us to do good; more than that, Providence does not tend. It would be misery to no purpose." BOSWELL. "But ppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were appre-ended for an offence for which he might be hanged." JOHN-ON. "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any her assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should ot suffer." BOSWELL. "Would you eat your dinner that day, r?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; and eat it as if he were eating it ith me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life -morrow, friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if e should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum-dding the less. Sir, that sympathetick feeling goes a very tle way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who shewed me letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that e had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account "*This sad affair of Baretti*," begging of him to try if he uld suggest any thing that might be of service; and, at the me time, recommending to him an industrious young man o kept a pickle-shop. JOHNSON. "Ay, Sir, here you have specimen of human sympathy; a friend hanged, and a cumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or the ckle-man has kept Davies from sleep: nor does he know mself. And as to his not sleeping, Sir; Tom Davies is a ry great man; Tom has been upon the stage and knows how do those things: I have not been upon the stage, and cannot those things." BOSWELL. "I have often blamed myself, r, for not feeling for others, as sensibly as many say they do." HNSON. "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will d these very feeling people are not very ready to do you od. They *pay* you by *feeling*."

BOSWELL. "Foote has a great deal of humour." JOHNSON. Yes, Sir." BOSWELL. "He has a singular talent of exhibit-g character." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not a talent; it is a vice; is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which hibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered om many misers: it is a farce which exhibits individuals." SWELL. "Did not he think of exhibiting you, Sir?" JOHN-N. "Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off

a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, is not Foote an infidel?" JOHNSON. "I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject."[1] BOSWELL. "I suppose, Sir, he has thought superficially, and seized the first notion which occurred to his mind." JOHNSON. "Why then, Sir, still he is like a dog, that snatches the piece next him. Did you never observe that dogs have not the power of comparing? A dog will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before him."

"Buchanan (he observed,) has fewer *centos* than any modern Latin poet. He not only had great knowledge of the Latin language, but was a great poetical genius. Both the Scaligers praise him."

He again talked of the passage in Congreve with high commendation, and said, "Shakspeare never has six lines together without a fault. Perhaps you may find seven: but this does not refute my general assertion. If I come to an orchard, and say there's no fruit here, and then comes a poring man, who finds two apples and three pears, and tells me, 'Sir, you are mistaken, I have found both apples and pears,' I should laugh at him: what would that be to the purpose?"

BOSWELL. "What do you think of Dr. Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, there are very fine things in them." BOSWELL. "Is there not less religion in the nation now, Sir, than there was formerly?" JOHNSON. "I don't know, Sir, that there is." BOSWELL. "For instance, there used to be a chaplain in every great family, which we do not find now." JOHNSON. "Neither do you find any of the state servants which great families used formerly to have. There is a change of modes in the whole department of life."

Next day, October 20, he appeared, for the only time I suppose in his life, as a witness in a Court of Justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baretti, who having

[1] When Mr. Foote was at Edinburgh, he thought fit to entertain a numerous Scotch company with a great deal of coarse pleasantry, at the expence of Dr. Lawson, imagining it would be acceptable. I for the moment evil to me, but not very successfully. He had indeed excited no merriment on that subject, and then observed, that surely Johnson might be allowed to have some sterling wit, and that I had heard him say a very good thing of Mr. Foote himself. "Mr. my old friend Sam. (cried Foote,) we are sure you never had the best of it." Upon which I told the above story, which produced a very good laugh from the company. But I never saw Foote so disconcerted. He [illegible] and angry, and [illegible] talk of [illegible] a man who for years was at the head of the Universities of Oxford [illegible] a man who has added sixteen new characters to the English drama of his country!"

bbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for
rder. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten the
eful Sessions House, emphatically called JUSTICE HALL;
r. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauclerk, and Dr. Johnson: and
doubtedly their favourable testimony had due weight with the
urt and Jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliber-
, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive.
is well known that Mr. Baretti was acquitted.

On the 26th of October, we dined together at the Mitre
ern. I found fault with Foote for indulging his talent of
icule at the expence of his visitors, which I colloquially
med making fools of his company. JOHNSON. "Why,
, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint:
u go to see a man who will be entertained at your house,
d then bring you on a publick stage; who will entertain you
his house, for the very purpose of bringing you on a publick
ge. Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they
om he exposes are fools already: he only brings them into
tion."

Talking of trade, he observed, "It is a mistaken notion that
vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is
t so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade pro-
ces no capital accession of wealth. However, though there
ould be little profit in money, there is a considerable profit
pleasure, as it gives to one nation the productions of another;
we have wines and fruits, and many other foreign articles,
rought to us." BOSWELL. "Yes, Sir, and there is a profit in
easure, by its furnishing occupation to such numbers of man-
nd." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you cannot call that pleasure to
hich all are averse, and which none begin but with the hope
leaving off; a thing which men dislike before they have tried
and when they have tried it." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, the
ind must be employed, and we grow weary when idle."
OHNSON. "That is, Sir, because others being busy, we want
mpany; but if we are all idle, there would be no growing
eary; we should all entertain one another. There is, indeed,
is in trade:—it gives men an opportunity of improving their
tuation. If there were no trade, many who are poor would
ways remain poor. But no man loves labour for itself."
OSWELL. "Yes, Sir, I know a person who does. He is a very
borious Judge, and he loves the labour." JOHNSON. "Sir,
at is because he loves respect and distinction. Could he
ave them without labour, he would like it less." BOSWELL.

"He tells me he likes it for itself."—"Why, Sir, he fancies s because he is not accustomed to abstract."

We went home to his house to tea. Mrs. Williams made with sufficient dexterity, notwithstanding her blindness, thoug her manner of satisfying herself that the cups were full enoug appeared to me a little aukward; for I fancied she put h finger down a certain way, till she felt the tea touch it.[1] In m first elation at being allowed the privilege of attending D Johnson at his late visits to this lady, which was like beir *è secretioribus consiliis*, I willingly drank cup after cup, as if had been the Heliconian spring. But as the charm of novel went off, I grew more fastidious; and besides, I discovere that she was of a peevish temper.

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnso was in very good humour, lively, and ready to talk upon all su jects. Mr. Fergusson, the self-taught philosopher, told him a new invented machine which went without horses: a ma who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drov it forward. "Then, Sir, (said Johnson,) what is gained is, th man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or hin self and the machine too." Dominicetti being mentioned, h would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all th boasted system. No, Sir; medicated baths can be no bett than warm water: their only effect can be that of tepid moisture One of the company took the other side, maintaining that med cines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, a introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutife ous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. Th appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer i but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the fiel he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed t him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, h knocks you down with the butt end of it." He turned to th gentleman, "Well, Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fum gated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, fo *that* is the *peccant part*." This produced a triumphant roar laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printer and dependents, male and female.

[1] I have since had reason to think that I was mistaken; for I have been informed by lady, who was long intimate with her, and likely to be a more accurate observer of su matters, that she had acquired such a niceness of touch, as to know, by the feeling on t outside of the cup, how near it was to being full.

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, t I asked, "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-rn child with you, what would you do?" JOHNSON. "Why, , I should not much like my company." BOSWELL. "But uld you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as y well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but on my persevering in my question, replied, "Why yes, Sir, vould; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no rden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for sh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm ter to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." SWELL. "But, Sir, does not heat relax." JOHNSON. "Sir, u are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would t *coddle* the child. No, Sir, the hardy method of treating ldren does no good. I'll take you five children from London, o shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in ndon will carry a burthen, or run, or wrestle, as well as a n brought up in the hardest manner in the country." SWELL. "Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners ong." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I don't know that it does. ır chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, ve been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for ality." BOSWELL. "Would you teach this child that I have nished you with, any thing?" JOHNSON. "No, I should not apt to teach it." BOSWELL. "Would not you have a pleasure teaching it." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I should *not* have a easure in teaching it." BOSWELL. "Have you not a pleasure teaching men!—*There* I have you. You have the same easure in teaching men, that I should have in teaching ldren." JOHNSON. "Why, something about that."

BOSWELL. "Do you think, Sir, that what is called natural ection is born with us? It seems to me to be the effect of bit, or of gratitude for kindness. No child has it for a parent om it has not seen." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I think there an instinctive natural affection in parents towards their ldren."

Russia being mentioned as likely to become a great empire, the rapid increase of population:—JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I e no prospect of their propagating more. They can have no ore children than they can get. I know of no way to make em breed more than they do. It is not from reason and idence that people marry, but from inclination. A man is or; he thinks, 'I cannot be worse, and so I'll e'en take

Peggy.'" BOSWELL. "But have not nations been mo populous at one period than another?" JOHNSON. "Yes, S but that has been owing to the people being less thinned one period than another, whether by emigrations, war, pestilence, not by their being more or less prolifick. Births all times bear the same proportion to the same number people." BOSWELL. "But, to consider the state of our ow country;—does not throwing a number of farms into one ha hurt population?" JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir; the sam quantity of food being produced, will be consumed by t same number of mouths, though the people may be dispos of in different ways. We see, if corn be dear, and butche meat cheap, the farmers all apply themselves to the raising corn, till it becomes plentiful and cheap, and then butche meat becomes dear; so that an equality is always preserve No, Sir, let fanciful men do as they will, depend upon it, it difficult to disturb the system of life." BOSWELL. "But, S is it not a very bad thing for landlords to oppress their tenant by raising their rents?" JOHNSON. "Very bad. But, Sir, never can have any general influence: it may distress son individuals. For, consider this: landlords cannot do witho tenants. Now tenants will not give more for land, than lan is worth. If they can make more of their money by keepin a shop, or any other way, they do it, and so oblige landlord to let land come back to a reasonable rent, in order that the may get tenants. Land, in England, is an article of commerc A tenant who pays his landlord his rent, thinks himself n more obliged to him than you think yourself obliged to a ma in whose shop you buy a piece of goods. He knows the lan lord does not let him have his land for less than he can ge from others, in the same manner as the shopkeeper sells h goods. No shopkeeper sells a yard of ribband for six-pence when seven-pence is the current price." BOSWELL. "But, Si is it not better that tenants should be dependent on landlords? JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, as there are many more tenants tha landlords, perhaps strictly speaking, we should wish not. Bu if you please you may let your lands cheap, and so get th value, part in money and part in homage. I should agree wit you in that." BOSWELL. "So, Sir, you laugh at schemes o political improvement." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, most scheme of political improvement are very laughable things."

He observed, "Providence has wisely ordered that the mor numerous men are, the more difficult it is for them to agree i

ıy thing, and so they are governed. There is no doubt, that the poor should reason, 'We'll be the poor no longer, we'll ake the rich take their turn,' they could easily do it, were it ot that they can't agree. So the common soldiers. though so uch more numerous than their officers, are governed by them r the same reason."

He said, "Mankind have a strong attachment to the habitaons to which they have been accustomed. You see the habitants of Norway do not with one consent quit it, and go some part of America, where there is a mild climate, and here they may have the same produce from land, with the nth part of the labour. No, Sir; their affection for their old vellings, and the terrour of a general change, keep them at ome. Thus, we see many of the finest spots in the world inly inhabited, and many rugged spots well inhabited."

"The London Chronicle," which was the only newspaper he nstantly took in, being brought, the office of reading it aloud as assigned to me. I was diverted by his impatience. He ade me pass over so many parts of it, that my task was very sy. He would not suffer one of the petitions to the King out the Middlesex election to be read.

I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in ondon, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnn whether his being a Roman Catholick should prevent my king him with me to Scotland. JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir. *he* has no objection, you can have none." BOSWELL. "So, r, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholick Religion." HNSON. "No more, Sir, than to the Presbyterian religion." SWELL. "You are joking." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I really ink so. Nay, Sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish." BOSWELL. How so, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the Presbyterians ve no church, no apostolical ordination." BOSWELL. "And you think that absolutely essential, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, r, as it was an apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous be without it. And, Sir, the Presbyterians have no publick rship: they have no form of prayer in which they know ey are to join. They go to hear a man pray, and are to dge whether they will join with him." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, eir doctrine is the same with that of the Church of England. eir confession of faith, and the thirty-nine articles contain e same points, even the doctrine of predestination." JOHNN. "Why, yes, Sir; predestination was a part of the clamour the times, so it is mentioned in our articles, but with as little

positiveness as could be." BOSWELL. "Is it necessary, Sir, believe all the thirty-nine articles?" JOHNSON. "Why, S that is a question which has been much agitated. Some ha thought it necessary that they should all be believed; othe have considered them to be only articles of peace,[1] that is say, you are not to preach against them." BOSWELL. " appears to me, Sir, that predestination, or what is equivalent it, cannot be avoided, if we hold an universal prescience in th Deity." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, does not GOD every day se things going on without preventing them?" BOSWELL. "Tru Sir, but if a thing be *certainly* foreseen, it must be fixed, an cannot happen otherwise; and if we apply this considerati to the human mind, there is no free will, nor do I see ho prayer can be of any avail." He mentioned Dr. Clarke, an Bishop Bramhall on Liberty and Necessity, and bid me rea South's Sermons on Prayer; but avoided the question whic has excruciated philosophers and divines, beyond any othe I did not press it further, when I perceived that he was dis pleased, and shrunk from any abridgement of an attribut usually ascribed to the Divinity, however irreconcileable in it full extent with the grand system of moral government. Hi supposed orthodoxy here cramped the vigorous powers of hi understanding. He was confined by a chain which earl imagination and long habit made him think massy and strong but which, had he ventured to try, he could at once have snap asunder.

I proceeded: "What do you think, Sir, of Purgatory, a believed by the Roman Catholicks?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as t deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore tha GOD is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering You see Sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this." BOSWELL. "Bu then, Sir, their masses for the dead?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir,

[1] Dr. Simon Patrick, (afterwards Bishop of Ely) thus expresses himself on this subject, in a letter to the learned Dr. John Mapletoft, dated Feb. 8, 1682-3

"I always took the ARTICLES to be only articles of communion; and so Bishop Bramhall expressly maintains against the Bishop of Chalcedon; and I remember well, that Bishop Sanderson, when the King was first restored, received the subscription of an acquaintance of mine, which he declared was not to them as articles of *faith*, but *peace*. I think you need make no scruple of the matter, because all that I know so understand the meaning of subscription, and upon other terms would not subscribe."—The above was printed some years ago in the European Magazine, from the original, now in the hands of Mr. Mapletoft, surgeon at Chertsey, grandson to Dr. John Mapletoft.—M.]

it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is proper to pray for *them*, as for our brethren of mankind who e yet in this life." BOSWELL. "The idolatry of the Mass?" HNSON. "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe OD to be there, and they adore him." BOSWELL. "The orship of Saints?" JOHNSON. "Sir, they do not worship ints; they invoke them; they only ask their prayers. I am king all this time of the *doctrines* of the Church of Rome. grant you that in *practice*, Purgatory is made a lucrative position, and that the people do become idolatrous as they commend themselves to the tutelary protection of particular ints. I think their giving the sacrament only in one kind is minal, because it is contrary to the express institution of HRIST, and I wonder how the Council of Trent admitted it." OSWELL. "Confession?" JOHNSON. "Why, I don't know t that is a good thing. The scripture says, 'Confess your ults one to another,' and the priests confess as well as the ty. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only on repentance, and often upon penance also. You think ur sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance one."

I thus ventured to mention all the common objections ainst the Roman Catholick Church, that I might hear so eat a man upon them. What he said is here accurately corded. But it is not improbable that if one had taken the ner side, he might have reasoned differently.

I must however mention, that he had a respect for "*the l religion*," as the mild Melancthon called that of the Roman tholick Church, even while he was exerting himself for its formation in some particulars. Sir William Scott informs me, at he heard Johnson say, "A man who is converted from otestantism to Popery, may be sincere: he parts with thing: he is only superadding to what he already had. But convert from Popery to Protestantism, gives up so much of hat he has held as sacred as any thing that he retains: there so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can rdly be sincere and lasting." The truth of this reflection ay be confirmed by many and eminent instances, some of hich will occur to most of my readers.

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and deavoured to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. told him that David Hume said to me, he was no more easy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he

had not been before he began to exist. JOHNSON. "Sir, if h really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad: he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you, he holds h finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; woul you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all h has." BOSWELL. "Foote, Sir, told me, that when he wa very ill he was not afraid to die." JOHNSON. "It is not true Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, an threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave. BOSWELL. "But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?"—Here I am sensible I was in the wrong, to brin before his view what he ever looked upon with horrour; fo although when in a celestial frame of mind in his "Vanity o Human Wishes," he has supposed death to be "a kind Nature' signal for retreat," from this state of being to "a happier seat, his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full o dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphi theatre, the Colisæum at Rome. In the centre stood hi judgement, which like a mighty gladiator, combated thos apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the *Arena*, were al around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict he drives them back into their dens; but not killing them they were still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added, (with an earnest look,) "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked, that he said: "Give us no more of this;" and was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; shewed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character, crowded into my mind; and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but at last had it bit off.

Next morning I sent him a note, stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That

twithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would ll on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes by my atch. "You are, (said I) in my mind, since last night, rrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of nshine, and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness." Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, hich would have made our meeting more awkward. There ere with him Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyers, both of whom I ow saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflec- on, softened him, for he received me very complacently; so at I unexpectedly found myself at ease; and joined in the nversation.

He said, the criticks had done too much honour to Sir ichard Blackmore, by writing so much against him. That in s "Creation" he had been helped by various wits, a line by hillips, and a line by Tickell; so that by their aid, and that others, the poem had been made out." [1]

I defended Blackmore's supposed lines, which have been diculed as absolute nonsense:

> "A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won." [2]

maintained it to be a poetical conceit. A Pict being painted, he is slain in battle, and a vest is made of his skin, it is a inted vest won from him, though he was naked.

Johnson spoke unfavourably of a certain pretty voluminous thour, saying, "He used to write anonymous books, and en other books commending those books, in which there was mething of rascality."

I whispered him, "Well, Sir, you are now in good humour."

[Johnson himself has vindicated Blackmore upon this very point. See the Lives of Poets, vol. iii. p. 75. 8vo. 1791.—J. BOSWELL.]

[1] An acute correspondent of the European Magazine, April 1792, has completely posed a mistake which has been unaccountably frequent in ascribing these lines to ckmore, notwithstanding that Sir Richard Steele, in that very popular work "The ctator," mentions them as written by the Authour of "The British Princes," the Hon. ward Howard. The correspondent above mentioned, shews this mistake to be so ectate, that not only I defended the lines as Blackmore's, in the presence of Dr. nson, without any contradiction or doubt of their authenticity, but that the Reverend . Whitaker has asserted in print, that he understands they were *suppressed* in the late tion or editions of Blackmore. "After all (says this intelligent writer) it is not worthy of particular observation, that these lines so often quoted do not exist either in ckmore or Howard." In "The British Princes," 8vo. 1669, now before me, p. 96, y stand thus:

> "A vest as admir'd Vortiger had on,
> Which, from this Island's foes, his grandsire won,
> Whose artful colour pass'd the Tyrian dye,
> Oblig'd to triumph in this legacy."

It is probable, I think, that some wag, in order to make Howard still more ridiculous an he really was, has formed the couplet as it now circulates.

JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir." I was going to leave him, and had g as far as the staircase. He stopped me, and smiling, sai "Get you gone *in*;" a curious mode of inviting me to sta which I accordingly did for some time longer.

This little incidental quarrel and reconciliation, whic perhaps, I may be thought to have detailed too minutely, mu be esteemed as one of many proofs which his friends had, th though he might be charged with *bad humour* at times, he w always a *good-natured* man; and I have heard Sir Josh Reynolds, a nice and delicate observer of manners, particular remark, that when upon any occasion Johnson had bee rough to any person in company, he took the first opportuni of reconciliation, by drinking to him, or addressing h discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indire overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, an considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, an the other as now in the wrong.

Being to set out for Scotland on the 10th of November, wrote to him at Streatham, begging that he would meet me i town on the 9th; but if this should be very inconvenient t him, I would go thither. His answer was as follows.

"To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"UPON balancing the inconveniences of both parties, find it will less incommode you to spend your night here, tha me to come to town. I wish to see you, and am ordered b the lady of this house to invite you hither. Whether you ca come or not, I shall not have any occasion of writing to yo again before your marriage, and therefore tell you now, tha with great sincerity I wish you happiness. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"Nov. 9, 1769."

I was detained in town till it was too late on the ninth, s went to him early in the morning of the tenth of Novembe "Now (said he,) that you are going to marry, do not expe more from life, than life will afford. You may often find you self out of humour, and you may often think your wife n studious enough to please you; and yet you may have reaso to consider yourself as upon the whole very happily married."

Talking of marriage in general, he observed, "Our marriag service is too refined. It is calculated only for the best kin

marriages; whereas, we should have a form for matches of nvenience, of which there are many." He agreed with me at there was no absolute necessity for having the marriage remony performed by a regular clergyman, for this was not mmanded in scripture.

I was volatile enough to repeat to him a little epigrammatick ng of mine, on matrimony, which Mr. Garrick had a few ys before procured to be set to musick by the very ingenious r. Dibden.

A MATRIMONIAL THOUGHT.

"In the blithe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
And call'd her dearest kitten.

But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives,
O! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives."

y illustrious friend said, "It is very well, Sir; but you should not ear." Upon which I altered "O! by my soul," to "alas, alas!" He was so good as to accompany me to London, and see e into the post-chaise which was to carry me on my road to otland. And sure I am, that however inconsiderable many of e particulars recorded at this time may appear to some, they ll be esteemed by the best part of my readers as genuine its of his character, contributing together to give a full, fair, d distinct view of it.

In 1770, he published a political pamphlet, entitled "The lse Alarm," intended to justify the conduct of ministry d their majority in the House of Commons for having tually assumed it as an axiom, that the expulsion of a ember of Parliament was equivalent to exclusion, and thus ving declared Colonel Lutterel to be duly elected for the unty of Middlesex, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkes had a great jority of votes. This being justly considered as a gross olation of the right of election, an alarm for the constitution tended itself all over the kingdom. To prove this alarm be false, was the purpose of Johnson's pamphlet; but even vast powers are inadequate to cope with constitutional th and reason, and his argument failed of effect; and the ouse of Commons have since expunged the offensive re- utions from their Journals. That the House of Commons ght have expelled Mr. Wilkes repeatedly, and as often

as he should be re-chosen, was not denied; but incapac
tation cannot be but an act of the whole legislature.
was wonderful to see how a prejudice in favour of gover
ment in general, and an aversion to popular clamour, cou
blind and contract such an understanding as Johnson's,
this particular case; yet the wit, the sarcasm, the eloque
vivacity which this pamphlet displayed, made it be read wi
great avidity at the time, and it will ever be read with pleasur
for the sake of its composition. That it endeavoured to infuse
narcotick indifference, as to publick concerns, into the mind
of the people, and that it broke out sometimes into an e
treme coarseness of contemptuous abuse, is but too eviden

It must not, however, be omitted, that when the storm
his violence subsides, he takes a fair opportunity to pay
grateful compliment to the King, who had rewarded his merit
"These low-born railers have endeavoured, surely without
effect, to alienate the affections of the people from the onl
King who for almost a century has much appeared to desire
or much endeavoured to deserve them." And "Every hones
man must lament, that the faction has been regarded with
frigid neutrality by the Tories, who being long accustomed t
signalise their principles by opposition to the Court, do no
yet consider, that they have at last a King who knows not th
name of party, and who wishes to be the common father of al
his people."

To this pamphlet, which was at once discovered to be
Johnson's, several answers came out, in which, care was taken
to remind the public of his former attacks upon government
and of his now being a pensioner, without allowing for the
honourable terms upon which Johnson's pension was granted
and accepted, or the change of system which the British
court had undergone upon the accession of his present
Majesty. He was, however, soothed in the highest strain of
panegyrick, in a poem called "The Remonstrance," by the
Reverend Mr. Stockdale, to whom he was, upon many
occasions, a kind protector.

The following admirable minute made by him, describes so
well his own state, and that of numbers to whom self-examina-
tion is habitual, that I cannot omit it.

"June 1, 1770. Every man naturally persuades himself
that he can keep his resolutions, nor is he convinced of his
imbecility but by length of time and frequency of experiment.
This opinion of our own constancy is so prevalent, that we

ways despise him who suffers his general and settled purpose be overpowered by an occasional desire. They, therefore, om frequent failures have made desperate, cease to form solutions; and they who are become cunning, do not tell them. hose who do not make them are very few, but of their effect tle is perceived; for scarcely any man persists in a course of e planned by choice, but as he is restrained from deviation some external power. He who may live as he will, seldom es long in the observation of his own rules." [1]

Of this year I have obtained the following letters:

"To the Reverend Dr. Farmer, Cambridge.

"SIR,

"As no man ought to keep wholly to himself any possession at may be useful to the publick, I hope you will not think e unreasonably intrusive, if I have recourse to you for such formation as you are more able to give me than any other an.

"In support of an opinion which you have already placed ove the need of any more support, Mr. Steevens, a very genious gentleman, lately of King's College, has collected an count of all the translations which Shakspeare might have en and used. He wishes his catalogue to be perfect, and erefore intreats that you will favour him by the insertion of ch additions as the accuracy of your enquiries has enabled u to make. To this request, I take the liberty of adding r own solicitations.

"We have no immediate use for this catalogue, and there- e do not desire that it should interrupt or hinder your more portant employments. But it will be kind to let us know at you receive it.

"I am, Sir, &c.,

"Sam. Johnson."

ohnson's-court, Fleet-street,
March 21, 1770."

"To the Reverend Mr. Thomas Warton.

"DEAR SIR,

"The readiness with which you were pleased to promise some notes on Shakspeare, was a new instance of your ndship. I shall not hurry you; but am desired by Mr. eevens, who helps me in this edition, to let you know, that shall print the tragedies first, and shall therefore want first

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 95.

the notes which belong to them. We think not to incommo
the readers with a supplement; and therefore, what we cann
put into its proper place, will do us no good. We shall n
begin to print before the end of six weeks, perhaps not so soo

"I am, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSO

"London, June 23, 1770."

"TO THE REV. DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM revising my edition of Shakspeare, and rememb
that I formerly misrepresented your opinion of Lear.
pleased to write the paragraph as you would have it, and se
it. If you have any remarks of your own upon that or a
other play, I shall gladly receive them.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Warton. I sometimes thi
of wandering for a few days to Winchester, but am apt
delay.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"Sept. 27, 1770."

"TO MR. FRANCIS BARBER, AT MRS. CLAPP'S, BISHOP-STORTFORD, HERTFORDSHIRE.

"DEAR FRANCIS,

"I AM at last sat down to write to you, and should ve
much blame myself for having neglected you so long, if I did n
impute that and many other failings to want of health. I hop
not to be so long silent again. I am very well satisfied wi
your progress, if you can really perform the exercises whic
you are set; and I hope Mr. Ellis does not suffer you
impose on him, or on yourself.

"Make my compliments to Mr. Ellis, and to Mrs. Clapp
and Mr. Smith.

"Let me know what English books you read for your ente
tainment. You can never be wise unless you love reading.

"Do not imagine that I shall forget or forsake you; for i
when I examine you, I find that you have not lost your tim
you shall want no encouragement from

"Yours affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"London, Sept. 25, 1770."

"To the Same.

'DEAR FRANCIS,

"I HOPE you mind your business. I design you shall
y with Mrs. Clapp these holidays. If you are invited out
1 may go, if Mr. Ellis gives leave. I have ordered you some
thes, which you will receive, I believe, next week. My
npliments to Mrs. Clapp and to Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Smith,
"I am
"Your affectionate,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

December 7, 1770."

During this year there was a total cessation of all corres-
ndence between Dr. Johnson and me, without any coldness
either side, but merely from procrastination, continued from
y to day; and as I was not in London, I had no opportunity
enjoying his company and recording his conversation. To
pply this blank, I shall present my readers with some
llectanea, obligingly furnished to me by the Rev. Dr. Max-
ll, of Falkland, in Ireland, some time assistant preacher at
Temple, and for many years the social friend of Johnson,
o spoke of him with a very kind regard.

"MY acquaintance with that great and venerable character
mmenced in the year 1754. I was introduced to him by
. Grierson,[1] his Majesty's printer at Dublin, a gentleman of
common learning, and great wit and vivacity. Mr. Grierson
d in Germany, at the age of twenty-seven. Dr. Johnson
ghly respected his abilities, and often observed that he
ssessed more extensive knowledge than any man of his years
had ever known. His industry was equal to his talents;
d he particularly excelled in every species of philological
rning, and was, perhaps, the best critick of the age he lived

"I must always remember with gratitude my obligation to
. Grierson, for the honour and happiness of Dr. Johnson's
quaintance and friendship, which continued uninterrupted
d undiminished to his death: a connection, that was at
ce the pride and happiness of my life.

"What pity it is, that so much wit and good sense as he

[1] Son of the learned Mrs. Grierson, who was patronized by the late Lord Granville, was the editor of several of the classicks.
Her edition of Tacitus, with the notes of Ryckius, in three volumes, 8vo. 1730, was icated in very elegant Latin to John, Lord Carteret, (afterwards Earl Granville,) by m she was patronized during his residence in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant between and 1730.—M.]

continually exhibited in conversation should perish unrecorded. Few persons quitted his company without perceiving themselves wiser and better than they were before. On serious subjects he flashed the most interesting conviction upon his auditors; and upon lighter topicks, you might have supposed—*Albano musa de monte locutas.*

"Though I can hope to add but little to the celebrity of so exalted a character, by any communications I can furnish, yet out of pure respect to his memory, I will venture to transmit to you some anecdotes concerning him, which fell under my own observation. The very *minutiæ* of such a character must be interesting, and may be compared to the filings of diamonds.

"In politicks he was deemed a Tory, but certainly was not so in the obnoxious or party sense of the term: for while he asserted the legal and salutary prerogatives of the crown, he no less respected the constitutional liberties of the people. Whiggism, at the time of the Revolution, he said, was accompanied with certain principles; but latterly, as a mere party distinction under Walpole and the Pelhams, was no better than the politicks of stock jobbers, and the religion of infidels.

"He detested the idea of governing by parliamentary corruption, and asserted most strenuously, that a prince steadily and conspicuously pursuing the interests of his people, could not fail of parliamentary concurrence. A prince of ability, he contended, might and should be the directing soul and spirit of his own administration; in short, his own minister, and not the mere head of a party: and then, and not till then, would the royal dignity be sincerely respected.

"Johnson seemed to think that a certain degree of crown influence over the Houses of Parliament, (not meaning corrupt and shameful dependence,) was very salutary, nay even necessary, in our mixed government. 'For (said he,) the members were under no crown influence, and disqualified from receiving any gratification from Court, and resembled, as they possibly might, Pym and Haslerig, and other stubborn and sturdy members of the long Parliament, the wheels of government would be totally obstructed. Such men would oppose merely to shew their power, from envy, jealousy, and perversity of disposition; and not gaining themselves, would hate and oppose all who did: not loving the person of the prince and conceiving they owed him little gratitude, from the mere spirit of insolence and contradiction, they would oppose and thwart him upon all occasions.'

"The inseparable imperfection annexed to all human governments, consisted, he said, in not being able to create a sufficient nd of virtue and principle to carry the laws into due and fectual execution. Wisdom might plan, but virtue alone uld execute. And where could sufficient virtue be found? variety of delegated, and often discretionary, powers must be trusted somewhere: which, if not governed by integrity and nscience, would necessarily be abused, till at last the conable would sell his for a shilling.

"This excellent person was sometimes charged with abetting vish and arbitrary principles of government. Nothing in my inion could be a grosser calumny and misrepresentation; r how can it be rationally supposed, that he should adopt ch pernicious and absurd opinions, who supported his ilosophical character with so much dignity, was extremely alous of his personal liberty and independence,[1] and could t brook the smallest appearance of neglect or insult, even om the highest personages?

"But let us view him in some instances of more familiar e.

"His general mode of life, during my acquaintance, seemed be pretty uniform. About twelve o'clock I commonly sited him, and frequently found him in bed, or declaiming er his tea, which he drank very plentifully. He generally d a levee of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters; Hawkesorth, Goldsmith, Murphy, Langton, Steevens, Beauclerk, &c. c. and sometimes learned ladies; particularly I remember a ench lady of wit and fashion doing him the honour of a visit. e seemed to me to be considered as a kind of publick oracle, om every body thought they had a right to visit and consult; d doubtless they were well rewarded. I never could discover w he found time for his compositions. He declaimed all e morning, then went to dinner at a tavern, where he mmonly staid late, and then drank his tea at some friend's ouse, over which he loitered a great while, but seldom took pper. I fancy he must have read and wrote chiefly in the ght, for I can scarcely recollect that he ever refused going th me to a tavern, and he often went to Ranelagh, which he emed a place of innocent recreation.

"He frequently gave all the silver in his pocket to the poor, ho watched him, between his house and the tavern where he

[1] [On the necessity of crown influence, see Boucher's Sermons on the American volution, p. 218; and Paley's Moral Philosophy, B. VI., c. vii. p. 491, 4to. there oted.—BLAKEWAY.]

dined. He walked the streets at all hours, and said he w never robbed, for the rogues knew he had little money, nor h the appearance of having much.

"Though the most accessible and communicative man aliv yet when he suspected he was invited to be exhibited, he co stantly spurned the invitation.

"Two young women from Staffordshire visited him when was present, to consult him on the subject of Methodism, which they were inclined. 'Come, (said he,) you pretty fool dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk ov that subject;' which they did, and after dinner he took one them upon his knee, and fondled her for half an hour togethe

"Upon a visit to me at a country lodging near Twickenhan he asked what sort of society I had there. I told him, bu indifferent; as they chiefly consisted of opulent traders, retire from business. He said he never much liked that class o people; 'For, Sir, (said he) they have lost the civility o tradesmen, without acquiring the manners of gentlemen.'

"Johnson was much attached to London:[1] he observed that a man stored his mind better there than any where else and that in remote situations a man's body might be feasted but his mind was starved, and his faculties apt to degenerate from want of exercise and competition. No place, (he said cured a man's vanity or arrogance, so well as London; for a no man was either great or good *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he was sure to find in the metropolis many his equals, and some his superiours. He observed, that a man in London was in less danger of falling in love indiscreetly, than any where else; for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects, kept him safe. He told me that he had frequently been offered country preferment, if he would consent to take orders; but he could not leave the improved society of the capital, or consent to exchange the exhilarating joys and splendid decorations of publick life, for the obscurity, insipidity, and uniformity of remote situations.

"Speaking of Mr. Harte, Canon of Windsor, and writer of 'The History of Gustavus Adolphus,' he much commended him as a scholar, and a man of the most companionable talents

[1] [Montaigne had the same affection for Paris, which Johnson had for London. "Je l'aime tendrement, (says he in his Essay on Vanity,) jusque à ses verrues et à ses taches. Je ne suis Francois que par cette grande cite, grande en peuples, grande en felicité de son assiette, mais sur tout grande et incomparable en varieté et diversite des commodittez la gloire de la France, et l'un des plus nobles ornamens du monde." Vol. iii, p. 321, edit. Amsterdam, 1781.—BLAKEWAY.]

had ever known. He said, the defects in his history proceeded not from imbecility, but from foppery.

"He loved, he said, the old black letter books; they were rich in matter, though their style was inelegant; wonderfully so, considering how conversant the writers were with the best models of antiquity.

"Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' he said, was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

"He frequently exhorted me to set about writing a History of Ireland, and archly remarked, there had been some good Irish writers, and that one Irishman might at least aspire to be equal to another. He had great compassion for the miseries and distresses of the Irish nation, particularly the Papists; and severely reprobated the barbarous debilitating policy of the British government, which, he said, was the most detestable code of persecution. To a gentleman, who hinted such policy might be necessary to support the authority of the English government, he replied by saying, 'Let the authority of the English government perish, rather than be maintained by iniquity. Better would it be to restrain the turbulence of the natives by the authority of the sword, and to make them tenable to law and justice by an effectual and vigorous police, than to grind them to powder by all manner of disabilities and incapacities. Better (said he) to hang or drown people at once, than by an unrelenting persecution to beggar and starve them.' The moderation and humanity of the present times have, in some measure, justified the wisdom of his observations.

"Dr. Johnson was often accused of prejudices, nay, antipathy, with regard to the natives of Scotland. Surely, so liberal a prejudice never entered his mind: and it is well known, many natives of that respectable country possessed a large share in his esteem: nor were any of them ever excluded from his good offices as far as opportunity permitted. True it is, he considered the Scotch, nationally, as a crafty, designing people, eagerly attentive to their own interest, and too apt to overlook the claims and pretensions of other people. While they confine their benevolence, in a manner, exclusively to those of their own country, they expect to share in the good offices of other people. Now (said Johnson) this principle is either right or wrong; if right, we should do well to imitate such conduct; if wrong, we cannot too much detest it.'

"Being solicited to compose a funeral sermon for the

daughter of a tradesman, he naturally inquired into t character of the deceased; and being told that she was remar able for her humility and condescension to inferiours, h observed, that those were very laudable qualities, but it mig not be so easy to discover who the lady's inferiours were.

"Of a certain player he remarked, that his conversatio usually threatened and announced more than it performed that he fed you with a continual renovation of hope, to end a constant succession of disappointment.

"When exasperated by contradiction, he was apt to treat h opponents with too much acrimony: as, 'Sir, you don't see yo way through that question:'—'Sir, you talk the language ignorance.' On my observing to him that a certain gentlema had remained silent the whole evening, in the midst of a ver brilliant and learned society, 'Sir, (said he,) the conversatio overflowed, and drowned him.'

"His philosophy, though austere and solemn, was by n means morose and cynical, and never blunted the laudabl sensibilities of his character, or exempted him from the influ ence of the tender passions. Want of tenderness, he alway alledged, was want of parts, and was no less a proof of stupidit than depravity.

"Speaking of Mr. Hanway, who published 'An Eigh Days' Journey from London to Portsmouth,' 'Jonas, (said he, acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it al by travelling at home.'

"Of the passion of love he remarked, that its violence and ill effects were much exaggerated; for who knows any rea sufferings on that head, more than from the exorbitancy of any other passion?

"He much commended 'Law's Serious Call,' which he said was the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language 'Law, (said he,) fell latterly into the reveries of Jacob Behmen whom Law alledged to have been somewhat in the same state with St. Paul, and to have seen *unutterable things*. Were it even so, (said Johnson,) Jacob would have resembled St. Paul still more, by not attempting to utter them.'

"He observed, that the established clergy in general did not preach plain enough; and that polished periods and glittering sentences flew over the heads of the common people, without any impression on their hearts. Something might be necessary, he observed, to excite the affections of the common people, who were sunk in languor and lethargy, and therefore he supposed

hat the new concomitants of methodism might probably pro-
uce so desirable an effect. The mind, like the body, he
bserved, delighted in change and novelty, and even in religion
self, courted new appearances and modifications. Whatever
ight be thought of some methodist teachers, he said, he
ould scarcely doubt the sincerity of that man, who travelled
ine hundred miles in a month, and preached twelve times a
eek; for no adequate reward, mere temporal, could be given
r such indefatigable labour.

"Of Dr. Priestley's theological works, he remarked, that
ey tended to unsettle every thing, and yet settled nothing.

"He was much affected by the death of his mother, and
rote to me to come and assist him to compose his mind,
hich indeed I found extremely agitated. He lamented that
l serious and religious conversation was banished from the
ociety of men, and yet great advantages might be derived
om it. All acknowledged, he said, what hardly any body
ractised, the obligations we were under of making the concerns
f eternity the governing principles of our lives. Every man,
e observed, at last, wishes for retreat: he sees his expectations
ustrated in the world, and begins to wean himself from it, and
prepare for everlasting separation.

"He observed, that the influence of London now extended
very where, and that from all manner of communication being
pened, there shortly would be no remains of the ancient
mplicity, or places of cheap retreat to be found.

"He was no admirer of blank verse, and said it always
iled, unless sustained by the dignity of the subject. In
lank-verse, he said, the language suffered more distortion, to
eep it out of prose, than any inconvenience or limitation to
e apprehended from the shackles and circumspection of
hyme.

"He reproved me once for saying grace without mention of
he name of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and hoped in future I
ould be more mindful of the apostolical injunction.

"He refused to go out of a room before me at Mr. Langton's
ouse, saying, he hoped he knew his rank better than to pre-
ume to take place of a Doctor in Divinity. I mention such
ttle anecdotes, merely to show the peculiar turn and habit of
is mind.

"He used frequently to observe, that there was more to be
ndured than enjoyed, in the general condition of human life;
nd frequently quoted those lines of Dryden:

'Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain.'

For his part, he said, he never passed that week in his life which he would wish to repeat, were an angel to make the proposal to him.

"He was of opinion, that the English nation cultivated both their soil and their reason better than any other people; but admitted that the French, though not the highest, perhaps, in any department of literature, yet in every department were very high. Intellectual pre-eminence, he observed, was the highest superiority; and that every nation derived their highest reputation from the splendour and dignity of their writers. Voltaire, he said, was a good narrator, and that his principal merit consisted in a happy selection and arrangement of circumstances.

"Speaking of the French novels, compared with Richardson's, he said, they might be pretty baubles, but a wren was not an eagle.

"In a Latin conversation with the Père Boscovitch, at the house of Mrs. Cholmondely, I heard him maintain the superiority of Sir Isaac Newton over all foreign philosophers,[1] with a dignity and eloquence that surprised that learned foreigner. It being observed to him, that a rage for everything English prevailed much in France after Lord Chatham's glorious war, he said, he did not wonder at it, for that we had drubbed those fellows into a proper reverence for us, and that their national petulance required periodical chastisement.

"Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues, he deemed a nugatory performance. 'That man, (said he,) sat down to write a book, to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him.'

"Somebody observing that the Scotch Highlanders, in the year 1745, had made surprising efforts, considering their numerous wants and disadvantages: 'Yes, Sir, (said he,) their wants were numerous: but you have not mentioned the greatest of them all,—the want of law.'

"Speaking of the *inward light*, to which some methodists pretended, he said, it was a principle utterly incompatible with social or civil security. 'If a man (said he,) pretends to a

[1] [In a Discourse by Sir William Jones, addressed to the Asiatick Society, Feb. 24, 1785, is the following passage:

"One of the most sagacious men in this age who continues, I hope, to improve and adorn it, Samuel Johnson, remarked in my hearing, that if Newton had flourished in ancient Greece, he would have been worshipped as a Divinity."—M.]

nciple of action of which I can know nothing, nay, not so ch as that he has it, but only that he pretends to it; how I tell what that person may be prompted to do? When a son professes to be governed by a written ascertained law, an then know where to find him.'

'The poem of Fingal, he said, was a mere unconnected psody, a tiresome repetition of the same images. 'In vain ll we look for the *lucidus ordo*, where there is neither end or ect, design or moral, *nec certa recurrit imago*.'

'Being asked by a young nobleman, what was become of gallantry and military spirit of the old English nobility, he lied, 'Why, my Lord, I'll tell you what is become of it: it one into the city to look for a fortune.'

'Speaking of a dull tiresome fellow, whom he chanced to et, he said, 'That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, l that is a wrong one.'

'Much enquiry having been made concerning a gentleman, o had quitted a company where Johnson was, and no inform- on being obtained; at last Johnson observed, that 'he did care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he ieved the gentleman was an *attorney*.'

'He spoke with much contempt of the notice taken of oodhouse, the poetical shoemaker. He said, it was all ity and childishness: and that such objects were, to those o patronized them, mere mirrours of their own superiority. hey had better (said he,) furnish the man with good imple- nts for his trade, than raise subscriptions for his poems. may make an excellent shoemaker, but can never make a od poet. A school-boy's exercise may be a pretty thing for chool-boy; but it is no treat for a man.'

'Speaking of Boetius, who was the favourite writer of the ddle ages, he said it was very surprising, that upon such a bject, and in such a situation, he should be *magis philosophus am Christianus*.

'Speaking of Arthur Murphy, whom he very much loved, don't know (said he,) that Arthur can be classed with the y first dramatick writers; yet at present I doubt much ether we have any thing superiour to Arthur.'

'Speaking of the national debt, he said, it was an idle dream suppose that the country could sink under it. Let the public ditors be ever so clamorous, the interest of millions must r prevail over that of thousands.

'Of Dr. Kennicott's Collations, he observed, that though

the text should not be much mended thereby, yet it was n small advantage to know that we had as good a text as th most consummate industry and diligence could procure.

"Johnson observed, that so many objections might be mad to every thing, that nothing could overcome them but th necessity of doing something. No man would be of any pro fession, as simply opposed to not being of it: but every on must do something.

"He remarked, that a London parish was a very comfor less thing: for the clergyman seldom knew the face of one ou of ten of his parishioners.

"Of the late Mr. Mallet he spoke with no great respect said, he was ready for any dirty job: that he had wrote again Byng at the instigation of the ministry, and was equally read to write for him, provided he found his account in it.

"A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage married immediately after his wife died: Johnson said, it wa the triumph of hope over experience.

"He observed that a man of sense and education shoul meet a suitable companion in a wife. It was a miserable thin when the conversation could only be such as, whether th mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispu about that.

"He did not approve of late marriages, observing that mo was lost in point of time, than compensated for by any possib advantages. Even ill assorted marriages were preferable cheerless celibacy.

"Of old Sheridan he remarked, that he neither wanted par nor literature; but that his vanity and Quixotism obscured h merits.

"He said, foppery was never cured; it was the bad stamin of the mind, which, like those of the body, were nev rectified: once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb.

"Being told that Gilbert Cowper called him the Calib of literature; 'Well, (said he,) I must dub him the Punc inello.'

"Speaking of the old Earl of Cork and Orrery, he said, 'th man spent his life in catching at an object, [literary eminenc which he had not power to grasp.'

"To find a substitution for violated morality, he said, w the leading feature in all perversions of religion.

"He often used to quote, with great pathos, those fine lin of Virgil:

'Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus,
Et labor, et duræ rapit inclementia mortis.'

"Speaking of Homer, whom he venerated as the prince of poets, Johnson remarked that the advice given to Diomed [1] by his father, when he sent him to the Trojan War, was the noblest exhortation that could be instanced in any heathen writer, and comprised in a single line:

Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν, καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων:

which, if I recollect well, is translated by Dr. Clarke thus: *semper appetere præstantissima, et omnibus aliis antecellere.*

"He observed, 'it was a most mortifying reflection for any man to consider, *what he had done*, compared with what *he might have done.*'

"He said few people had intellectual resources sufficient to forego the pleasures of wine. They could not otherwise contrive how to fill the interval between dinner and supper.

"He went with me, one Sunday, to hear my old Master, Gregory Sharpe, preach at the Temple.—In the prefatory prayer, Sharpe ranted about *Liberty*, as a blessing most fervently to be implored, and its continuance prayed for. Johnson observed that our *liberty* was in no sort of danger:—he would have done much better, to pray against our *licentiousness.*

"One evening at Mrs. Montagu's, where a splendid company was assembled, consisting of the most eminent literary characters, I thought he seemed highly pleased with the respect and attention that were shewn him, and asked him, on our return home, if he was not highly *gratified* by his visit: 'No, Sir, (said he) not highly *gratified*; yet I do not recollect to have passed many evenings *with fewer objections.*'

"Though of no high extraction himself, he had much respect for birth and family, especially among ladies. He said, adventitious accomplishments may be possessed by all ranks; but one may easily distinguish the *born gentlewoman.*'

"He said, 'the poor in England were better provided for, than in any other country of the same extent: he did not mean little Cantons, or petty Republicks. Where a great proportion of the people (said he,) are suffered to languish in

[1] [Dr. Maxwell's memory has deceived him. Glaucus is the person who received this counsel; and Clarke's translation of the passage (Il. vi. l. 208) is as follows: "Ut semper fortissime rem gererem, et superior virtute essem aliis."—J. Boswell.]

helpless misery, that country must be ill policed, wretchedly governed: a decent provision for the poor is true test of civilization.—Gentlemen of education, he obser were pretty much the same in all countries; the condition the lower orders, the poor especially, was the true mark national discrimination.'

"When the corn-laws were in agitation in Ireland, by wh that country has been enabled not only to feed itself, but export corn to a large amount; Sir Thomas Robinson served, that those laws might be prejudicial to the corn-tr of England. 'Sir Thomas, (said he,) you talk the langu of a savage: what, Sir? would you prevent any people fr feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can it?'

"It being mentioned, that Garrick assisted Dr. Brown, authour of the 'Estimate,' in some dramatick compositi 'No, Sir; (said Johnson,) he would no more suffer Garrick write a line in his play, than he would suffer him to mount pulpit.'

"Speaking of Burke, he said, 'It was commonly obser he spoke too often in parliament; but nobody could he did not speak well, though too frequently and familiarly.'

'Speaking of economy, he remarked, it was hardly wo while to save anxiously twenty pounds a year. If a n could save to that degree, so as to enable him to assu a different rank in society, then, indeed, it might answer so purpose.

"He observed, a principal source of erroneous judgeme was, viewing things partially and only on *one side*: as instance, *fortune hunters*, when they contemplated the fortu *singly* and *separately*, it was a dazzling and tempting obje but when they came to possess the wives and their fortu *together*, they began to suspect they had not made quite good a bargain.

"Speaking of the late Duke of Northumberland living ve magnificently when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, someb remarked, it would be difficult to find a suitable successor him: then, exclaimed Johnson, *he is only fit to succeed himse*

"He advised me, if possible, to have a good orchard. H knew, he said, a clergyman of small income, who brought u a family very reputably, which he chiefly fed with app dumplins.

"He said, he had known several good scholars among the ish gentlemen; but scarcely any of them correct in *quantity*. .e extended the same observation to Scotland.

"Speaking of a certain Prelate, who exerted himself very udably in building churches and parsonage-houses; 'how- ver,' said he, 'I do not find that he is esteemed a man of much rofessional learning, or a liberal patron of it;—yet, it is well, here a man possesses any strong positive excellence.—Few ave all kinds of merit belonging to their character. We must ot examine matters too deeply—No, Sir, a *fallible being will ail somewhere.*'

"Talking of the Irish Clergy, he said, Swift was a man of reat parts, and the instrument of much good to his country. -Berkeley was a profound scholar, as well as a man of fine nagination; but Usher, he said, was the great luminary of the rish church; and a greater, he added, no church could boast f; at least in modern times.

"We dined *tête-à-tête* at the Mitre, as I was preparing to eturn to Ireland, after an absence of many years. I regretted nuch leaving London, where I had formed many agreeable onnexions: 'Sir, (said he,) I don't wonder at it; no man, fond f letters, leaves London without regret. But remember, Sir, ou have seen and enjoyed a great deal;—you have seen life n its highest decorations, and the world has nothing new o exhibit.—No man is so well qualified to leave publick life as ie who has long tried it and known it well. We are always ankering after untried situations, and imagining greater elicity from them than they can afford. No, Sir, knowledge nd virtue may be acquired in all countries, and your local onsequence will make you some amends for the intellectual ratifications you relinquish.' Then he quoted the following ines with great pathos:

> 'He who has early known the pomps of state,
> (For things unknown, 'tis ignorance to condemn;)
> And after having viewed the gaudy bait,
> Can boldly say, the trifle I contemn;
> With such a one contented could I live,
> Contented could I die.'[1]—

[1] [Being desirous to trace these verses to the fountain-head, after having in vain urned over several of our elder poets with the hope of lighting on them, I applied to Dr. Maxwell, now resident at Bath, for the purpose of ascertaining their authour but that entleman could furnish no aid on this occasion. At length the lines have been discovered y the authour's second son, Mr. James Boswell, in the London Magazine for July, 1732, here they form part of a poem on RETIREMENT, there published anonymously, but in act (as he afterwards found) copied with some slight variations from one of Walsh's maller poems, entitled "The Retirement;" and they exhibit another proof of what has

"He then took a most affecting leave of me; said, he knew it was a point of *duty* that called me away.—'We shall all be sorry to lose you, said he: *laudo tamen.*'"

In 1771 he published another political pamphlet entitled "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands," in which, upon materials furnished to him by ministry,

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been elsewhere observed by the authour of the work before us, that Johnson retained in his memory fragments of obscure or neglected poetry. In quoting verses of that description, he appears by a slight variation to have sometimes given them a moral turn, and to have dexterously adapted them to his own sentiments, where the original had a very different tendency. Thus, in the present instance, (as Mr. J. Boswell observes to me) "the authour of the poem above-mentioned exhibits himself as having retired to the country, to avoid the vain follies of a town life,—ambition, avarice, and the pursuit of pleasure, contrasted with the enjoyments of the country, and the delightful conversation that the brooks, &c. furnish; which he holds to be infinitely more pleasing and instructive than any which towns afford. He is then led to consider the weakness of the human mind, and after lamenting that he (the writer) who is neither enslaved by avarice, ambition, or pleasure, has yet made himself a slave to *love*, he thus proceeds:

"If this dire passion never will be done,
If beauty always must my heart enthral,
O, rather let me be enslaved by *one*,
Than madly thus become a slave to all:
One *who has early known the pomp of state*,
For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn,
And, after having viewed the gaudy bait,
Can coldly *say, the trifle I contemn*;
In her blest arms *contented could I live*,
Contented could I die. But, O my mind,
Imaginary scenes of bliss deceive
With hopes of joys impossible to find."

Another instance of Johnson's retaining in his memory verses by obscure authours is given in Mr. Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides;" where, in consequence of hearing a girl spinning in a chamber over that in which he was sitting, he repeated these lines which he said were written by one Giffard, a clergyman; but the poem in which they are introduced, has hitherto been undiscovered:

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound:
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

In the autumn of 1782, when he was at Brighthelmstone, he frequently accompanied Mr. Philip Metcalfe in his chaise, to take the air; and the conversation in one of their excursions happening to turn on a celebrated historian, since deceased, he repeated, with great precision, some verses, as very characteristick of that gentleman. These furnish another proof of what has been above observed; for they are found in a very obscure quarter, among some anonymous poems appended to the second volume of a collection frequently printed by Lintot, under the title of Pope's MISCELLANIES:

"See how the wand'ring Danube flows,
Realms and religions parting;
A friend to all true christian foes,
To Peter, Jack, and Martin.
Now Protestant, and Papist now,
Not constant long to either,
At length an infidel does grow,
And ends his journey neither.
Thus many a youth I've known set out,
Half Protestant, half Papist,
And rambling long the world about,
Turn infidel or atheist."

In reciting these verses I have no doubt that Johnson substituted some word for *infidel* in the second stanza, to avoid the disagreeable repetition of the same expression. —M.]

nd upon general topicks expanded in his rich style, he uccessfully endeavoured to persuade the nation that it was rise and laudable to suffer the question of right to remain ndecided, rather than involve our country in another war. t has been suggested by some, with what truth I shall ot take upon me to decide, that he rated the consequence f those islands to Great-Britain too low. But however this ay be, every humane mind must surely applaud the earnest- ess with which he averted the calamity of war; a calamity so readful, that it is astonishing how civilised, nay, Christian ations, can deliberately continue to renew it. His description f its miseries in this pamphlet, is one of the finest pieces of loquence in the English language. Upon this occasion, too, re find Johnson lashing the party in opposition with unbounded everity, and making the fullest use of what he ever reckoned most effectual argumentative instrument,—contempt. His haracter of their very able mysterious champion, JUNIUS, is xecuted with all the force of his genius, and finished with the ighest care. He seems to have exulted in sallying forth to ingle combat against the boasted and formidable hero, who ade defiance to "principalities and powers, and the rulers of his world."

This pamphlet, it is observable, was softened in one particular, fter the first edition; for the conclusion of Mr. George Gren- ille's character stood thus: "Let him not, however, be lepreciated in his grave. He had powers not universally ossessed: could he have enforced payment of the Manilla ansom, *he could have counted it*." Which, instead of retaining ts sly sharp point, was reduced to a mere flat unmeaning xpression, or, if I may use the word,—*truism*: "He had owers not universally possessed: and if he sometimes erred, e was likewise sometimes right."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"AFTER much lingering of my own, and much of the inistry, I have, at length got out my paper.[1] But delay is not et at an end: Not many had been dispersed, before Lord North ordered the sale to stop. His reasons I do not distinctly now. You may try to find them in the perusal.[2] Before his

1 "Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands."

2 By comparing the first with the subsequent editions, this curious circumstance of ministerial authourship may be discovered.

[It can only be discovered (as Mr. Bindley observes to me) by him who possesses a copy of the first edition issued out before the sale was stopped.—M.]

order, a sufficient number were dispersed to do all the mischie though, perhaps, not to make all the sport that might b expected from it.

"Soon after your departure, I had the pleasure of finding a the danger past with which your navigation was threatened. hope nothing happens at home to abate your satisfaction; bu that Lady Rothes, and Mrs. Langton, and the young ladie are all well.

"I was last night at THE CLUB. Dr. Percy has written a lon ballad in many *fits*; it is pretty enough. He has printed, an will soon publish it. Goldsmith is at Bath, with Lord Clare At Mr. Thrale's, where I am now writing, all are well. I am dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"March 20, 1771."

Mr. Strahan, the printer, who had been long in intimacy wit Johnson, in the course of his literary labours, who was at onc his friendly agent in receiving his pension for him, and hi banker in supplying him with money when he wanted it; wh was himself now a Member of Parliament, and who loved muc to be employed in political negociation; thought he should d eminent service, both to government and Johnson, if he coul be the means of his getting a seat in the House of Commons With this view, he wrote a letter to one of the Secretaries of th Treasury, of which he gave me a copy in his own hand-writing which is as follows:

"SIR,

"YOU will easily recollect, when I had the honour o waiting upon you some time ago, I took the liberty to observe to you, that Dr. Johnson would make an excellent figure in th House of Commons, and heartily wished he had a seat there My reasons are briefly these:

"I know his perfect good affection to his Majesty, and hi government, which I am certain he wishes to support by every means in his power.

"He possesses a great share of manly, nervous, and ready eloquence; is quick in discerning the strength and weakness of an argument; can express himself with clearness and pre cision, and fears the face of no man alive.

"His known character, as a man of extraordinary sense and

nimpeached virtue, would secure him the attention of the House, and could not fail to give him a proper weight there.

"He is capable of the greatest application, and can undergo ny degree of labour, where he sees it necessary, and where his eart and affections are strongly engaged. His Majesty's ninisters might therefore securely depend on his doing, upon very proper occasion, the utmost that could be expected from im. They would find him ready to vindicate such measures s tended to promote the stability of government, and resolute nd steady in carrying them into execution. Nor is any thing o be apprehended from the supposed impetuosity of his temper. To the friends of the King you will find him a lamb, to his enemies a lion.

"For these reasons, I humbly apprehend that he would be very able and useful member. And I will venture to say, the employment would not be disagreeable to him; and knowing, s I do, his strong affection to the King, his ability to serve him in that capacity, and the extreme ardour with which I am convinced he would engage in that service, I must repeat, that I wish most heartily to see him in the House.

"If you think this worthy of attention, you will be pleased o take a convenient opportunity of mentioning it to Lord North. If his Lordship should happily approve of it, I shall have the satisfaction of having been, in some degree, the humble instrument of doing my country, in my opinion, a very essential service. I know your good-nature, and your eal for the publick welfare, will plead my excuse for giving you this trouble. I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"WILLIAM STRAHAN."

"New-street,
March 30, 1771."

This recommendation, we know, was not effectual; but how, or for what reason, can only be conjectured. It is not to be believed that Mr. Strahan would have applied, unless Johnson had approved of it. I never heard him mention the subject; but at a later period of his life, when Sir Joshua Reynolds told him that Mr. Edmund Burke had said, that if he had come early into Parliament, he certainly would have been the greatest speaker that ever was there, Johnson exclaimed, 'I should like to try my hand now."

It has been much agitated among his friends and others, whether he would have been a powerful speaker in Parliament,

had he been brought in when advanced in life. I am inclined to think, that his extensive knowledge, his quickness and force of mind, his vivacity and richness of expression, his wit and humour, and above all his poignancy of sarcasm, would have had great effect in a popular assembly; and that the magnitude of his figure, and striking peculiarity of his manner, would have aided the effect. But I remember it was observed by Mr. Flood, that Johnson, having been long used to sententious brevity and the short flights of conversation, might have failed in that continued and expanded kind of argument, which is requisite in stating complicated matters in publick speaking; and as a proof of this he mentioned the supposed speeches in Parliament written by him for the magazine, none of which, in his opinion, were at all like real debates. The opinion of one who was himself so eminent an orator, must be allowed to have great weight. It was confirmed by Sir William Scott, who mentioned, that Johnson had told him, that he had several times tried to speak in the Society of Arts and Manufactures but "had found he could not get on."[1] From Mr. William Gerard Hamilton I have heard, that Johnson, when observing to him that it was prudent for a man who had not been accustomed to speak in publick, to begin his speech in as simple a manner as possible, acknowledged that he rose in that society to deliver a speech which he had prepared; "but (said he,) all my flowers of oratory forsook me." I however cannot help wishing, that he *had* "tried his hand" in Parliament and I wonder that ministry did not make the experiment.

I at length renewed a correspondence which had been too long discontinued:

"To Dr. Johnson.

"Edinburgh, April 18, 1771.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I CAN now fully understand those intervals of silence in your correspondence with me, which have often given me anxiety and uneasiness; for although I am conscious that my veneration and love for Mr. Johnson have never in the least abated, yet I have deferred for almost a year and a half to write to him." . . .

In the subsequent part of this letter, I gave him an account

[1] [Dr. Kippis, however, (Biograph. Britan. article "J. Gilbert Cooper," p. 266, n. new edit.) says, that he "once heard Dr. Johnson speak in the Society of Arts and Manufactures, upon a subject relative to mechanicks, with a propriety, perspicuity, and energy, which excited general admiration. —M.]

of my comfortable life as a married man, and a lawyer in practice at the Scotch bar; invited him to Scotland, and promised to attend him to the Highlands, and Hebrides.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"If you are now able to comprehend that I might neglect to write without any diminution of affection, you have taught me, likewise, how that neglect may be uneasily felt without resentment. I wished for your letter a long time, and when it came, it amply recompensed the delay. I never was so much pleased as now with your account of yourself; and sincerely hope, that between public business, improving studies, and domestick pleasures, neither melancholy nor caprice will find any place for entrance. Whatever philosophy may determine of material nature, it is certainly true of intellectual nature, that it *abhors a vacuum:* our minds cannot be empty; and evil will break in upon them, if they are not pre-occupied by good. My dear Sir, mind your studies, mind your business, make your lady happy, and be a good Christian. After this,

'——*tristitiam et metus*
Tradas protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.'

"If we perform our duty, we shall be safe and steady, '*Sive per*,' &c. whether we climb the Highlands, or are tost among the Hebrides; and I hope the time will come when we may try our powers both with cliffs and water. I see but little of Lord Elibank, I know not why; perhaps by my own fault. I am this day going into Staffordshire and Derbyshire for six weeks.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Your most affectionate,
"And most humble servant,

'London, June 20, 1771." "Sam. Johnson."

"To Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester-Fields.

"DEAR SIR,

"When I came to Lichfield, I found that my portrait[1] had been much visited, and much admired. Every man has

[1] [The second portrait of Johnson, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; with his arms raised, and his hands bent. It was at this time, it is believed, in the possession of Miss Lucy Porter, and is still probably at Lichfield.—M.]

a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place; and I was pleased with the dignity conferred by such a testimony of your regard.

"Be pleased, therefore, to accept the thanks of, Sir, your most obliged,

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Ashbourn in Derbyshire,
July 17, 1771."

"Compliments to Miss Reynolds."

"TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, July 27, 1771.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"THE bearer of this, Mr. Beattie, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, is desirous of being introduced to your acquaintance. His genius and learning, and labours in the service of virtue and religion, render him very worthy of it; and as he has a high esteem of your character, I hope you will give him a favourable reception. I ever am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM lately returned from Staffordshire and Derbyshire. The last letter mentions two others which you have written to me since you received my pamphlet. Of these two I never had but one, in which you mentioned a design of visiting Scotland, and, by consequence, put my journey to Langton out of my thoughts. My summer wanderings are now over, and I am engaging in a very great work, the revision of my Dictionary; from which I know not, at present, how to get loose.

"If you have observed, or been told, any errours or omissions, you will do me a great favour by letting me know them.

"Lady Rothes, I find, has disappointed you and herself. Ladies will have these tricks. The Queen and Mrs. Thrale, both ladies of experience, yet both missed their reckoning this summer. I hope, a few months will recompense your uneasiness.

"Please to tell Lady Rothes how highly I value the honour

of her invitation, which it is my purpose to obey as soon as I have disengaged myself. In the mean time I shall hope to hear often of her Ladyship, and every day better news and better, till I hear that you have both the happiness, which to both is very sincerely wished, by, Sir,

"Your most affectionate, and

"Most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

August 29, 1771."

In October I again wrote to him, thanking him for his last letter, and his obliging reception of Mr. Beattie; informing him that I had been at Alnwick lately, and had good accounts of him from Dr. Percy.

In his religious record of this year we observe that he was better than usual, both in body and mind, and better satisfied with the regularity of his conduct. But he is still "trying his ways" too rigourously. He charges himself with not rising early enough; yet he mentions what was surely a sufficient excuse for this, supposing it to be a duty seriously required, as he all his life appears to have thought it. "One great hindrance is want of rest; my nocturnal complaints grew less troublesome towards morning; and I am tempted to repair the deficiencies of the night."[1] Alas! how hard would it be, if this indulgence were to be imputed to a sick man as a crime. In his retrospect on the following Easter-eve, he says, "When I review the last year, I am able to recollect so little done, that shame and sorrow, though perhaps too weakly, come upon me." Had he been judging of any one else in the same circumstances, how clear would he have been on the favourable side. How very difficult, and in my opinion almost constitutionally impossible it was for him to be raised early, even by the strongest resolutions, appears from a note in one of his little paper-books, containing words arranged for his Dictionary,) written, I suppose, about 1753: "I do not remember that since I left Oxford, I ever rose early by mere choice, but once or twice at Edial, and two or three times for the Rambler." I think he had fair ground enough to have quieted his mind on the subject, by concluding that he was physically incapable of what is at best but a commodious regulation.

In 1772 he was altogether quiescent as an authour; but it will be found, from the various evidences which I shall bring together, that his mind was acute, lively and vigorous.

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 101.

"To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"DEAR SIR,

"Be pleased to send to Mr. Banks, whose place of residence I do not know, this note, which I have sent open that, if you please, you may read it.

"When you send it, do not use your own seal.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

"Feb. 27, 1772."

"To Joseph Banks, Esq.

"*Perpetua ambitâ bis terrâ præmia lactis*
Hæc habet altrici Capra secunda Jovis." [1]

"SIR,

"I RETURN thanks to you and to Dr. Solander for the pleasure which I received in yesterday's conversation. I could not recollect a motto for your Goat, but have given her one. You, Sir, may perhaps have an epick poem from some happier pen than, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street,
February 27, 1772."

"To Dr. Johnson.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It is hard that I cannot prevail on you to write to me oftener. But I am convinced that it is in vain to expect from you a private correspondence with any regularity. I must, therefore, look upon you as a fountain of wisdom, from whence few rills are communicated to a distance, and which must be approached at its source, to partake fully of its virtues.

* * * * * *

"I am coming to London soon, and am to appear in an appeal from the Court of Session in the House of Lords. A schoolmaster in Scotland was, by a court of inferior jurisdiction, deprived of his office, for being somewhat severe in the chastisement of his scholars. The Court of Session considering it to be dangerous to the interest of learning and education, to lessen

[1] Thus translated by a friend:

"In fame scarce second to the nurse of Jove,
This Goat, who twice the world had traversed round,
Deserving both her master's care and love,
Ease and perpetual pasture now has found."

ne dignity of teachers, and make them afraid of too indulgent arents, instigated by the complaints of their children, restored im. His enemies have appealed to the House of Lords, nough the salary is only twenty pounds a year. I was Counsel or him here. I hope there will be little fear of a reversal; but must beg to have your aid in my plan of supporting the ecree. It is a general question, and not a point of par- icular law.

* * * * * *

"I am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

"To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"THAT you are coming so soon to town I am very glad; nd still more glad that you are coming as an advocate. I ink nothing more likely to make your life pass happily away, an that consciousness of your own value, which eminence your profession will certainly confer. If I can give you any ollateral help, I hope you do not suspect that it will be anting. My kindness for you has neither the merit of ingular virtue, nor the reproach of singular prejudice. Whether o love you be right or wrong, I have many on my side: Mrs. Thrale loves you, and Mrs. Williams loves you, and what would ave inclined me to love you, if I had been neutral before, you re a great favourite of Dr. Beattie.

"Of Dr. Beattie I should have thought much, but that his ady puts him out of my head; she is a very lovely woman.

"The ejection which you come hither to oppose, appears ery cruel, unreasonable, and oppressive. I should think there ould not be much doubt of your success.

"My health grows better, yet I am not fully recovered. believe it is held, that men do not recover very fast after hreescore. I hope yet to see Beattie's College: and have not iven up the western voyage. But however all this may be or ot, let us try to make each other happy when we meet, and ot refer our pleasure to distant times or distant places.

"How comes it that you tell me nothing of your lady? hope to see her some time, and till then shall be glad to hear f her.

"I am, dear Sir, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"March 15, 1772."

"To Bennet Langton, Esq. near Spilsby, Lincolnshire.

"DEAR SIR,

"I CONGRATULATE you and Lady Rothes[1] on your little man, and hope you will all be many years happy together.

"Poor Miss Langton can have little part in the joy of her family. She this day called her aunt Langton to receive the sacrament with her; and made me talk yesterday on such subjects as suit her condition. It will probably be her *viaticum*. I surely need not mention again that she wishes to see her mother. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

"March 14, 1772."

On the 21st of March, I was happy to find myself again in my friend's study, and was glad to see my old acquaintance, Mr. Francis Barber, who was now returned home. Dr. Johnson received me with a hearty welcome; saying, "I am glad you are come, and glad you are come upon such an errand:" (alluding to the cause of the schoolmaster.) Boswell. "I hope, Sir, he will be in no danger. It is a very delicate matter to interfere between a master and his scholars: nor do I see how you can fix the degree of severity that a master may use." Johnson. "Why, Sir, till you can fix the degree of obstinacy and negligence of the scholars, you cannot fix the degree of severity of the master. Severity must be continued until obstinacy be subdued, and negligence be cured." He mentioned the severity of Hunter, his own master. "Sir, (said I,) Hunter is a Scotch name: so it should seem this schoolmaster who beat you so severely, was a Scotchman. I can now account for your prejudice against the Scotch." Johnson. "Sir, he was not Scotch; and, abating his brutality, he was a very good master."

We talked of his two political pamphlets, "The False Alarm," and "Thoughts concerning Falkland's Islands." Johnson. "Well, Sir, which of them did you think the best?" Boswell. "I liked the second best." Johnson. "Why, Sir, I liked the first best; and Beattie liked the first best. Sir, there is a subtlety of disquisition in the first, that is

[1] [Mr. Langton married, May 24, 1770, Jane, the daughter of —— Lloyd, Esq. and widow of John Earl of Rothes, many years Commander in Chief of the Forces in Ireland, who died in 1767.—M.]

orth all the fire of the second." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, is it ue that Lord North paid you a visit, and that you got two indred a year in addition to your pension?" JOHNSON. No, Sir. Except what I had from the bookseller, I did not et a farthing by them. And, between you and me, I believe ord North is no friend to me." BOSWELL. "How so, Sir?" OHNSON. "Why, Sir, you cannot account for the fancies of en.—Well, how does Lord Elibank? and how does Lord onboddo?" BOSWELL. "Very well, Sir. Lord Monboddo ill maintains the superiority of the savage life." JOHNSON. What strange narrowness of mind now is that, to think the ings we have not known, are better than the things which we ave known." BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, that is a common rejudice." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, but a common prejudice hould not be found in one whose trade it is to rectify rour."

A gentleman having come in who was to go as a Mate in he ship along with Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, Dr. Johnson sked what were the names of the ships destined for the xpedition. The gentleman answered, they were once to be alled the Drake and the Ralegh, but now they were to be alled the Resolution and the Adventure. JOHNSON. "Much etter; for had the Ralegh returned without going round the orld, it would have been ridiculous. To give them the ames of the Drake and the Ralegh was laying a trap for ame." BOSWELL. "Had not you some desire to go upon his expedition, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why yes, but I soon laid aside. Sir, there is very little of intellectual, in the course. esides, I see but at a small distance. So it was not orth my while to go to see birds fly, which I should not ave seen fly; and fishes swim, which I should not have een swim."

The gentleman being gone, and Dr. Johnson having left the oom for some time, a debate arose between the Reverend Mr. ockdale and Mrs. Desmoulins, whether Mr. Banks and Dr. olander were entitled to any share of glory from their expedi- on. When Dr. Johnson returned to us, I told him the bject of their dispute. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it was properly r botany that they went out: I believe they thought only of illing of simples."

I thanked him for showing civilities to Beattie. "Sir, (said e), I should thank *you*. We all love Beattie. Mrs. Thrale ys, if ever she has another husband, she'll have Beattie. He

sunk upon us[1] that he was married; else we should h shown his lady more civilities. She is a very fine wom But how can you show civilities to a non-enity? I did think he had been married. Nay, I did not think about it way or other; but he did not tell us of his lady till late."

He then spoke of St. Kilda, the most remote of the Hebrid I told him, I thought of buying it. JOHNSON. "Pray do, S We will go and pass a winter amid the blasts there. We sh have fine fish, and we will take some dried tongues with and some books. We will have a strong built vessel, a some Orkney men to navigate her. We must build a tolera house: but we may carry with us a wooden house ready mad and requiring nothing but to be put up. Consider, Sir, buying St. Kilda, you may keep the people from falling in worse hands. We must give them a clergyman, and he shall one of Beattie's choosing. He shall be educated at Marischa College. I'll be your Lord Chancellor, or what you please BOSWELL. "Are you serious, Sir, in advising me to buy S Kilda? for if you should advise me to go to Japan, I believe should do it." JOHNSON. "Why yes, Sir, I am serious BOSWELL. "Why then I'll see what can be done."

I gave him an account of the two parties in the church Scotland, those for supporting the rights of patrons, indepen ent of the people, and those against it. JOHNSON. "It shou be settled one way or other. I cannot wish well to a popul election of the clergy, when I consider that it occasions suc

[1] "TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"*Edinburgh, May* 3, 17

"MY DEAR SIR,

"As I suppose your great work will soon be reprinted, I beg leave to trouble y with a remark on a passage of it, in which I am a little misrepresented. Be not alarme the misrepresentation is not imputable to you. Not having the book at hand, I cann specify the page, but I suppose you will easily find it. Dr. Johnson says, speaking Mrs. Thrale's family, 'Dr. Beattie *sunk upon us* that he was married, or words to th purpose.' I am not sure that I understand *sunk upon us*, which is a very uncomm phrase: but it seems to me to imply, (and others, I find, have understood it in the sam sense,) *studiously concealed from us his being married.* Now, Sir, this was by no mean the case. I could have no motive to conceal a circumstance, of which I never was n can be ashamed; and of which Dr. Johnson seemed to think, when he afterwards becam acquainted with Mrs. Beattie, that I had, as was true, reason to be proud. So far was from concealing her, that my wife had at that time almost as numerous an acquaintan in London as I had myself; and was, not very long after, kindly invited and elegantl entertained at Streatham by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale.

"My request, therefore, is, that you would rectify this matter in your new edition You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter.

"My best wishes ever attend you and your family. Believe me to be, with the utmos regard and esteem, dear Sir,

"Your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

"J. BEATTIE."

I have, from my respect for my friend Dr. Beattie, and regard to his extreme sensi bility, inserted the foregoing letter, though I cannot but wonder at his considering as an imputation a phrase commonly used among the best friends.

imosities, such unworthy courting of the people, such
nders between the contending parties, and other disad-
ntages. It is enough to allow the people to remonstrate
ainst the nomination of a minister for solid reasons." (I
ppose he meant heresy or immorality.)

He was engaged to dine abroad, and asked me to return to
m in the evening, at nine, which I accordingly did.

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams, who told us a story of
cond sight, which happened in Wales where she was born.
e listened to it very attentively, and said he should be glad
have some instances of that faculty well authenticated. His
evated wish for more and more evidence for spirit, in opposi-
n to the grovelling belief of materialism, led him to a love
such mysterious disquisitions. He again justly observed,
at we could have no certainty of the truth of supernatural
pearances, unless something was told us which we could not
ow by ordinary means, or something done which could not
e done but by supernatural power; that Pharaoh in reason
d justice required such evidence from Moses; nay, that our
viour said, "If I had not done among them the works which
ne other man did, they had not had sin." He had said in
e morning, that "Macaulay's History of St. Kilda" was very
ell written, except some foppery about liberty and slavery. I
entioned to him that Macaulay told me, he was advised to
ave out of his book the wonderful story that upon the
pproach of a stranger all the inhabitants catch cold;[1] but
at it had been so well authenticated, he determined to retain

JOHNSON. "Sir, to leave things out of a book, merely
ecause people tell you they will not be believed, is meanness.
Iacaulay acted with more magnanimity."

We talked of the Roman Catholick religion, and how little
fference there was in essential matters between ours and it.

OHNSON. "True, Sir; all denominations of Christians have
ally little difference in point of doctrine, though they may
ffer widely in external forms. There is a prodigious differ-
nce between the external form of one of your Presbyterian
urches in Scotland, and a church in Italy; yet the doctrine
ught is essentially the same."

I mentioned the petition to Parliament for removing the
bscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. JOHNSON. "It was
on thrown out. Sir, they talk of not making boys at the
niversity subscribe to what they do not understand; but

[1] See *ante*, p. 345 of this volume.

they ought to consider, that our Universities were foun ed t bring up members for the Church of England, and we must nc supply our enemies with arms from our arsenal. No, Sir, th meaning of subscribing is, not that they fully understand a the articles, but that they will adhere to the Church c England. Now take it in this way, and suppose that the should only subscribe their adherence to the Church c England, there would be still the same difficulty; for still th young men would be subscribing to what they do not unde stand. For if you should ask them, what do you mean by th Church of England? Do you know in what it differs fror the Presbyterian Church? from the Romish Church? from th Greek Church? from the Coptick Church? they could nc tell you. So, Sir, it comes to the same thing." BOSWELL "But, would it not be sufficient to subscribe the Bible? JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir; for all sects will subscribe th Bible; nay, the Mahometans will subscribe the Bible: for th Mahometans acknowledge JESUS CHRIST, as well as Moses but maintain that GOD sent Mahomet as a still greater prophe than either."

I mentioned the motion which had been made in the Hous of Commons, to abolish the fast of the 30th of January JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I could have wished that it had been a temporary act, perhaps, to have expired with the century. I am against abolishing it; because that would be declaring it wrong to establish it; but I should have no objection to make an act, continuing it for another century, and then letting it expire."

He disapproved of the Royal Marriage Bill; "Because (said he) I would not have the people think that the validity of marriage depends on the will of man, or that the right of a King depends on the will of man. I should not have been against making the marriage of any of the royal family, without the approbation of King and Parliament, highly criminal."

In the morning we had talked of old families, and the respect due to them. JOHNSON. "Sir, you have a right to that kind of respect, and are arguing for yourself. I am for supporting the principle, and am disinterested in doing it, as I have no such right." BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, it is one more incitement to a man to do well." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, and it is a matter of opinion very necessary to keep society together. What is it but opinion, by which we have a respect for

ıthority, that prevents us, who are the rabble. from rising up ıd pulling down you who are gentlemen from your places, ıd saying, 'We will be gentlemen in our turn?' Now, Sir, at respect for authority is much more easily granted to a an whose father has had it, than to an upstart, and so Society more easily supported." BOSWELL. "Perhaps, Sir, it might e done by the respect belonging to office, as among the omans, where the dress, the *toga*, inspired reverence." OHNSON. "Why, we know very little about the Romans. ut, surely, it is much easier to respect a man who has always ıd respect, than to respect a man who we know was last year o better than ourselves, and will be no better next year. In publicks there is no respect for authority, but a fear of ower." BOSWELL. "At present, Sir, I think riches seem to in most respect." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, riches do not gain arty respect; they only procure external attention. A very ch man, from low beginnings, may buy his election in a orough; but, *cæteris paribus*, a man of family will be pre-rred. People will prefer a man for whose father their fathers ave voted, though they should get no more money, or even ss. That shows that the respect for family is not merely nciful, but has an actual operation. If gentlemen of family ould allow the rich upstarts to spend their money profusely, hich they are ready enough to do, and not vie with them in xpence, the upstarts would soon be at an end, and the entlemen would remain; but if the gentlemen will vie in xpence with the upstarts, which is very foolish, they must be ined."

I gave him an account of the excellent mimickry of a friend f mine in Scotland; observing, at the same time, that some eople thought it a very mean thing. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, is making a very mean use of man's powers. But to be a ood mimick, requires great powers; great acuteness of observ-ion, great retention of what is observed, and great pliancy of rgans to represent what is observed. I remember a lady of uality in this town, Lady —— —— who was a wonderful imick, and used to make me laugh immoderately. I have eard she is now gone mad." BOSWELL. "It is amazing how mimick can not only give you the gestures and voice of a erson whom he represents; but even what a person would y on any particular subject." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you re to consider that the manner and some particular phrases of person do much to impress you with an idea of him, and you

are not sure that he would say what the mimick says i his character." BOSWELL. "I don't think Foote a goo mimick, Sir." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, his imitations are n like. He gives you something different from himself, but n the character which he means to assume. He goes out himself, without going into other people. He cannot take o any person unless he is strongly marked, such as Georg Faulkner. He is like a painter who can draw the portrait of man who has a wen upon his face, and who therefore is easil known. If a man hops upon one leg, Foote can hop upo one leg. But he has not that nice discrimination which you friend seems to possess. Foote is, however, very entertainin with a kind of conversation between wit and buffoonery."

On Monday, March 23, I found him busy, preparing a fourt edition of his folio Dictionary. Mr. Peyton, one of his origina amanuenses, was writing for him. I put him in mind of meaning of the word *side*, which he had omitted, viz. relation ship; as father's side, mother's side. He inserted it. I aske him if *humiliating* was a good word. He said, he had seen i frequently used, but he did not know it to be legitimat English. He would not admit *civilisation*, but only *civility* With great deference to him I thought *civilisation*, from *civilise*, better in the sense opposed to *barbarity* than *civility* as it is better to have a distinct word for each sense, than on word with two senses, which *civility* is, in his way of using it.

He seemed also to be intent on some sort of chymica operation. I was entertained by observing how he contrive to send Mr Peyton on an errand, without seeming to degrad him, "Mr. Peyton,—Mr. Peyton, will you be so good as t take a walk to Temple-Bar? You will there see a chymist' shop, at which you will be pleased to buy for me an ounce o oil of vitriol; not spirit of vitriol, but oil of vitriol. It wil cost three half-pence." Peyton immediately went, and returne with it, and told him it cost but a penny.

I then reminded him of the schoolmaster's cause, an proposed to read to him the printed papers concerning it "No, Sir, (said he,) I can read quicker than I can hear." So he read them to himself.

After he had read for some time, we were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Kristrom, a Swede, who was tutor to some young gentleman in the city. He told me that there was a very good History of Sweden, by Daline. Having at that time an intention of writing the history of that country, I asked Dr.

hnson whether one might write a history of Sweden, without ing thither. "Yes, Sir, (said he,) one for common use." We talked of languages. Johnson observed that Leibnitz d made some progress in a work, tracing all languages up to e Hebrew. "Why, Sir, (said he,) you would not imagine at the French *jour*, day, is derived from the Latin *dies*, and yet thing is more certain; and the intermediate steps are very ear. From *dies*, comes *diurnus*. *Diu* is, by inaccurate ears, inaccurate pronunciation, easily confounded with *giu*; then e Italians form a substantive of the ablative of an adjective, d thence *giurno*, or, as they make it *giorno*: which is readily ntracted into *giour*, or *jour*." He observed that the Bohemian nguage was true Sclavonick. The Swede said, it had some nilarity with the German. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, to be sure, ch parts of Sclavonia as confine with Germany, will borrow erman words; and such parts as confine with Tartary will rrow Tartar words."

He said, he never had it properly ascertained that the otch Highlanders and the Irish understood each other. I d him that my Cousin Colonel Graham, of the Royal Highnders, whom I met at Drogheda, told me they did. JOHNSON. Sir, if the Highlanders understood Irish, why translate the ew Testament into Erse, as was lately done at Edinburgh, nen there is an Irish translation?" BOSWELL. "Although e Erse and Irish are both dialects of the same language, there ay be a good deal of diversity between them, as between the fferent dialects in Italy."—The Swede went away, and Mr. hnson continued his reading of the papers. I said, "I am aid, Sir, it is troublesome." "Why, Sir, (said he,) I do not ke much delight in it; but I'll go through it."

We went to the Mitre, and dined in the room where he and irst supped together. He gave me great hopes of my cause. Sir, (said he,) the government of a schoolmaster is somewhat the nature of military government; that is to say, it must be bitrary, it must be exercised by the will of one man, accordg to particular circumstances. You must shew some learning on this occasion. You must shew, that the schoolmaster s a prescriptive right to beat; and that an action of assault d battery cannot be admitted against him unless there is me great excess, some barbarity. This man has maimed ne of his boys. They are all left with the full exercise of eir corporeal faculties. In our schools in England, many ys have been maimed; yet I never heard of an action against

a schoolmaster on that account. Puffendorf, I think, maintain the right of a schoolmaster to beat his scholars."

On Saturday, March 27, I introduced to him Sir Alexande Macdonald, with whom he had expressed a wish to be ac quainted. He received him very courteously.

Sir Alexander observed, that the Chancellors in England ar chosen from views much inferiour to the office, being chose from temporary political views. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, i such a government as ours, no man is appointed to an offic because he is the fittest for it, nor hardly in any other govern ment; because there are so many connections and dependencie to be studied. A despotick prince may choose a man to a office, merely because he is the fittest for it. The King o Prussia may do it." SIR A. "I think, Sir, almost all grea lawyers, such at least as have written upon law, have known only law, and nothing else." JOHNSON. "Why no, Sir; Judge Hale was a great lawyer, and wrote upon law; and yet he knew a great many other things, and has written upon other things. Selden, too." SIR A. "Very true, Sir; and Lord Bacon. But was not Lord Coke a mere lawyer?" JOHNSON. "Why, I am afraid he was; but he would have taken it very ill if you had told him so. He would have prosecuted you for scandal." BOSWELL. "Lord Mansfield is not a mere lawyer." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I never was in Lord Mansfield's company; but Lord Mansfield was distinguished at the University. Lord Mansfield, when he first came to town, 'drank champagne with the wits,' as Prior says. He was the friend of Pope." SIR A. "Barristers, I believe, are not so abusive now as they were formerly. I fancy they had less law long ago, and so were obliged to take to abuse, to fill up the time. Now they have such a number of precedents, they have no occasion for abuse." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, they had more law long ago than they have now. As to precedents, to be sure they will increase in course of time; but the more precedents there are, the less occasion is there for law; that is to say, the less occasion is there for investigating principles." SIR A. "I have been correcting several Scotch accents in my friend Boswell. I doubt, Sir, if any Scotchman ever attains to a perfect English pronunciation." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, few of them do, because they do not persevere after acquiring a certain degree of it. But, Sir, there can be no doubt that they may attain to a perfect English pronunciation, if they will. We find how near they come to it; and certainly, a man who conquers nineteen parts of the

cottish accent, may conquer the twentieth. But, Sir, when a an has got the better of nine tenths he grows weary, he laxes his diligence, he finds he has corrected his accent so far s not to be disagreeable, and he no longer desires his friends tell him when he is wrong; nor does he choose to be told. ir, when people watch me narrowly, and I do not watch yself, they will find me out to be of a particular county. In he same manner, Dunning may be found out to be a Devonire man. So most Scotchmen may be found out. But, Sir, tle aberrations are of no disadvantage. I never catched Mallet in a Scotch accent; and yet Mallet, I suppose, was past ve-and-twenty before he came to London."

Upon another occasion I talked to him on this subject, aving myself taken some pains to improve my pronunciation, r the aid of the late Mr. Love, of Drury-lane theatre, when e was a player at Edinburgh, and also of old Mr. Sheridan. ohnson said to me, "Sir, your pronunciation is not offensive." 'ith this concession I was pretty well satisfied: and let me ve my countrymen of North-Britain an advice not to aim at osolute perfection in this respect; not to speak *High English*, ; we are apt to call what is far removed from the *Scotch*, but hich is by no means *good English*, and makes "the fools who se it," truly ridiculous. Good English is plain, easy, and nooth in the mouth of an unaffected English Gentleman. A udied and factitious pronunciation, which requires perpetual tention, and imposes perpetual constraint, is exceedingly sgusting. A small intermixture of provincial peculiarities ay, perhaps, have an agreeable effect, as the n tes of different rds concur in the harmony of the grove, and please more an if they were all exactly alike. I could name some gentlemen of Ireland, to whom a slight proportion of the accent id recitative of that country is an advantage. The same bservation will apply to the gentlemen of Scotland. I do not ean that we should speak as broad as a certain prosperous ember of Parliament from that country: though it has been ell observed, that "it has been of no small use to him; as it uses the attention of the House by its uncommonness; and equal to tropes and figures in a good English speaker." I ould give as an instance of what I mean to recommend to y countrymen, the pronunciation of the late Sir Gilbert lliot; and may I presume to add that of the present Earl of Marchmont, who told me, with great good humour that the aster of a shop in London, where he was not known, said to

him, "I suppose, Sir, you are an American." "Why so Sir?" (said his Lordship.) "Because, Sir, (replied the shop keeper,) you speak neither English nor Scotch, but some thing different from both, which I conclude is the language of America."

BOSWELL. "It may be of use, Sir, to have a Dictionary to ascertain the pronunciation." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, my Dictionary shows you the accent of words, if you can but remember them." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, we want marks to ascertain the pronunciation of the vowels. Sheridan, I believe, has finished such a work." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, consider how much easier it is to learn a language by the ear than by any marks. Sheridan's Dictionary may do very well, but you cannot always carry it about with you: and, when you want the word, you have not the Dictionary. It is like a man who has a sword that will not draw. It is an admirable sword to be sure: but while your enemy is cutting your throat, you are unable to use it. Besides, Sir, what entitles Sheridan to fix the pronunciation of English? He has, in the first place, the disadvantage of being an Irishman: and if he says he will fix it after the example of the best company, why they differ among themselves. I remember an instance: when I published the Plan for my Dictionary, Lord Chesterfield told me that the word *great* should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *state*; and Sir William Yonge sent me word that it should be pronounced so as to rhyme to *seat*, and that none but an Irishman would pronounce it *grait*. Now here were two men of the highest rank, the one, the best speaker in the House of Lords, the other, the best speaker in the House of Commons, differing entirely."

I again visited him at night. Finding him in a very good humour, I ventured to lead him to the subject of our situation in a future state, having much curiosity to know his notions on that point. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, the happiness of an unembodied spirit will consist in a consciousness of the favour of GOD, in the contemplation of truth, and in the possession of felicitating ideas." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, is there any harm in our forming to ourselves conjectures as to the particulars of our happiness, though the scripture has said but very little on the subject? 'We know not what we shall be.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, there is no harm. What philosophy suggests to us on this topick is probable: what scripture tells us is certain. Dr. Henry More has carried it as far as

ilosophy can. You may buy both his theological and ilosophical works in two volumes folio, for about eight illings." BOSWELL. "One of the most pleasing thoughts that we shall see our friends again."[1] JOHNSON. "Yes, ; but you must consider, that when we are become purely tional, many of our friendships will be cut off. Many friendips are formed by a community of sensual pleasures: all ese will be cut off. We form many friendships with bad men, cause they have agreeable qualities, and they can be useful us; but, after death, they can no longer be of use to us. e form many friendships by mistake, imagining people to be fferent from what they really are. After death, we shall see ery one in a true light. Then, Sir, they talk of our meeting ir relations: but then all relationship is dissolved: and we all have no regard for one person more than another, but for eir real value. However, we shall either have the satisfaction meeting our friends, or be satisfied without meeting them." OSWELL. "Yet, Sir, we see in scripture, that Dives still tained an anxious concern about his brethren." JOHNSON. Why, Sir, we must either suppose that passage to be metaphor-al, or hold with many divines, and all the Purgatorians, that eparted souls do not all at once arrive at the utmost perfection which they are capable." BOSWELL. "I think, Sir, that is very rational supposition." JOHNSON. "Why, yes, Sir; but e do not know it is a true one. There is no harm in believing : but you must not compel others to make it an article of ith; for it is not revealed." BOSWELL. "Do you think, Sir, is wrong in a man who holds the doctrine of Purgatory, to ray for the souls of his deceased friends?" JOHNSON. "Why o, Sir." BOSWELL. "I have been told, that in the Liturgy f the Episcopal Church of Scotland, there was a form of rayer for the dead." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not in the Liturgy hich Laud framed for the Episcopal Church of Scotland: if here is a Liturgy older than that, I should be glad to see it." OSWELL. "As to our employment in a future state, the acred writings say little. The Revelation, however, of St. ohn gives us many ideas, and particularly mentions musick." OHNSON. "Why, Sir, ideas must be given you by means of omething which you know: and as to musick there are some hilosophers and divines who have maintained that we shall ot be spiritualized to such a degree, but that something of

1 [Bishop Hall, in his Epistle, "discoursing of the different degrees of heavenly glory, nd of our mutual knowledge of each other above," (Dec. iii. ep. 6,) holds the affirmative o both these questions.—M.]

matter very much refined, will remain. In that case, music may make a part of our future felicity."

BOSWELL. "I do not know whether there are any well attested stories of the appearance of ghosts. You know there is a famous story of the appearance of Mrs. Veal, prefixed to 'Drelincourt on Death.'" JOHNSON. "I believe, Sir, that is given up. I believe the woman declared upon her death-bed that it was a lie."[1] BOSWELL. "This objection is made against the truth of ghosts appearing: that if they are in a state of happiness, it would be a punishment to them to return to this world; and if they are in a state of misery, it would be giving them a respite." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, as the happiness or misery of embodied spirits does not depend upon place, but is intellectual, we cannot say that they are less happy or less miserable by appearing upon earth."

We went down between twelve and one to Mrs. Williams's room, and drank tea. I mentioned that we were to have the remains of Mr. Gray, in prose and verse, published by Mr. Mason. JOHNSON. "I think we have had enough of Gray. I see they have published a splendid edition of Akenside's works. One bad ode may be suffered; but a number of them together makes one sick." BOSWELL. "Akenside's distinguished poem is his 'Pleasures of Imagination:' but for my part, I never could admire it so much as most people do." JOHNSON. "Sir, I could not read it through." BOSWELL. "I have read it through: but I did not find any great power in it."

I mentioned Elwal, the heretick, whose trial Sir John Pringle had given me to read. JOHNSON. "Sir, Mr. Elwal was, I think, an ironmonger at Wolverhampton; and he had a mind to make himself famous, by being the founder of a new sect, which he wished much should be called *Elwallians*. He held that every thing in the Old Testament that was not typical, was to be of perpetual observance: and so he wore a ribband in the plaits of his coat, and he also wore a beard. I remember I had the honour of dining in company with Mr. Elwal. There was one Barter, a miller, who wrote against him; and you had the controversy between Mr. ELWAL and Mr. BARTER. To try to make himself distinguished he wrote a letter to King George the Second, challenging him to dispute with him, in which he said, 'George, if you be afraid to come by yourself, to dispute with a poor old man, you may bring a thousand of

[1] [That it can be known to have been invented by Daniel Defoe, and was added to the second edition of the English translation of Drelincourt's work, which was originally written in French,) to make it sell. The first edition had it not. —M.]

our *black* guards with you; and if you should still be afraid, ou may bring a thousand of your *red* guards.' The letter had omething of the impudence of Junius to our present King. ut the men of Wolverhampton were not so inflammable as e Common-Council of London; so Mr. Elwal failed in his heme of making himself a man of great consequence."

On Tuesday, March 31, he and I dined at General Paoli's. question was started whether the state of marriage was atural to man. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is so far from being natural r a man and woman to live in a state of marriage, that we nd all the motives which they have for remaining in that onnection, and the restraints which civilized society imposes prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them gether." The General said, that in a state of nature a man nd woman uniting together, would form a strong and constant ffection, by the mutual pleasure each would receive; and that he same causes of dissention would not arise between them, s occur between husband and wife in a civilized state. OHNSON. "Sir, they would have dissentions enough though f another kind. One would choose to go a hunting in this ood, the other in that; one would choose to go a fishing in his lake, the other in that; or, perhaps, one would choose to o a hunting, when the other would choose to go a fishing; nd so they would part. Besides, Sir, a savage man and a avage woman meet by chance; and when the man sees nother woman that pleases him better, he will leave the first."

We then fell into a disquisition whether there is any beauty ndependent of utility. The General maintained there was ot. Dr. Johnson maintained that there was; and he instanced coffee cup which he held in his hand, the painting of which as of no real use, as the cup could hold the coffee equally ell if plain; yet the painting was beautiful.

We talked of the strange custom of swearing in conversation. The General said, that all barbarous nations swore from a ertain violence of temper, that could not be confined to earth, ut was always reaching at the powers above. He said, too, hat there was greater variety of swearing, in proportion as here was a greater variety of religious ceremonies.

Dr. Johnson went home with me to my lodgings in Cork-street and drank tea, previous to our going to the Pantheon, which neither of us had seen before.

He said, "Goldsmith's Life of Parnell is poor; not that it is poorly written, but that he had poor materials; for nobody can

write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him."

I said, that if it was not troublesome and presuming too much, I would request him to tell me all the little circumstances of his life; what schools he attended, when he came to Oxford, when he came to London, &c. &c. He did not disapprove of my curiosity as to these particulars; but said, "They'll come out by degrees, as we talk together."

He censured Ruffhead's Life of Pope; and said, "he knew nothing of Pope, and nothing of poetry." He praised Dr. Joseph Warton's Essay on Pope; but said, "he supposed we should have no more of it, as the authour had not been able to persuade the world to think of Pope as he did." BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, should that prevent him from continuing his work? He is an ingenious Counsel, who has made the most of his cause: he is not obliged to gain it." JOHNSON. "But, Sir, there is a difference when the cause is of a man's own making."

We talked of the proper use of riches. JOHNSON. "If I were a man of a great estate, I would drive all the rascals whom I did not like out of the county, at an election."

I asked him, how far he thought wealth should be employed in hospitality. JOHNSON. "You are to consider that ancient hospitality, of which we hear so much, was in an uncommercial country, when men being idle, were glad to be entertained at rich men's tables. But in a commercial country, a busy country, time becomes precious, and therefore hospitality is not so much valued. No doubt there is still room for a certain degree of it; and a man has a satisfaction in seeing his friends eating and drinking around him. But promiscuous hospitality is not the way to gain real influence. You must help some people at table before others; you must ask some people how they like their wine oftener than others. You therefore offend more people than you please. You are like the French statesman, who said, when granted a favour, '*J'ai fait dix mécontents et un ingrat.*' Besides, Sir, being entertained ever so well at a man's table, impresses no lasting regard or esteem. No, Sir, the way to make sure of power and influence is, by lending money confidentially to your neighbours at a small interest, or perhaps at no interest at all, and having their bonds in your possession." BOSWELL. "May not a man, Sir, employ his riches to advantage, in educating young men of merit?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, if they fall in your way; but if it be understood that you patronize young men of merit, you will be

harassed with solicitations. You will have numbers forced upon you, who have no merit; some will force them upon you from mistaken partiality; and some from downright interested motives, without scruple; and you will be disgraced."

"Were I a rich man, I would propagate all kinds of trees that will grow in the open air. A green-house is childish. I would introduce foreign animals into the country; for instance, the reindeer."[1]

The conversation now turned on critical subjects. JOHNSON. "Bayes, in 'The Rehearsal,' is a mighty silly character. If it was intended to be like a particular man, it could only be diverting while that man was remembered. But I question whether it was meant for Dryden, as has been reported; for we know some of the passages said to be ridiculed, were written since the Rehearsal; at least a passage mentioned in the Preface[2] is of a later date." I maintained that it had merit as a general satire on the self-importance of dramatick authours. But even in this light he held it very cheap.

We then walked to the Pantheon. The first view of it did not strike us so much as Ranelagh, of which he said, the "*coup d'œil* was the finest thing he had ever seen." The truth is, Ranelagh is of a more beautiful form; more of it, or rather indeed the whole *rotunda*, appears at once, and it is better lighted. However, as Johnson observed, we saw the Pantheon in time of mourning, when there was a dull uniformity; whereas we had seen Ranelagh, when the view was enlivened with a gay profusion of colours. Mrs. Bosville, of Gunthwait, in Yorkshire, joined us, and entered into conversation with us. Johnson said to me afterwards, "Sir, this is a mighty intelligent lady."

I said there was not half a guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place. JOHNSON. "But, Sir, there is half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it." BOSWELL. "I doubt, Sir, whether there are many happy people here." JOHNSON. "Yes. Sir, there are many happy people

[1] This project has since been realized. Sir Henry Liddel, who made a spirited tour into Lapland, brought two rein-deer to his estate in Northumberland, where they bred: but the race has unfortunately perished.

[2] [There is no preface to "The Rehearsal," as originally published. Dr. Johnson seems to have meant the Address to the Reader with a KEY subjoined to it; which have been prefixed to the modern editions of that play. He did not know, it appears, that several *additions* were made to "The Rehearsal" after the first edition. The ridicule on the passages here alluded to is found among those *additions*. They therefore furnish no ground for the doubts here suggested. Unquestionably Bayes was meant to be the representative of Dryden, whose familiar phrases in his ordinary conversation are frequently introduced in this piece.—M.]

here. There are many people here who are watching hundred and who think hundreds are watching them."

Happening to meet Sir Adam Ferguson, I presented him t Dr. Johnson. Sir Adam expressed some apprehension that th Pantheon would encourage luxury. "Sir, (said Johnson,) I a a great friend to publick amusements; for they keep peopl from vice. You now (addressing himself to me,) would hav been with a wench, had you not been here.—O! I forgot yo were married."

Sir Adam suggested, that luxury corrupts a people, an destroys the spirit of liberty. JOHNSON. "Sir, that is a visionary. I would not give half a guinea to live under on form of Government rather than another. It is of no momen to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abus of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman i prevented from passing his life as he pleases?" SIR ADAM "But, Sir, in the British constitution it is surely of importanc to keep up a spirit in the people, so as to preserve a balanc against the crown." JOHNSON. "Sir, I perceive you are a vil Whig.—Why all this childish jealousy of the power of th crown? The crown has not power enough. When I say tha all governments are alike, I consider that in no governmen power can be abused long. Mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will ris and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form o government. Had not the people of France thought them selves honoured in sharing in the brilliant actions o Louis XIV. they would not have endured him; and we may say the same of the King of Prussia's people." Sir Adam introduced the ancient Greeks and Romans. JOHNSON. "Sir the mass of both of them were barbarians. The mass of every people must be barbarous where there is no printing, and consequently knowledge is not generally diffused. Knowledge is diffused among our people by the news papers." Sir Adam mentioned the orators, poets and artists of Greece. JOHNSON "Sir, I am talking of the mass of the people. We see even what the boasted Athenians were. The little effect which Demosthenes's orations had upon them, shews that they were barbarians."

Sir Adam was unlucky in his topicks; for he suggested a doubt of the propriety of Bishops having seats in the House of Lords. JOHNSON. "How so, Sir? Who is more proper

or having the dignity of a peer, than a bishop, provided a Bishop be what he ought to be: and if improper Bishops be made, that is not the fault of the Bishops, but of those who make them."

On Sunday, April 5, after attending divine service at St. Paul's church, I found him alone. O. a schoolmaster of his acquaintance, a native of Scotland, he said, "He has a great deal of good about him; but he is also very defective in some respects. His inner part is good, but his outer part is mighty awkward. You in Scotland do not attain that nice critical skill in languages, which we get in our schools in England. I would not put a boy to him, whom I intended for a man of learning. But for the sons of citizens, who are to learn a little, get good morals, and then go to trade, he may do very well."

I mentioned a cause in which I had appeared as counsel at the bar of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, where a *Probationer*, (as one licensed to preach, but not yet ordained, is called,) was opposed in his application to be inducted, because it was alledged that he had been guilty of fornication five years before. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if he has repented, it is not a sufficient objection. A man who is good enough to go to heaven, is good enough to be a clergyman." This was a humane and liberal sentiment. But the character of a clergyman is more sacred than that of an ordinary christian. As he is to instruct with authority, he should be regarded with reverence, as one upon whom divine truth has had the effect to set him above such transgressions, as men, less exalted by spiritual habits and yet upon the whole not to be excluded from heaven, have been betrayed into by the predominance of passion. That clergymen may be considered as sinners in general, as all men are, cannot be denied; but this reflection will not counteract their good precepts so much, as the absolute knowledge of their having been guilty of certain specific immoral acts. I told him, that by the rules of the Church of Scotland, in their "Book of Discipline," if a *scandal* as it is called, is not prosecuted for five years, it cannot afterwards be proceeded upon, "unless it be of a *heinous nature*, or again become flagrant;" and that hence a question arose, whether fornication was a sin of a heinous nature: and that I had maintained, that it did not deserve that epithet, in as much as it was not one of those sins which argue very great depravity of heart: in short, was not, in the general acceptation of mankind a heinous sin. JOHNSON. "No, Sir, it is not a heinous

sin. A heinous sin is that for which a man is punished with death or banishment." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, after I had argued that it was not a heinous sin, an old clergyman rose up, and repeating the text of scripture denouncing judgment against whoremongers, asked, whether, considering this, there could be any doubt of fornication being a heinous sin." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, observe the word *whoremonger*. Every sin, if persisted in, will become heinous. Whoremonger is a dealer in whores, as ironmonger is a dealer in iron. But as you don't call a man an ironmonger for buying and selling a penknife; so you don't call a man a whoremonger for getting one wench with child." [1]

I spoke of the inequality of the livings of the clergy in England, and the scanty provisions of some of the Curates. JOHNSON. "Why yes, Sir; but it cannot be helped. You must consider, that the revenues of the clergy are not at the disposal of the state, like the pay of the army. Different men have founded different churches; and some are better endowed, some worse. The state cannot interfere and make an equal division of what has been particularly appropriated. Now when a clergyman has but a small living, or even two small livings, he can afford very little to the Curate."

He said, he went more frequently to church when there were prayers only, than when there was also a sermon, as the people required more an example for the one than the other; it being much easier for them to hear a sermon, than to fix their minds on prayer.

On Monday, April 6, I dined with him at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, where was a young officer in the regimentals of the Scots Royal, who talked with a vivacity, fluency, and precision so uncommon, that he attracted particular attention. He proved to be the Honourable Thomas Erskine, youngest brother to the Earl of Buchan, who has since risen into such brilliant reputation at the bar in Westminster-hall.

Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, "he was a blockhead;" and upon my expressing my astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, "What I mean by his being a blockhead is, that he was a barren rascal." BOSWELL. "Will you not allow, Sir, that he draws very natural pictures of human life?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is of very low life. Richardson used to say, that had he not known who Fielding was, he should

[1] It must not be presumed that Dr. Johnson meant to give any countenance to licentiousness, though in the character of an Advocate he made a just and subtle distinction between occasional and habitual transgression.

have believed he was an ostler. Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's, than in all 'Tom Jones.'[1] I, indeed, never read 'Joseph Andrews.'" ERSKINE. "Surely, Sir, Richardson is very tedious." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment."—I have already given my opinion of Fielding; but I cannot refrain from repeating here my wonder at Johnson's excessive and unaccountable depreciation of one of the best writers that England has produced. "Tom Jones" has stood the test of public opinion with such success, as to have established its great merit, both for the story, the sentiments, and the manners, and also the varieties of diction, so as to leave no doubt of its having an animated truth of execution throughout.

A book of travels, lately published under the title of *Coriat Junior*, and written by Mr. Paterson,[2] was mentioned. Johnson said, this book was in imitation of Sterne,[3] and not of Coriat, whose name Paterson had chosen as a whimsical one. "Tom Coriat, (said he,) was a humourist about the court of James the First. He had a mixture of learning, of wit, and of buffoonery. He first travelled through Europe, and published his travels. He afterwards travelled on foot through Asia, and had made many remarks; but he died at Mandoa and his remarks were lost."

We talked of gaming, and animadverted on it with severity. JOHNSON. "Nay, gentlemen, let us not aggravate the matter. It is not roguery to play with a man who is ignorant of the game, while you are master of it, and so win his money; for he thinks he can play better than you, as you think you can play better than he; and the superiour skill carries it." ERSKINE. "He is a fool, but you are not a rogue." JOHNSON. "That's much about the truth, Sir. It must be considered, that a man who only does what every one of the society to which he belongs would do, is not a dishonest man. In the republick of Sparta, it was agreed, that stealing was not dis-

[1] Johnson's severity against Fielding did not arise from any grossness in his style, but from his loose life, and the profligacy of almost all his male characters. Who would venture to read one of his novels aloud to modest women? His novels are *mere* amusements, and very amusing they certainly are.—*Fielding's conversation* was coarse, and so tinctured with the rank weeds of *the Garden*, that it would now be thought only fit for a brothel.—BURNEY.]

[2] Mr. Samuel Paterson, eminent for his knowledge of books.

[3] Mr. Paterson, in a pamphlet, produced some evidence to shew that his work was written before Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" appeared.

honourable, if not discovered. I do not commend a society where there is an agreement that what would not otherwise be fair, shall be fair; but I maintain, that an individual of any society, who practises what is allowed, is not a dishonest man." BOSWELL. "So then, Sir, you do not think ill of a man who wins perhaps forty thousand pounds in a winter?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I do not call a gamester a dishonest man; but I call him an unsocial man, an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good. Trade gives employment to numbers, and so produces intermediate good."

Mr. Erskine told us, that when he was in the island of Minorca, he not only read prayers, but preached two sermons to the regiment. He seemed to object to the passage in scripture, where we are told that the angel of the Lord smote in one night forty thousand Assyrians.[1] "Sir, (said Johnson,) you should recollect that there was a supernatural interposition: they were destroyed by pestilence. You are not to suppose that the angel of the LORD went about and stabbed each of them with a dagger, or knocked them on the head, man by man."

After Mr. Erskine was gone, a discussion took place, whether the present Earl of Buchan, when Lord Cardross, did right to refuse to go Secretary of the Embassy to Spain, when Sir James Gray, a man of inferiour rank, went Ambassadour. Dr. Johnson said, that perhaps in point of interest he did wrong, but in point of dignity he did well. Sir Alexander insisted that he was wrong; and said that Mr. Pitt intended it as an advantageous thing for him. "Why, Sir, (said Johnson), Mr. Pitt might think it an advantageous thing for him to make him a vintner, and get him all the Portugal trade: but he would have demeaned himself strangely had he accepted of such a situation. Sir, had he gone Secretary while his inferiour was Ambassadour, he would have been a traitor to his rank and family."

I talked of the little attachment which subsisted between near relations in London. "Sir, (said Johnson,) in a country so commercial as ours, where every man can do for himself, there is not so much occasion for that attachment. No man is thought the worse of here, whose brother was hanged. In uncommercial countries, many of the branches of a family must

[1] [One hundred and eighty-five thousand. See Isaiah xxxvii. 36, and 2 Kings xix. 35. - M.]

epend on the stock; so, in order to make the head of the mily take care of them, they are represented as connected ith his reputation, that, self-love being interested, he may xert himself to promote their interest. You have first large rcles, or clans; as commerce increases, the connection is onfined to families; by degrees, that too goes off, as having ecome unnecessary, and there being few opportunities of ntercourse. One brother is a merchant in the city, and nother is an officer in the guards; how little intercourse can hese two have!"

I argued warmly for the old feudal system. Sir Alexander pposed it, and talked of the pleasure of seeing all men free nd independent. JOHNSON. "I agree with Mr. Boswell, hat there must be a high satisfaction in being a feudal Lord; ut we are to consider that we ought not to wish to have a umber of men unhappy for the satisfaction of one."—I naintained that numbers, namely, the vassals or followers, ere not unhappy; for that there was a reciprocal satisfaction etween the Lord and them; he being kind in his authority ver them; they being respectful and faithful to him.

On Thursday, April 9, I called on him to beg he would go nd dine with me at the Mitre tavern. He had resolved not to ine at all this day, I know not for what reason; and I was o unwilling to be deprived of his company, that I was content o submit to suffer a want, which was at first somewhat painful, ut he soon made me forget it; and a man is always pleased ith himself, when he finds his intellectual inclinations pre ominate.

He observed, that to reason philosophically on the nature of rayer, was very unprofitable.

Talking of ghosts, he said, he knew one friend, who was an onest man and a sensible man, who told him he had seen a host; old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer at St. John's Gate. Ie said, Mr. Cave did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be n great horrour whenever it was mentioned. BOSWELL. 'Pray, Sir, what did he say was the appearance?" JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, something of a shadowy being."

I mentioned witches, and asked him what they properly neant. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, they properly mean those who nake use of the aid of evil spirits." BOSWELL. "There is no loubt, Sir, a general report and belief of their having existed." OHNSON. "You have not only the general report and belief, ut you have many voluntary solemn confessions." He did

not affirm anything positively upon a subject which it is th fashion of the times to laugh at as a matter of absurd credulity He only seemed willing, as a candid enquirer after truth, how ever strange and inexplicable, to shew that he understood wha might be urged for it.[1]

On Friday, April 10, I dined with him at Genera Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldsmith.

Armorial bearings having been mentioned. Johnson said the were as ancient as the siege of Thebes, which he proved by passage in one of the tragedies of Euripides.[2]

I started the question, whether duelling was consistent wit moral duty. The brave old General fired at this, and said with a lofty air, "Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend hi honour." GOLDSMITH, (turning to me,) "I ask you first, Sir what would you do if you were affronted?" I answered, should think it necessary to fight. "Why then, (replied Goldsmith,) that solves the question." JOHNSON. "No, Sir it does not solve the question. It does not follow, that what a man would do is therefore right." I said, I wished to have it settled, whether duelling was contrary to the laws of Christianity. Johnson immediately entered on the subject, and treated it in a masterly manner; and so far as I have been able to recollect, his thoughts were these: "Sir, as men become in a high degree refined, various causes of offence arise; which are considered to be of such importance, that life must be staked to atone for them, though in reality they are not so. A body that has received a very fine polish may be easily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement, if one tells his neighbour—he lies, his neighbour tells him—he lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives him a blow: but in a state of highly polished society, an affront is held to be a serious injury. It must, therefore, be resented, or rather a duel must be fought upon it; as men have agreed to banish from their society one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, Sir, it is never unlawful to fight in self-defence. He, then, who fights a duel, does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence; to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being

[1] See this curious question treated by him with most acute ability, "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3rd edit. p. 33 (Aug. 16).

[2] [The passage to which Johnson alluded, is to be found (as I conjecture) in the PHŒNISSÆ, l. 1220.

Καὶ πρῶτα μὲν προσῆγε, κ. τ. λ.
Ὁ τῆς ευναγοῦ Παρθενοναίος ἔκγονος,
ΕΠΙΣΗΜ' ἐὸν ΟΙΚΕΙΟΝ ἐν μέσῳ σάκει.—J. BOSWELL.]

driven out of society. I could wish there was not that superfluity of refinement; but while such notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."

Let it be remembered, that this justification is applicable only to the person who *receives* an affront. All mankind must condemn the aggressor.

The General told us, that when he was a very young man, I think only fifteen, serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting in a company at table with a Prince of Wirtemberg. The Prince took up a glass of wine, and, by a fillip, made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly, might have fixed a quarrelsome character upon the young soldier: to have taken no notice of it, might have been considered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the Prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took what his Highness had done in jest, said "*Mon Prince,—*" (I forget the French words he used, the purport however was,) "That's a good joke: but we do it much better in England;" and threw a whole glass of wine in the Prince's face. An old General who sat by, said, "*Il a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé:*" and thus all ended in good humour.

Dr. Johnson said, "Pray, General, give us an account of the siege of Belgrade." Upon which the General, pouring a little wine upon the table, described every thing with a wet finger: "Here we were, here were the Turks," &c. &c. Johnson listened with the closest attention.

A question was started, how far people who disagree in a capital point can live in friendship together. Johnson said they might. Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not the *idem velle atque idem nolle*—the same likings and the same aversions. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke: I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion, and affluence of conversation; but I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party." GOLDSMITH. "But, Sir, when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard: 'You may look into all the chambers but one.' But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject." JOHNSON, (with a loud voice) "Sir, I am not saying that *you* could live in friendship with a man from whom you

differ as to some point: I am only saying that I could do it. You put me in mind of Sappho in Ovid." [1]

Goldsmith told us, that he was now busy in writing a Natural History; and, that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings, at a farmer's house, near to the six mile-stone, on the Edgeware-road, and had carried down his books in two returned postchaises. He said, he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children: he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of "The Lusiad," and I, went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals, scrawled upon the wall with a black lead pencil.

The subject of ghosts being introduced, Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man, and a man of sense, having asserted to him, that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us, he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us, that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends, that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that after it was over, and Prendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him, where was his

[1] [Mr. Boswell's note here being rather short, as taken at the time, (with a view perhaps to future revision,) Johnson's remark is obscure, and requires to be a little opened. What he said, probably was, "You seem to think that two friends, to live well together, must be in a perfect harmony with each other; that each should be to the other, what Sappho boasts she was to her lover, and uniformly agree in every particular: but this is by no means necessary," &c. The words of Sappho alluded to, are:—"*omnibus a parte placebam.*" Ovid. Epist. Sapp. ad Phaonem, l. 51.—M.]

[I should rather conjecture that the passage which Johnson had in view was the following, l. 45:

"Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est."

His reasoning and its illustration I take to be this. If you are determined to associate with no one whose sentiments do not universally coincide with your own, you will have a resolution exclude yourself from all society, for no two men can be found who, on all points, invariably think alike. So Sappho in Ovid tells Phaon, that if he will not associate himself to any one who is not a complete resemblance of himself, it will be impossible for him to form any union at all.

The lines which I have quoted are thus expanded in Pope's Paraphrase, which, to say the truth, I suspect was at this moment more in Johnson's recollection than the original:

"If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas, by none, thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd."

—J. Boswell.]

rophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered, "I shall die, otwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards, there came shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation f arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. olonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his ocket-book the following solemn entry:

[Here the date.] "Dreamt—or———[1] Sir John Friend eets me:" (here the very day on which he was killed was entioned.) Prendergast had been connected with Sir John riend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe aid, he was with Colonel Cecil, when Pope came and enquired nto the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the me, and was then confirmed by the Colonel.

On Saturday, April 11, he appointed me to come to him in ne evening, when he should be at leisure to give me some ssistance for the defence of Hastie, the schoolmaster of Campbelltown, for whom I was to appear in the House of ords. When I came, I found him unwilling to exert himself. pressed him to write down his thoughts upon the subject. He aid, "There's no occasion for my writing. I'll talk to you." He was, however, at last prevailed on to dictate to me, while I rote as follows:

"The charge is, that he has used immoderate and cruel orrection. Correction, in itself, is not cruel; children, being ot reasonable, can be governed only by fear. To impress his fear, is therefore one of the first duties of those who have he care of children. It is the duty of a parent; and has never een thought inconsistent with parental tenderness. It is the luty of a master, who is in his highest exaltation when he is *oco parentis*. Yet, as good things become evil by excess, correction, by being immoderate, may become cruel. But when s correction immoderate? When it is more frequent or more evere than is required *admonendum et docendum*, for reformation nd instruction. No severity is cruel which obstinacy makes ecessary; for the greatest cruelty would be, to desist, and eave the scholar too careless for instruction, and too much ardened for reproof. Locke, in his treatise of Education, nentions a mother, with applause, who whipped an infant eight imes before she had subdued it; for had she stopped at the eventh act of correction, her daughter, says he, would have

[1] Here was a blank, which may be filled up thus:—"*was told by an apparition;*"—he writer being probably uncertain whether he was asleep or awake, when his mind was mpressed with the solemn presentiment with which the fact afterwards happened so onderfully to correspond.

been ruined. The degrees of obstinacy in young minds, a very different: as different must be the degrees of perseverin severity. A stubborn scholar must be corrected till he subdued. The discipline of a school is military. There mu be either unbounded licence or absolute authority. The maste who punishes, not only consults the future happiness of him wh is the immediate subject of correction, but he propagate obedience through the whole school; and establishes regularit by exemplary justice. The victorious obstinacy of a single bo would make his future endeavours of reformation or instructio totally ineffectual. Obstinacy, therefore, must never be vic torious. Yet, it is well known, that there sometimes occurs sullen and hardy resolution, that laughs at all common punish ment, and bids defiance to all common degrees of pain Correction must be proportionate to occasions. The flexibl will be reformed by gentle discipline, and the refractory mus be subdued by harsher methods. The degrees of scholastick as of military punishment, no stated rules can ascertain. I must be enforced till it overpowers temptation; till stubborn ness becomes flexible, and perverseness regular. Custom and reason have, indeed, set some bounds to scholastick penalties The schoolmaster inflicts no capital punishments; nor enforces his edicts by either death or mutilation. The civil law has wisely determined, that a master who strikes at a scholar's eye shall be considered as criminal. But punishments, however severe, that produce no lasting evil, may be just and reasonable, because they may be necessary. Such have been the punish ments used by the respondent. No scholar has gone from him either blind or lame, or with any of his limbs or powers injured or impaired. They were irregular, and he punished them: they were obstinate, and he enforced his punishment But however provoked, he never exceeded the limits of moder ation, for he inflicted nothing beyond present pain: and how much of that was required, no man is so little able to determine as those who have determined against him:—the parents of the offenders.—It has been said, that he used unprecedented and improper instruments of correction. Of this accusation the meaning is not very easy to be found. No instrument of cor rection is more proper than another, but as it is better adapted to produce present pain without lasting mischief. Whatever were his instruments, no lasting mischief has ensued; and therefore, however unusual, in hands so cautious they were proper.—It has been objected, that the respondent admits the

arge of cruelty, by producing no evidence to confute it. Let be considered, that his scholars are either dispersed at large in e world, or continue to inhabit the place in which they were ed. Those who are dispersed cannot be found; those who main are the sons of his prosecutors, and are not likely to pport a man to whom their fathers are enemies. If it be pposed that the enmity of their fathers proves the justness the charge, it must be considered how often experience ews us, that men who are angry on one ground will accuse another; with how little kindness, in a town of low trade, man who lives by learning is regarded; and how implicitly, here the inhabitants are not very rich, a rich man is hearkened and followed. In a place like Campbelltown, it is easy for ne of the principal inhabitants to make a party. It is easy r that party to heat themselves with imaginary grievances. is easy for them to oppress a man poorer than themselves; d natural to assert the dignity of riches, by persisting in ppression. The argument which attempts to prove the im-opriety of restoring him to the school, by alledging that he s lost the confidence of the people, is not the subject of ridical consideration; for he is to suffer, if he must suffer, not r their judgment, but for his own actions. It may be con-nient for them to have another master; but it is a convenience their own making. It would be likewise convenient for him find another school; but this convenience he cannot obtain. The question is not what is now convenient, but what is nerally right. If the people of Campbelltown be distressed the restoration of the respondent, they are distressed only their own fault; by turbulent passions and unreasonable sires; by tyranny, which law has defeated, and by malice, hich virtue has surmounted."

"This, Sir, (said he), you are to turn in your mind, and ake the best use of it you can in your speech."

Of our friend Goldsmith he said, "Sir, he is so much afraid being unnoticed, that he often talks merely lest you should rget that he is in the company." BOSWELL. "Yes, he stands rward." JOHNSON. "True, Sir; but if a man is to stand rward, he should wish to do it not in an aukward posture, t in rags, not so as that he shall only be exposed to ridicule." OSWELL. "For my part, I like very well to hear honest oldsmith talk away carelessly." JOHNSON. "Why yes, Sir; t he should not like to hear himself."

On Tuesday April 14, the decree of the Court of Session in

the Schoolmaster's cause was reversed in the House of Lor after a very eloquent speech by Lord Mansfield, who shew himself an adept in school discipline, but I thought was t rigorous towards my client. On the evening of the next day supped with Dr. Johnson, at the Crown and Anchor tavern, the Strand, in company with Mr. Langton and his brother-in la Lord Binning. I repeated a sentence of Lord Mansfield's speec of which, by the aid of Mr. Longlands, the solicitor on the oth side, who obligingly allowed me to compare his note with m own, I have a full copy: "My Lords, severity is not the w to govern either boys or men." "Nay (said Johnson,) it is t way to *govern* them. I know not whether it be the way *mend* them."

I talked of the recent expulsion of six students from t University of Oxford, who were methodists, and would n desist from publickly praying and exhorting. JOHNSO "Sir, that expulsion was extremely just and proper. Wh have they to do at an University, who are not willing to l taught, but will presume to teach? Where is religion to l learnt, but at an University? Sir, they were examined, an found to be mighty ignorant fellows." BOSWELL. "But, w it not hard, Sir, to expel them, for I am told they were goo beings?" JOHNSON. "I believe they might be good beings but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out a garden." Lord Elibank used to repeat this as an illustratio uncommonly happy.

"Desirous of calling Johnson forth to talk, and exercise h wit, though I should myself be the object of it, I resolute ventured to undertake the defence of convivial indulgence i wine, though he was not to-night in the most genial humou After urging the common plausible topicks, I at last ha recourse to the maxim, *in vino veritas*, a man who is we warmed with wine will speak truth. JOHNSON. "Why, Si that may be an argument for drinking, if you suppose men i general to be liars. But, Sir, I would not keep company wit a fellow, who lyes as long as he is sober, and whom you mus make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him."[1]

Mr. Langton told us, he was about to establish a school upo his estate, but it had been suggested to him, that it might hav

[1] Mrs. Piozzi, in her "Anecdotes," p. 261, has given an erroneous account of th evidence as of many others. She pretends to relate it from recollection, if she hear [illegible] present when the fact is that it was communicated to her by me. She re represented it as a personality, and the true point has escaped her.

tendency to make the people less industrious. JOHNSON. No, Sir. While learning to read and write is a distinction, e few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to ork; but when every body learns to read and write, it is no nger a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too ne a man to work; but if every body had laced waistcoats, we ould have people working in laced waistcoats. There are no eople whatever more industrious, none who work more, than ir manufacturers; yet they have all learned to read and write. r, you must not neglect doing a thing immediately good, from ar of remote evil;—from fear of its being abused. A man no has candles may sit up too late, which he would not do if e had not candles; but nobody will deny that the art of aking candles, by which light is continued to us beyond the ne that the sun gives us light, is a valuable art, and ought to e preserved." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, would it not be better to llow Nature; and go to bed and rise just as nature gives us ght or withholds it?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir; for then we ould have no kind of equality in the partition of our time etween sleeping and waking. It would be very different in fferent seasons and in different places. In some of the orthern parts of Scotland how little light is there in the epth of winter!"

We talked of Tacitus, and I hazarded an opinion, that with l his merit for penetration, shrewdness of judgement, and terse- ss of expression, he was too compact, too much broken into nts, as it were, and therefore too difficult to be understood. o my great satisfaction Dr. Johnson sanctioned this opinion. Tacitus, Sir, seems to me rather to have made notes for an storical work, than to have written a history."[1]

At this time it appears from his "Prayers and Meditations," at he had been more than commonly diligent in religious uties, particularly in reading the holy scriptures. It was assion Week, that solemn season which the Christian world as appropriated to the commemoration of the mysteries of ir redemption, and during which, whatever embers of religion e in our breasts, will be kindled into pious warmth.

I paid him short visits both on Friday and Saturday, and eing his large folio Greek Testament before him, beheld him th a reverential awe, and would not intrude upon his time.

[1] It is remarkable that Lord Monboddo, whom, on account of his resembling Dr. nson in some particulars, Foote called an Elzevir edition of him, has, by coincidence, de the very same remark. *Origin and Progress of Language*, vol. iii. 2d edit. 219.

While he was thus employed to such good purpose, and whil his friends in their intercourse with him constantly found vigorous intellect and a lively imagination, it is melancholy t read in his private register, "My mind is unsettled and m memory confused. I have of late turned my thoughts with very useless earnestness upon past incidents. I have yet gc no command over my thoughts; an unpleasing incident i almost certain to hinder my rest."[1] What philosophic heroism was it in him to appear with such manly fortitud to the world, while he was inwardly so distressed! We ma surely believe that the mysterious principle of being "mad perfect through suffering," was to be strongly exemplified i him.

On Sunday, April 19, being Easter-day, General Paoli and paid him a visit before dinner. We talked of the notion tha blind persons can distinguish colours by the touch. Johnso said, that Professor Sanderson mentions his having attempte to do it, but that he found he was aiming at an impossi bility; that to be sure a difference in the surface makes th difference of colours; but that difference is so fine, that it i not sensible to the touch. The General mentioned juggler and fraudulent gamesters, who could know cards by the touch Dr. Johnson said, "the cards used by such persons must b less polished than ours commonly are."

We talked of sounds. The General said, there was n beauty in a simple sound, but only in an harmonious com position of sounds. I presumed to differ from this opinion and mentioned the soft and sweet sound of a fine woman' voice. JOHNSON. "No, Sir, if a serpent or a toad uttered it you would think it ugly." BOSWELL. "So you would think Sir, were a beautiful tune to be uttered by one of thos animals." JOHNSON. "No, Sir, it would be admired. W have seen fine fiddlers whom we liked as little as toads (laughing).

Talking on the subject of taste in the arts, he said, tha difference of taste was, in truth, difference of skill. BOSWELL "But, Sir, is there not a quality called taste, which consist merely in perception or in liking; for instance, we find peopl differ much as to what is the best style of English composition Some think Swift's the best; others prefer a fuller and grande way of writing." JOHNSON. "Sir, you must first define wha you mean by style, before you can judge who has a good taste

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 111.

style, and who has a bad. The two classes of persons whom
have mentioned, don't differ as to good and bad. They
h agree that Swift has a good neat style; but one loves a
t style, another loves a style of more splendour. In like
nner, one loves a plain coat, another loves a laced coat:
t neither will deny that each is good in its kind."

While I remained in London this spring, I was with him at
eral other times, both by himself and in company. I dined
h him one day at the Crown and Anchor tavern, in the
and, with Lord Elibank, Mr. Langton, and Dr. Vansittart
Oxford. Without specifying each particular day, I have
served the following memorable things.

I regretted the reflection in his preface to Shakspeare against
rrick, to whom we cannot but apply the following passage:
collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for
re, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very
mmunicative." I told him, that Garrick had complained to
of it, and had vindicated himself by assuring me, that
nson was made welcome to the full use of his collection,
d that he left the key of it with a servant, with orders to
ve a fire and every convenience for him. I found Johnson's
tion was, that Garrick wanted to be courted for them, and
t, on the contrary, Garrick should have courted him, and
nt him the plays of his own accord. But, indeed, con-
ering the slovenly and careless manner in which books were
ated by Johnson, it could not be expected that scarce and
uable editions should have been lent to him.

A gentleman having to some of the usual arguments for
nking added this: "You know, Sir, drinking drives away
e, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would
t you allow a man to drink for that reason?" JOHNSON.
Yes, Sir, if he sat next *you*."

I expressed a liking for Mr. Francis Osborne's works, and
ked him what he thought of that writer. He answered, "A
nceited fellow. Were a man to write so now, the boys would
row stones at him." He, however, did not alter my opinion
a favourite authour, to whom I was first directed by his being
oted in "The Spectator," and in whom I have found much
rewd and lively sense, expressed indeed in a style somewhat
aint, which, however, I do not dislike. His book has an air
originality. We figure to ourselves an ancient gentleman
king to us.

When one of his friends endeavoured to maintain that a

country gentleman might contrive to pass his life very agre
ably, "Sir, (said he,) you cannot give me an instance of a
man who is permitted to lay out his own time, contriving not
have tedious hours." This observation, however, is equal
applicable to gentlemen who live in cities, and are of
profession.

He said, "there is no permanent national character: it vari
according to circumstances. Alexander the Great swept Indi
now the Turks sweep Greece."

A learned gentleman, who in the course of conversati
wished to inform us of this simple fact, that the Counsel up
the circuit at Shrewsbury were much bitten by fleas, took,
suppose, seven or eight minutes in relating it circumstantiall
He in a plenitude of phrase told us, that large bales of woolle
cloth were lodged in the town-hall;—that by reason of th
fleas nestled there in prodigious numbers; that the lodgings
the counsel were near the town-hall:—and that those litt
animals moved from place to place with wonderful agilit
Johnson sat in great impatience till the gentleman had finish
his tedious narrative, and then burst out (playfully howeve
"It is a pity, Sir, that you have not seen a lion; for a flea h
taken you such a time, that a lion must have served you
twelvemonth." [1]

He would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from Lo
Mansfield; for he was educated in England. "Much (said he
may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught* young."

Talking of a modern historian and a modern moralist, he sai
"There is more thought in the moralist than in the historia
There is but a shallow stream of thought in history." Boswel
"But surely, Sir, an historian has reflection." Johnson. "Wh
yes, Sir; and so has a cat when she catches a mouse for h
kitten. But she cannot write like *******; neither c
*********."

He said, "I am very unwilling to read the manuscripts
authours, and give them my opinion. If the authours who app
to me have money, I bid them boldly print without a name;
they have written in order to get money, I tell them to go
the booksellers and make the best bargain they can
Boswell. "But, Sir, if a bookseller should bring you a manu
script to look at?" Johnson. "Why, Sir, I would desire th
bookseller to take it away."

[1] Mrs. Piozzi to whom I told this anecdote, has related it, as if the gentleman h
given "the *natural history* of the *mouse*." Anecdotes, p. 191.

I mentioned a friend of mine who had resided long in Spain, d was unwilling to return to Britain. JOHNSON. "Sir, he is ached to some woman." BOSWELL. "I rather believe, Sir, is the fine climate which keeps him there." JOHNSON. Nay, Sir, how can you talk so? What is *climate* to happiness? ace me in the heart of Asia should I not be exiled? What oportion does climate bear to the complex system of human e? You may advise me to live at Bologna to eat sausages. ne sausages there are the best in the world; they lose much being carried."

On Saturday, May 9, Mr. Dempster and I had agreed to dine ourselves at the British Coffee-house. Johnson, on whom I ppened to call in the morning, said, he would join us, which did, and we spent a very agreeable day, though I recollect t little of what passed.

He said, "Walpole was a minister given by the King to the ople: Pitt was a minister given by the people to the King,— an adjunct."

"The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation is this: he es on without knowing how he is to get off. His genius is eat, but his knowledge is small. As they say of a generous an, it is a pity he is not rich, we may say of Goldsmith, it is a ty he is not knowing. He would not keep his knowledge to mself."

Before leaving London this year, I consulted him upon a estion purely of Scotch law. It was held of old, and continued a long period, to be an established principle in that law, at whoever intermeddled with the effects of a person deceased, thout the interposition of legal authority to guard against bezzlement, should be subject to pay all the debts of the ceased, as having been guilty of what was technically called *ious intromission*. The Court of Session had gradually re- ed the strictness of this principle, where the interference oved had been inconsiderable. In a case[1] which came fore that Court the preceding winter, I had laboured to rsuade the judge to return to the ancient law. It was my n sincere opinion, that they ought to adhere to it; but I had hausted all my powers of reasoning in vain. Johnson ought as I did; and in order to assist me in my application the Court for a revision and alteration of the judgement, he tated to me the following argument:

"THIS, we are told, is a law which has its force only from

[1] Wilson against Smith and Armour.

the long practice of the Court: and may, therefore, be
pended or modified as the Court shall think proper.

"Concerning the power of the Court to make or to susp
a law, we have no intention to enquire. It is sufficient for
purpose that every just law is dictated by reason; and that
practice of every legal Court is regulated by equity. It is
quality of reason to be invariable and constant; and of eq
to give to one man what, in the same case, is given to anot
The advantage which humanity derives from law is this:
the law gives every man a rule of action, and prescribes a m
of conduct which shall entitle him to the support and protec
of society. That the law may be a rule of action, it is neces
that it be known; it is necessary that it be permanent
stable. The law is the measure of civil right: but if
measure be changeable, the extent of the thing measured n
can be settled.

"To permit a law to be modified at discretion, is to le
the community without law. It is to withdraw the directio
that publick wisdom, by which the deficiences of pri
understanding are to be supplied. It is to suffer the rash
ignorant to act at discretion, and then to depend for the lega
of that action on the sentence of the Judge. He that is t
governed, lives not by law, but by opinion: not by a cert
rule to which he can apply his intention before he acts, but
an uncertain and variable opinion, which he can never kn
but after he has committed the act on which that opinion sh
be passed. He lives by a law, (if a law it be,) which he can ne
know before he has offended it. To this case may be ju
applied that important principle, *misera est servitus ubi jus
aut incognitum aut vagum.* If Intromission be not crimi
till it exceeds a certain point, and that point be unsettled, a
consequently different in different minds, the right of Int
mission, and the right of the Creditor arising from it, are all *ju
vaga*, and, by consequence, are *jura incognita*; and the res
can be no other than a *misera servitus*, an uncertainty co
cerning the event of action, a servile dependence on priv
opinion.

"It may be urged, and with great plausibility, that there m
be Intromission without fraud; which, however true, will by
means justify an occasional and arbitrary relaxation of the la
The end of law is protection as well as vengeance. Indee
vengeance is never used but to strengthen protection. Th
society only is well governed, where life is freed from dang

d from suspicion; where possession is so sheltered by utary prohibitions, that violation is prevented more frequently an punished. Such a prohibition was this, while it operated th its original force. The creditor of the deceased was not ly without loss, but without fear. He was not to seek a nedy for an injury suffered; for, injury was warded off.

"As the law has been sometimes administered, it lays us en to wounds, because it is imagined to have the power of aling. To punish fraud when it is detected is the proper art vindictive justice; but to prevent frauds, and make punish-nt unnecessary, is the great employment of legislative sdom. To permit Intromission, and to punish fraud, is to ake law no better than a pitfall. To tread upon the brink is e; but to come a step further is destruction. But, surely, it better to enclose the gulf, and hinder all access, than by couraging us to advance a little, to entice us afterwards a le further, and let us perceive our folly only by our de-uction.

"As law supplies the weak with adventitious strength, it ewise enlightens the ignorant with extrinsick understanding. w teaches us to know when we commit injury and when we ffer it. It fixes certain marks upon actions, by which we are monished to do or to forbear them. *Qui sibi bene temperat licitis*, says one of the fathers, *nunquam cadet in illicita*. e who never intromits at all, will never intromit with udulent intentions.

"The relaxation of the law against vicious intromission has en very favourably represented by a great master of jurispru-nce,[1] whose words have been exhibited with unnecessary mp, and seem to be considered as irresistibly decisive. The eat moment of his authority makes it necessary to examine s position. 'Some ages ago, (says he,) before the ferocity of e inhabitants of this part of the island was subdued, the most severity of the civil law was necessary, to restrain indi-duals from plundering each other. Thus, the man, who ermeddled irregularly with the moveables of a person ceased, was subjected to all the debts of the deceased without itation. This makes a branch of the law of Scotland own by the name of *vicious intromission*; and so rigidly was s regulation applied in our Courts of Law, that the most ding moveable abstracted *malâ fide*, subjected the inter-ddler to the foregoing consequences, which proved in many

[1] Lord Kames, in his "Historical Law Tracts."

instances a most rigorous punishment. But this severity w necessary, in order to subdue the undisciplined nature of o people. It is extremely remarkable, that in proportion to o improvement in manners, this regulation has been gradual softened and applied by our sovereign Court with a spari hand.'

"I find myself under a necessity of observing, that th learned and judicious writer has not accurately distinguishe the deficiencies and demands of the different conditions human life, which, from a degree of savageness a independence, in which all laws are vain, passes or ma pass, by innumerable gradations, to a state of reciproc benignity, in which laws shall be no longer necessary. Me are first wild and unsocial, living each man to himse taking from the weak, and losing to the strong. In their fir coalitions of society, much of this original savageness is retaine Of general happiness, the product of general confidence, the is yet no thought. Men continue to prosecute their own a vantages by the nearest way; and the utmost severity of th civil law is necessary to restrain individuals from plunderi each other. The restraints then necessary, are restraints fro plunder, from acts of publick violence, and undisguised o pression. The ferocity of our ancestors, as of all other nation produced not fraud, but rapine. They had not yet learned cheat, and attempted only to rob. As manners grew mo polished, with the knowledge of good, men attain likewi dexterity in evil. Open rapine becomes less frequent, a violence gives way to cunning. Those who before invad pastures and stormed houses, now begin to enrich themselv by unequal contracts and fraudulent intromissions. It is n against the violence of ferocity, but the circumventions of dece that this law was framed; and I am afraid the increase commerce, and the incessant struggle for riches which co merce excites, give us no prospect of an end speedily to expected of artifice and fraud. It therefore seems to be very conclusive reasoning, which connects those two pro sitions:—'the nation is become less ferocious, and therefo the laws against fraud and *covin* shall be relaxed.'

"Whatever reason may have influenced the Judges to relaxation of the law, it was not that the nation was gro less fierce; and, I am afraid, it cannot be affirmed, that is grown less fraudulent.

"Since this law has been represented as rigorously a

reasonably penal, it seems not improper to consider what e the conditions and qualities that make the justice or opriety of a penal law.

"To make a penal law reasonable and just, two conditions e necessary, and two proper. It is necessary that the law ould be adequate to its end; that, if it be observed, it shall event the evil against which it is directed. It is, secondly, cessary that the end of the law be of such importance, as deserve the security of a penal sanction. The other nditions of a penal law, which though not absolutely neces-y, are to a very high degree fit, are, that to the moral olation of the law there are many temptations, and that of e physical observance there is great facility.

"All these conditions apparently concur to justify the law ich we are now considering. Its end is the security of operty; and property very often of great value. The ethod by which it effects the security is efficacious, because admits in its original rigour, no gradations of injury; but eps guilt and innocence apart, by a distinct and definite nitation. He that intromits, is criminal; he that intromits t, is innocent. Of the two secondary considerations it nnot be denied that both are in our favour. The temptation intromit is frequent and strong; so strong and so frequent, to require the utmost activity of justice, and vigilance of ution, to withstand its prevalence; and the method by ich a man may entitle himself to legal intromission, is so en and so facile, that to neglect it is a proof of fraudulent ention; for why should a man omit to do (but for reasons ich he will not confess,) that which he can do so easily, and at which he knows to be required by the law? If temptation re rare, a penal law might be deemed unnecessary. If the ty enjoined by the law were of difficult performance, omission, ough it could not be justified, might be pitied. But in the esent case, neither equity nor compassion operate against it. useful, a necessary law is broken, not only without a reason-le motive, but with all the inducements to obedience that n be derived from safety and facility.

"I therefore return to my original position, that a law, to ve its effects, must be permanent and stable. It may be d in the language of the schools, *Lex non recipit majus et nus*,—we may have a law, or we may have no law, but we nnot have half a law. We must either have a rule of action, be permitted to act by discretion and by chance. Deviations

from the law must be uniformly punished, or no man can l
certain when he shall be safe.

"That from the rigour of the original institution this Cou
has sometimes departed, cannot be denied. But, as it
evident that such deviations, as they make law uncertain, mak
life unsafe, I hope, that of departing from it there will be no
an end; that the wisdom of our ancestors will be treated wi
due reverence; and that consistent and steady decisions w
furnish the people with a rule of action, and leave fraud an
fraudulent intromissions no future hope of impunity or escape

With such comprehension of mind, and such clearness
penetration, did he thus treat a subject altogether new to hi
without any other preparation than my having stated to hi
the arguments which had been used on each side of th
question. His intellectual powers appeared with peculi
lustre, when tried against those of a writer of such fame
Lord Kames, and that too in his Lordship's own department.

This masterly argument, after being prefaced and co
cluded with some sentences of my own, and garnished wi
the usual formularies, was actually printed and laid before th
Lords of Session, but without success. My respected frien
Lord Hailes, however, one of that honourable body, had critic
sagacity enough to discover a more than ordinary hand in th
Petition. I told him Dr. Johnson had favoured me with h
pen. His Lordship, with wonderful *acumen*, pointed ou
exactly where his composition began, and where it ended
But that I may do impartial justice, and conform to the gre
rule of Courts, *Suum cuique tribuito*, I must add, that the
Lordships in general, though they were pleased to call th
"a well-drawn paper," preferred the former very inferio
petition, which I had written; thus confirming the truth of a
observation made to me by one of their number, in a merr
mood: "My dear Sir, give yourself no trouble in the com
position of the papers you present to us; for, indeed, it
casting pearls before swine."

I renewed my solicitations that Dr. Johnson would this yea
accomplish his long-intended visit to Scotland.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"THE regret has not been little with which I have misse
a journey so pregnant with pleasing expectations, as that in which
I could promise myself not only the gratification of curiosity

th rational and fanciful, but the delight of seeing those om I love and esteem. * * * * * * * * *. But ch has been the course of things, that I could not come; d such has been, I am afraid, the state of my body, that it uld not well have seconded my inclination. My body, I nk, grows better, and I refer my hopes to another year; for m very sincere in my design to pay the visit, and take the nble. In the mean time, do not omit any opportunity of eping up a favourable opinion of me in the minds of any of friends. Beattie's book is, I believe, every day more liked; least, I like it more, as I look more upon it.

"I am glad if you got credit by your cause, and am yet of inion, that our cause was good, and that the determination ght to have been in your favour. Poor Hastie, I think, had t his deserts.

"You promised to get me a little Pindar, you may add to a little Anacreon.

"The leisure which I cannot enjoy, it will be a pleasure to ar that you employ upon the antiquities of the feudal ablishment. The whole system of ancient tenures is dually passing away; and I wish to have the knowledge it preserved adequate and complete. For such an institun makes a very important part of the history of mankind. not forget a design so worthy of a scholar who studies the y of his country, and of a gentleman who may naturally be rious to know the condition of his own ancestors.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your's with great affection,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

'August 31, 1772."

"To DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 25, 1772.

"MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * * *

"I was much disappointed that you did not come to otland last autumn. However, I must own that your letter events me from complaining; not only because I am sensible at the state of your health was but too good an excuse, but cause you write in a strain which shews that you have reeable views of the scheme which we have so long pro-sed.

* * * * * *

"I communicated to Beattie what you said of his book your last letter to me. He writes to me thus: 'You juc very rightly in supposing that Dr. Johnson's favourable opin of my book must give me great delight. Indeed it impossible for me to say how much I am gratified by it; there is not a man upon earth whose good opinion I would more ambitious to cultivate. His talents and his virtues reverence more than any words can express. The ext ordinary civilities (the paternal attentions I should rather sa and the many instructions I have had the honour to rece from him, will to me be a perpetual source of pleasure in t recollection,

"*Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.*"

"I had still some thoughts, while the summer lasted, being obliged to go to London on some little business; oth wise I should certainly have troubled him with a letter seve months ago, and given some vent to my gratitude and admi tion. This I intend to do, as soon as I am left a little leisure. Mean time, if you have occasion to write to him, beg you will offer him my most respectful compliments, ar assure him of the sincerity of my attachment and the warm of my gratitude."

* * * * * * *

"I am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL

In 1773, his only publication was an edition of his fol Dictionary, with additions and corrections; nor did he, so f as is known, furnish any productions of his fertile pen to any his numerous friends or dependants, except the Preface *[1] to h old amanuensis Macbean's "Dictionary of ancient Geography His Shakspeare, indeed, which had been received with hig approbation by the publick, and gone through several edition was this year re-published by George Steevens, Esq., a gentl man not only deeply skilled in ancient learning, and of ver extensive reading in English literature, especially the earl writers, but at the same time of acute discernment and elegan taste. It is almost unnecessary to say, that by his great an

[1] He, however, wrote, or partly wrote, an Epitaph on Mrs Bell, wife of his friend Joh Bell, Esq. brother of the Rev. Dr. Bell, Prebendary of Westminster, which is printed i his Works. It is in English prose, and has so little of his manner, that I did not believe h had any hand in it, till I was satisfied of the fact by the authority of Mr. Bell.

luable additions to Dr. Johnson's work, he justly obtained nsiderable reputation:

"*Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*"

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE read your kind letter much more than the egant Pindar which it accompanied. I am always glad to find yself not forgotten; and to be forgotten by you would give e great uneasiness. My northern friends have never been unnd to me: I have from you, dear Sir, testimonies of affection, nich I have not often been able to excite; and Dr. Beattie es the testimony which I was desirous of paying to his erit, much higher than I should have thought it reasonable to pect.

"I have heard of your masquerade.[1] What says your synod such innovations? I am not studiously scrupulous, nor do I nk a masquerade either evil in itself, or very likely to be the casion of evil; yet as the world thinks it a very licentious axation of manners, I would not have been one of the *first* asquers in a country where no masquerade had ever been fore.[2]

"A new edition of my great Dictionary is printed, from a copy ich I was persuaded to revise; but having made no preparon, I was able to do very little. Some superfluities I have punged, and some faults I have corrected, and here and there ve scattered a remark; but the main fabrick of the work mains as it was. I have looked very little into it since I ote it, and, I think, I found it full as often better, as worse, an I expected.

"Baretti and Davies have had a furious quarrel; a quarrel, think, irreconcileable. Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy, ich is expected in the spring. No name is yet given it. e chief diversion arises from a stratagem by which a lover is de to mistake his future father-in-law's house for an inn. is, you see, borders upon farce. The dialogue is quick and y, and the incidents are so prepared as not to seem improbable.

"I am sorry that you lost your cause of Intromission, cause I yet think the arguments on your side unanswerable. t you seem, I think, to say that you gained reputation even by ur defeat; and reputation you will daily gain, if you keep Lord

[1] Given by a lady at Edinburgh.
[2] There had been masquerades in Scotland; but not for a very long time.

Auchinleck's precept in your mind, and endeavour to consol date in your mind a firm and regular system of law, instead picking up occasional fragments.

"My health seems in general to improve; but I have bee troubled for many weeks with a vexatious catarrh, which sometimes sufficiently distressful. I have not found any gre effects from bleeding and physick; and am afraid, that I mu expect help from brighter days and softer air.

"Write to me now and then; and whenever any good befal you, make haste to let me know it, for no one will rejoice it more than, dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"London, Feb. 22, 1773."

"You continue to stand very high in the favour of Mr Thrale."

While a former edition of my work was passing through th press, I was unexpectedly favoured with a packet fro Philadelphia, from Mr. James Abercrombie, a gentleman c that country, who is pleased to honour me with very hig praise of my "Life of Dr. Johnson." To have the fame of m illustrious friend, and his faithful biographer, echoed from th New World is extremely flattering; and my grateful acknowledge ments shall be wafted across the Atlantick. Mr. Abercrombie has politely conferred on me a considerable additional obligation by transmitting to me copies of two letters from Dr. Johnson t American gentlemen. "Gladly, Sir, (says he,) would I have sent you the originals; but being the only relicks of the kind in America, they are considered by the possessors of such inestimable value, that no possible consideration would induce them to part with them. In some future publication of your's relative to that great and good man, they may perhaps be thought worthy of insertion."

"To MR. B———D.[1]

"SIR,

"THAT in the hurry of a sudden departure you should yet find leisure to consult my convenience, is a degree of kindness, and an instance of regard, not only beyond my claims, but above my expectation. You are not mistaken in supposing that I set a high value on my American friends, and that you

[1] This gentleman, who now resides in America in a publick character of considerable dignity, desired that his name might not be transcribed at full length.

ould confer a very valuable favour upon me by giving me an portunity of keeping myself in their memory.

"I have taken the liberty of troubling you with a packet, to ich I wish a safe and speedy conveyance, because I wish a e and speedy voyage to him that conveys it. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

London, Johnson's-Court,
Fleet-street, March 4, 1773."

"TO THE REVEREND MR. WHITE.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOUR kindness for your friends accompanies you across e Atlantick. It was long since observed by Horace, that no ip could leave care behind: you have been attended in your yage by other powers,—by benevolence and constancy: and nope care did not often shew her face in their company.

"I received the copy of Rasselas. The impression is not agnificent, but it flatters an authour, because the printer ems to have expected that it would be scattered among the ople. The little book has been well received, and is translated to Italian, French, German, and Dutch. It has now one nour more by an American edition.

"I know not that much has happened since your departure at can engage your curiosity. Of all publick transactions e whole world is now informed by the news-papers. Opposi- n seems to despond; and the dissenters, though they have ken advantage of unsettled times, and a government much feebled, seem not likely to gain any immunities.

"Dr. Goldsmith has a new comedy in rehearsal at Covent- arden, to which the manager predicts ill success. I hope he ll be mistaken. I think it deserves a very kind reception.

"I shall soon publish a new edition of my large Dictionary; have been persuaded to revise it, and have mended some ults, but added little to its usefulness.

"No book has been published since your departure, of which uch notice is taken. Faction only fills the town with mphlets, and greater subjects are forgotten in the noise of scord.

"Thus have I written, only to tell you how little I have to

Now Doctor White, and Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania. During his t visit to England in 1771, as a candidate for holy orders, he was several times in com- ny with Dr. Johnson, who expressed a wish to see the edition of Rasselas which Dr. ite told him had been printed in America. Dr. White, on his return, immediately sent n a copy.

tell. Of myself I can only add, that having been afflicted many weeks with a very troublesome cough, I am now recovered.

"I take the liberty which you give me of troubling you with a letter, of which you will please to fill up the direction. I am Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Johnson's-Court, Fleet-street,
London, March 4, 1773."

On Saturday, April 3, the day after my arrival in London this year, I went to his house late in the evening, and sat with Mrs. Williams till he came home. I found in the London Chronicle, Dr. Goldsmith's apology to the publick for beating Evans, a bookseller, on account of a paragraph[1] in a newspaper published by him, which Goldsmith thought impertinent to him and to a lady of his acquaintance. The apology was written so much in Dr. Johnson's manner, that both Mrs. Williams and I supposed it to be his; but when he came home, he soon undeceived us. When he said to Mrs. Williams, "Well, Dr. Goldsmith's *manifesto* has got into your paper;" I asked him if Dr. Goldsmith had written it, with an air that made him see I suspected it was his, though subscribed by Goldsmith. JOHNSON. "Sir, Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to write such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or to do any thing else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it, as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has, indeed, done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought every thing that concerned him must be of importance to the publick." BOSWELL. "I fancy, Sir, this is the first time that he has been engaged in such an adventure." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I believe it is the first time he has *beat*; he may have *been beaten* before. This, Sir, is a new plume to him."

I mentioned Sir John Dalrymple's "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," and his discoveries to the prejudice of Lord Russel and Algernon Sydney. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, every body who had just notions of Government thought them

[1] [The offence given, was a long abusive letter in the London Packet. A particular account of this transaction, and Goldsmith's Vindication (for such it was, rather than an Apology,) may be found in the new life of that Poet, prefixed to his Miscellaneous Works in 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 105–108.—M.]

ascals before. It is well that all mankind now see them to be ascals." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, may not those discoveries be rue without their being rascals?" JOHNSON. "Consider, Sir, would any of them have been willing to have had it known that hey intrigued with France? Depend upon it, Sir, he who loes what he is afraid should be known, has something rotten bout him. This Dalrymple seems to be an honest fellow; for e tells equally what makes against both sides. But nothing an be poorer than his mode of writing, it is the mere bouncing f a school-boy: Great He![1] but greater She! and such stuff."

I could not agree with him in this criticism; for though Sir ohn Dalrymple's style is not regularly formed in any respect, nd one cannot help smiling sometimes at his affected *randiloquence*, there is in his writing a pointed vivacity, and nuch of a gentlemanly spirit.

At Mr. Thrale's, in the evening, he repeated his usual paraloxical declamation against action in publick speaking. 'Action can have no effect upon reasonable minds. It may ugment noise, but it never can enforce argument. If you peak to a dog, you use action; you hold up your hand thus, ecause he is a brute; and in proportion as men are removed rom brutes, action will have the less influence upon them." MRS. THRALE. "What then, Sir, becomes of Demosthenes's aying? 'Action, action, action!'" JOHNSON. "Demosthenes, Madam, spoke to an assembly of brutes; to a barbarous eople."

I thought it extraordinary, that he should deny the power of hetorical action upon human nature, when it is proved by inumerable facts in all stages of society. Reasonable beings re not solely reasonable. They have fancies which may be pleased, passions which may be roused.

Lord Chesterfield being mentioned, Johnson remarked, that lmost all of that celebrated nobleman's witty sayings were puns. He, however, allowed the merit of good wit to his Lordship's saying of Lord Tyrawley and himself, when both very old and infirm: "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years; but we don't choose to have it known."

He talked with approbation of an intended edition of "The Spectator," with notes; two volumes of which had been prepared by a gentleman eminent in the literary world, and the materials which he had collected for the remainder had been

[1] [A bombastick ode of Oldham's on Ben Jonson begins thus: "GREAT THOU!" which perhaps his namesake remembered.—M.]

transferred to another hand. He observed, that all work which describe manners, require notes in sixty or seven years, or less; and told us, he had communicated all he kne that could throw light upon "The Spectator." He said "Addison had made his Sir Andrew Freeport a true Whig arguing against giving charity to beggars, and throwing ou other such ungracious sentiments; but that he had though better, and made amends by making him found an hospita for decayed farmers." He called for the volume of "Th Spectator," in which that account is contained, and read i aloud to us. He read so well, that every thing acquired addi tional weight and grace from his utterance.

The conversation having turned on modern imitations o ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity he treated them with that ridicule which he always displaye when that subject was mentioned.

He disapproved of introducing scripture phrases into secula discourse. This seemed to me a question of some difficulty A scripture expression may be used, like a highly classica phrase, to produce an instantaneous strong impression; and may be done without being at all improper. Yet I own ther is danger, that applying the language of our sacred book t ordinary subjects may tend to lessen our reverence for it. I therefore it be introduced at all, it should be with very grea caution.

On Thursday, April 8, I sat a good part of the evening wit him, but he was very silent. He said, "Burnet's 'History o his own times,' is very entertaining. The style, indeed, is mer chit-chat. I do not believe that Burnet intentionally lyed; bu he was so much prejudiced that he took no pains to find ou the truth. He was like a man who resolves to regulate h time by a certain watch; but will not enquire whether th watch is right or not."

Though he was not disposed to talk, he was unwilling that should leave him; and when I looked at my watch, and to him it was twelve o'clock, he cried, "What's that to you an me?" and ordered Frank to tell Mrs. Williams that we we coming to drink tea with her, which we did. It was settle that we should go to church together next day.

On the 9th of April, being Good Friday, I breakfasted wit him on tea and cross-buns; *Doctor* Levet, as Frank called hi making the tea. He carried me with him to the church of S Clement Danes, where he had his seat; and his behaviour wa

s I had imaged to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall orget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the weful petition in the Litany: "In the hour of death, and at he day of judgment, good LORD deliver us."

We went to church both in the morning and evening. In he interval between the two services we did not dine; but he ead in the Greek New Testament, and I turned over several of is books.

In Archbishop Laud's Diary, I found the following passage, which I read to Dr. Johnson:

"1623. February 1, Sunday. I stood by the most illustrious Prince Charles,[1] at dinner. He was then very merry, and alked occasionally of many things with his attendants. Among other things, he said, that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession of life, he could not be a lawyer, adding his reasons: 'I cannot (saith he,) defend a bad, nor yield in a good cause.'" JOHNSON. "Sir, this is false reasoning; because every cause has a bad side: and a lawyer is not overcome, though the cause which he has endeavoured to support be determined against him."

I told him that Goldsmith had said to me a few days before, 'As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from he taylor, so I take my religion from the priest." I regretted his loose way of talking. JOHNSON. "Sir, he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing."

To my great surprize he asked me to dine with him on Easterday. I never supposed that he had a dinner at his ouse; for I had not then heard of any one of his friends aving been entertained at his table. He told me, "I have generally a meat pye on Sunday: it is baked at a publick oven, which is very properly allowed, because one man can attend it; nd thus the advantage is obtained of not keeping servants rom church to dress dinners."

April 11, being Easter-Sunday, after having attended divine ervice at St. Paul's, I repaired to Dr. Johnson's. I had grati- ied my curiosity much in dining with JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU, while he lived in the wilds of Neufchatel: I had as great a uriosity to dine with DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in the dusky ecess of a court in Fleet-street. I supposed we should scarcely ave knives and forks, and only some strange, uncouth, ill-drest ish: but I found every thing in very good order. We had no ther company but Mrs. Williams and a young woman whom I

[1] Afterwards Charles I.

did not know. As a dinner here was considered as a singula phenomenon, and as I was frequently interrogated on the sub ject, my readers may perhaps be desirous to know our bill o fare. Foote, I remember, in allusion to Francis, the *negr* was willing to suppose that our repast was *black broth*. But th fact was, that we had a very good soup, a boiled leg of lam and spinach, a veal pye, and a rice pudding.

Of Dr. John Campbell, the authour, he said, "He is a ver inquisitive and a very able man, and a man of good religiou principles, though I am afraid he has been deficient in practice Campbell is radically right; and we may hope, that in tim there will be good practice."

He owned that he thought Hawkesworth was one of hi imitators, but he did not think Goldsmith was. Goldsmith he said, had great merit. BOSWELL. "But, Sir, he is muc indebted to you for his getting so high in the publick estima tion." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, he has perhaps got *sooner* to by his intimacy with me."

Goldsmith, though his vanity often excited him to occasiona competition, had a very high regard for Johnson, which he ha at this time expressed in the strongest manner in the Dedicatio of his Comedy, entitled, "She Stoops to Conquer."[1]

Johnson observed, that there were very few books printed i Scotland before the Union. He had seen a complete collectio of them in the possession of the Hon. Archibald Campbell, non-juring Bishop.[2] I wish this collection had been kept entir Many of them are in the library of the Faculty of Advocate at Edinburgh. I told Dr. Johnson that I had some intentio to write the life of the learned and worthy Thomas Ruddiman He said, "I should take pleasure in helping you to do honou to him. But his farewell letter to the Faculty of Advocate when he resigned the office of their Librarian, should have bee in Latin."

I put a question to him upon a fact in common life, which h could not answer, nor have I found any one else who coul What is the reason that women servants, though obliged to b at the expence of purchasing their own clothes, have muc lower wages than men servants, to whom a great proportion

[1] "By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the publick, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety."

[2] See an account of this learned and respectable gentleman, and of his curious work the *Middle State*, "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3rd edit. p. 371 (Oct. 25).

hat article is furnished, and when in fact our female house servants work much harder than the male?[1]

He told me that he had twelve or fourteen times attempted o keep a journal of his life but never could persevere. He advised me to do it. "The great thing to be recorded, (said he,) s the state of your own mind; and you should write down very thing that you remember, for you cannot judge at first what is good or bad; and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards."

I again solicited him to communicate to me the particulars of his early life. He said, "You shall have them all for twopence. I hope you shall know a great deal more of me before you write my Life." He mentioned to me this day many circumstances, which I wrote down when I went home, and have nterwoven in the former part of this narrative.

On Tuesday, April 13, he and Dr. Goldsmith and I dined at General Oglethorpe's. Goldsmith expatiated on the common opick, that the race of our people was degenerated, and that his was owing to luxury. JOHNSON. "Sir, in the first place, I doubt the fact. I believe there are as many tall men in England now, as ever there were. But, secondly, supposing he stature of our people to be diminished, that is not owing to uxury; for, Sir, consider to how very small a proportion of our people luxury can reach. Our soldiery, surely, are not uxurious, who live on six-pence a day; and the same remark will apply to almost all the other classes. Luxury, so far as it eaches the poor, will do good to the race of people; it will trengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation was ever hurt by uxury; for, as I said before, it can reach but to a very few. I dmit that the great increase of commerce and manufactures urts the military spirit of a people; because it produces a ompetition for something else than martial honours,—a competition for riches. It also hurts the bodies of the people; or you will observe, there is no man who works at any particular trade, but you may know him from his appearance to do o. One part or the other of his body being more used than he rest, he is in some degree deformed: but, Sir, that is not uxury. A tailor sits cross-legged; but that is not luxury." GOLDSMITH. "Come, you're just going to the same place by nother road." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I say that is not *luxury*. et us take a walk from Charing-cross to Whitechapel, through, I

[1] [There is a greater variety of employments for men, than for women: therefore the emand raises the price.—KEARNEY.]

suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world, what is there in any of these shops, (if you except gin-shops,) that can do any human being any harm?" GOLDSMITH. "Well, Sir, I'll accept your challenge. The very next shop to Northumberland-house is a pickle-shop." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir: do we not know that a maid can in one afternoon make pickles sufficient to serve a whole family for a year? nay, that five pickle-shops can serve all the kingdom? Besides, Sir, there is no harm done to any body by the making of pickles, or the eating of pickles."

We drank tea with the ladies; and Goldsmith sung Tony Lumpkin's song in his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and a very pretty one, to an Irish tune,[1] which he had designed for Miss Hardcastle: but as Mrs. Bulkeley, who played the part could not sing, it was left out. He afterwards wrote it down for me, by which means it was preserved, and now appears amongst his poems. Dr. Johnson, in his way home, stopped at my lodgings in Piccadilly, and sat with me, drinking tea a second time, till a late hour.

I told him that Mrs. Macaulay said, she wondered how he could reconcile his political principles with his moral: his notions of inequality and subordination with wishing well to the happiness of all mankind who might live so agreeably, had they all their portions of land, and none to domineer over another. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I reconcile my principles very well because mankind are happier in a state of inequality and subordination. Were they to be in this pretty state of equality, they would soon degenerate into brutes;—they would become Monboddo's nation;—their tails would grow. Sir, all would be losers, were all to work for all:—they would have no intellectual improvement. All intellectual improvement arises from leisure; all leisure arises from one working for another."

Talking of the family of Stuart, he said, "It should seem that the family at present on the throne has now established as good a right as the former family, by the long consent of the people; and that to disturb this right might be considered as culpable. At the same time I own, that it is a very difficult question, when considered with respect to the house of Stuart. To oblige people to take oaths as to the disputed right, is wrong. I know not whether I could take them: but I do not blame those who do." So conscientious and so delicate was he

[1] The humours of Ballamagairy.

upon this subject, which has occasioned so much clamour against him.

Talking of law cases, he said, "The English reports, in general, are very poor: only the half of what has been said is taken down; and of that half, much is mistaken. Whereas, in Scotland, the arguments on each side are deliberately put in writing, to be considered by the court. I think a collection of your cases upon subjects of importance, with the opinions of the Judges upon them, would be valuable."

On Thursday, April 15, I dined with him and Dr Goldsmith at General Paoli's. We found here Signor Martinelli, of Florence, authour of a History of England in Italian, printed at London.

I spoke of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," in the Scottish dialect, as the best pastoral that had ever been written; not only abounding with beautiful rural imagery, and just and pleasing sentiments, but being a real picture of manners; and I offered to teach Dr. Johnson to understand it. "No, Sir, (said he,) I won't learn it. You shall retain your superiority by my not knowing it."

This brought on a question whether one man is lessened by another's acquiring an equal degree of knowledge with him. Johnson asserted the affirmative. I maintained that the position might be true in those kinds of knowledge which produce wisdom, power, and force, so as to enable one man to have the government of others; but that a man is not in any degree lessened by others knowing as well as he what ends in mere pleasure:—"eating fine fruits, drinking delicious wines, reading exquisite poetry."

The General observed, that Martinelli was a Whig. JOHNSON. "I am sorry for it. It shews the spirit of the times: he is obliged to temporise." BOSWELL. "I rather think, Sir, that Toryism prevails in this reign." JOHNSON. "I know not why you should think so, Sir. You see your friend Lord Lyttelton, a nobleman, is obliged in his History to write the most vulgar Whiggism."

An animated debate took place whether Martinelli should continue his History of England to the present day. GOLDSMITH. "To be sure he should." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish told." GOLDSMITH. "It may, perhaps, be necessary for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner who comes among us without

prejudice, may be considered as holding the place of a Judge, and may speak his mind freely. JOHNSON. "Sir, a foreigner, when he sends a work from the press, ought to be on his guard against catching the errour and mistaken enthusiasm of the people among whom he happens to be." GOLDSMITH. "Sir, he wants only to sell his history, and to tell truth; one an honest, the other a laudable motive." JOHNSON. "Sir, they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labours; but he should write so as he may *live* by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age. A foreigner who attaches himself to a political party in this country, is in the worst state that can be imagined: he is looked upon as a mere intermeddler. A native may do it from interest." BOSWELL. "Or principle." GOLDSMITH. "There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell truth with safety." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, in the first place, he who tells a hundred lies has disarmed the force of his lies. But besides; a man had rather have a hundred lies told of him, than one truth which he does not wish should be told." GOLDSMITH. "For my part, I'd tell truth, and shame the devil." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws." GOLDSMITH. "His claws can do you no harm, when you have the shield of truth."

It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London; JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man, Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months." GOLDSMITH. "And a very dull fellow." JOHNSON. "Why, no, Sir."

Martinelli told us, that for several years he lived much with Charles Townshend, and that he ventured to tell him he was a bad joker. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, this much I can say upon the subject. One day he and a few more agreed to go and dine in the country, and each of them was to bring a friend in his carriage with him. Charles Townshend asked Fitzherbert to go with him, but told him, 'You must find somebody to bring you back: I can only carry you there.' Fitzherbert did not much like this arrangement. He however consented, observing sarcastically, 'It will do very well; for then the same jokes will serve you in returning as in going.'"

An eminent publick character being mentioned;—JOHNSON. "I remember being present when he shewed himself to be so corrupted, or at least something so different from what I think right, as to maintain, that a member of parliament should go along with his party right or wrong. Now, Sir, this is so remote from native virtue, from scholastick virtue, that a good man must have undergone a great change before he can reconcile himself to such a doctrine. It is maintaining that you may lie to the publick; for you lie when you call that right which you think wrong, or the reverse. A friend of ours who is too much an echo of that gentleman, observed, that a man who does not stick uniformly to a party, is only waiting to be bought. Why then, said I, he is only waiting to be what that gentleman is already."

We talked of the King's coming to see Goldsmith's new play.—"I wish he would," said Goldsmith; adding, however, with an affected indifference, "Not that it would do me the least good." JOHNSON. "Well then, Sir, let us say it would do *him* good, (laughing.) No, Sir, this affectation will not pass;—it is mighty idle. In such a state as ours, who would not wish to please the Chief Magistrate?" GOLDSMITH. "I *do* wish to please him. I remember a line in Dryden,

'And every poet is the monarch's friend.'

It ought to be reversed." JOHNSON. "Nay, there are finer lines in Dryden on this subject:

'For colleges on bounteous Kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.'"

General Paoli observed, that successful rebels might. MARTINELLI. "Happy rebellions." GOLDSMITH. "We have no such phrase." GENERAL PAOLI. "But have you not the *thing*?" GOLDSMITH. "Yes; all our *happy* revolutions. They have hurt our constitution, and will hurt it, till we mend it by another HAPPY REVOLUTION."—I never before discovered that my friend Goldsmith had so much of the old prejudice in him.

General Paoli, talking of Goldsmith's new play, said, "*Il a fait un compliment très gracieux à une certaine grande dame*;" meaning a Duchess of the first rank

I expressed a doubt whether Goldsmith intended it, in order that I might hear the truth from himself. It, perhaps, was not quite fair to endeavour to bring him to a confession, as he might not wish to avow positively his taking part against the

Court. He smiled and hesitated. The General at once relieved him, by this beautiful image: "*Monsieur Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses, sans s'en apercevoir.*" GOLDSMITH. "*Très bien dit et très élégamment.*"

A person was mentioned, who it was said could take down in short hand the speeches in parliament with perfect exactness. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is impossible. I remember one Angel, who came to me to write for him a Preface or Dedication to a book upon short hand, and he professed to write as fast as a man could speak. In order to try him, I took down a book, and read while he wrote; and I favoured him, for I read more deliberately than usual. I had proceeded but a very little way, when he begged I would desist, for he could not follow me." Hearing now for the first time of this Preface or Dedication, I said, "What an expence, Sir, do you put us to in buying books, to which you have written Prefaces or Dedications." JOHNSON. "Why, I have dedicated to the Royal Family all round; that is to say, to the last generation of the Royal Family." GOLDSMITH. "And perhaps, Sir, not one sentence of wit in a whole Dedication." JOHNSON. "Perhaps not, Sir." BOSWELL. "What then is the reason for applying to a particular person to do that which any one may do as well?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, one man has greater readiness at doing it than another."

I spoke of Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, as being a very learned man, and in particular an eminent Grecian. JOHNSON. "I am not sure of that. His friends give him out as such, but I know not who of his friends are able to judge of it." GOLDSMITH. "He is what is much better: he is a worthy humane man." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, that is not to the purpose of our argument. that will as much prove that he can play upon the fiddle as well as Giardini, as that he is an eminent Grecian." GOLDSMITH. "The greatest musical performers have but small emoluments. Giardini, I am told, does not get above seven hundred a year." JOHNSON. "That is indeed but little for a man to get, who does best that which so many endeavour to do. There is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron, if you give him a hammer; not so well as a smith, but tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddle-stick, and he can do nothing."

On Monday, April 19, he called on me with Mrs. Williams, in Mr. Strahan's coach, and carried me out to dine with Mr. Elphinston, at his Academy at Kensington. A printer having acquired a fortune sufficient to keep his coach, was a good topick for the credit of literature. Mrs. Williams said, that another printer, Mr. Hamilton, had not waited so long as Mr. Strahan, but had kept his coach several years sooner. JOHNSON. "He was in the right. Life is short. The sooner that a man begins to enjoy his wealth, the better."

Mr. Elphinston talked of a new book that was much admired, and asked Dr. Johnson if he had read it. JOHNSON. "I have looked into it." "What (said Elphinston,) have you not read it through?" Johnson, offended at being thus pressed, and so obliged to own his cursory mode of reading, answered tartly, "No, Sir; do *you* read books *through*?"

He this day again defended duelling, and put his argument upon what I have ever thought the most solid basis; that if publick war be allowed to be consistent with morality, private war must be equally so. Indeed we may observe what strained arguments are used to reconcile war with the Christian religion. But, in my opinion, it is exceedingly clear that duelling having better reasons for its barbarous violence, is more justifiable than war in which thousands go forth without any cause of personal quarrel, and massacre each other.

On Wednesday, April 21, I dined with him at Mr. Thrale's. A gentleman attacked Garrick for being vain. JOHNSON. "No wonder, Sir, that he is vain; a man who is perpetually flattered in every mode that can be conceived. So many bellows have blown the fire, that one wonders he is not by this time become a cinder." BOSWELL. "And such bellows too. Lord Mansfield with his cheeks like to burst: Lord Chatham like an Æolus. I have read such notes from them to him, as were enough to turn his head." JOHNSON. "True. When he whom every body else flatters, flatters me, I then am truly happy." MRS. THRALE. "The sentiment is in Congreve, I think." JOHNSON. "Yes, Madam, in 'The Way of the World:'

> 'If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
> That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.'

No, Sir, I should not be surprised though Garrick chained the ocean and lashed the winds." BOSWELL. "Should it not be, Sir, lashed the ocean and chained the winds?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir, recollect the original:

'In corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos,
Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum.'"

This does very well, when both the winds and the sea are personified, and mentioned by their mythological names, as in Juvenal; but when they are mentioned in plain language, the application of the epithets suggested by me is the most obvious; and accordingly my friend himself, in his imitation of the passage which describes Xerxes, has

"The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind."[1]

The modes of living in different countries, and the various views with which men travel in quest of new scenes, having been talked of, a learned gentleman who holds a considerable office in the law expatiated on the happiness of a savage life, and mentioned an instance of an officer who had actually lived for some time in the wilds of America, of whom, when in that state, he quoted this reflection with an air of admiration, as if it had been deeply philosophical: "Here am I, free and unrestrained, amidst the rude magnificence of Nature, with this Indian woman by my side, and this gun, with which I can procure food when I want it: what more can be desired for human happiness?" It did not require much sagacity to foresee that such a sentiment would not be permitted to pass without due animadversion. JOHNSON. "Do not allow yourself, Sir, to be imposed upon by such gross absurdity. It is sad stuff; it is brutish. If a bull could speak, he might as well exclaim,—Here am I with this cow and this grass; what being can enjoy better felicity?"

We talked of the melancholy end of a gentleman who had destroyed himself. JOHNSON. "It was owing to imaginary difficulties in his affairs, which, had he talked with any friend, would soon have vanished." BOSWELL. "Do you think, Sir, that all who commit suicide are mad?" JOHNSON. "Sir, they are often not universally disordered in their intellects, but one passion presses so upon them, that they yield to it, and commit suicide, as a passionate man will stab another." He added, "I have often thought, that after a man has taken the resolution to kill himself, it is not courage in him to do any thing, however desperate, because he has nothing to fear." GOLDSMITH. "I don't see that." JOHNSON. "Nay, but my dear Sir, why

[1] [So also Butler, Hudibras, P. II. c. i. v. 845.
"A Persian Emperor *whipt* his grannam,
The *sea*, his mother Venus came on."—M.]

hould not you see what every one else sees?" GOLDSMITH. 'It is for fear of something that he has resolved to kill himself: nd will not that timid disposition restrain him?" JOHNSON. 'It does not signify that the fear of something made him esolve; it is upon the state of his mind, after the resolution s taken, that I argue. Suppose a man, either from fear, or ride, or conscience, or whatever motive, has resolved to kill imself; when once the resolution is taken, he has nothing to ear. He may then go and take the King of Prussia by the ose, at the head of his army. He cannot fear the rack, who s resolved to kill himself. When Eustace Budgel was walk-ng down to the Thames, determined to drown himself, he night, if he pleased, without any apprehension of danger, have urned aside, and first set fire to St. James's palace.'

On Tuesday, April 27, Mr. Beauclerk and I called on him n the morning. As we walked up Johnson's court, I said, 'I have a veneration for this court;" and was glad to find hat Beauclerk had the same reverential enthusiasm. We ound him alone. We talked of Sir Andrew Stuart's elegant nd plausible Letters to Lord Mansfield: a copy of which had been sent by the authour to Dr. Johnson. JOHNSON. "They have not answered the end. They have not been talked of; I have never heard of them. This is owing to their not being sold. People seldom read a book which is given to them; and few are given. The way to spread a work is to sell it at a low price. No man will send to buy a thing that costs even sixpence, without an intention to read it." BOSWELL. "May t not be doubted, Sir, whether it be proper to publish letters, arraigning the ultimate decision of an important cause by the supreme judicature of the nation?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir, I do not think it was wrong to publish these letters. If they are thought to do harm, why not answer them? But they will do no harm. If Mr. Douglas be indeed the son of Lady Jane, he cannot be hurt: if he be not her son, and yet has the great estate of the family of Douglas, he may well submit to have a pamphlet against him by Andrew Stuart. Sir, I think such a publication does good, as it does good to shew us the possi-bilities of human life. And, Sir, you will not say that the Douglas cause was a cause of easy decision, when it divided your Court as much as it could do, to be determined at all. When your Judges are seven and seven, the casting vote of the President must be given on one side or other; no matter, for ny argument, on which; one or the other *must* be taken; as

when I am to move, there is no matter which leg I move firs
And then, Sir, it was otherwise determined here. No, Sir, a mo
dubious determination of any question cannot be imagined."

He said, "Goldsmith should not be for ever attempting
shine in conversation: he has not temper for it, he is so muc
mortified when he fails. Sir, a game of jokes is compose
partly of skill, partly of chance, a man may be beat at times b
one who has not the tenth part of his wit. Now Goldsmith
putting himself against another, is like a man laying a hundre
to one who cannot spare the hundred. It is not worth a man
while. A man should not lay a hundred to one, unless he ca
easily spare it, though he has a hundred chances for him: h
can get but a guinea, and he may lose a hundred. Goldsmit
is in this state. When he contends, if he gets the better, it is
very little addition to a man of his literary reputation: if h
does not get the better, he is miserably vexed."

Johnson's own superlative powers of wit set him above an
risk of such uneasiness. Garrick had remarked to me of hin
a few days before, "Rabelais and all other wits are nothin
compared with him. You may be diverted by them; bu
Johnson gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out
you, whether you will or no."

Goldsmith, however, was often very fortunate in his witt
contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himsel
Sir Joshua Reynolds was in company with them one day, whe
Goldsmith said, that he thought he could write a good fabl
mentioned the simplicity which that kind of compositio
requires, and observed, that in most fables the animals intr
duced seldom talk in character. "For instance, (said he,) th
fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, an
envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into bird
The skill (continued he,) consists in making them talk like litt
fishes." While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, h
observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upo
which he smartly proceeded, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not s
easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishe
talk, they would talk like WHALES."

[1] I regretted that Dr. Johnson never took the trouble to study a question whic
interested nations. He would not even read a pamphlet that I wrote upon it, entitl
"The essence of the Douglas Cause;" which I have reason to flatter myself, ha
considerable effect in favour of Mr. Douglas; of whose legitimate filiation I was then
and am still, firmly convinced. Let me add, that no fact can be more respectabl
ascertained, than by the judgement of the most august tribunal in the world; a judgemen
in which Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden united in 1769, and from which only five of
numerous body entered a protest.

Johnson, though remarkable for his great variety of composition, never exercised his talents in fable, except we allow his beautiful tale published in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies to be of that species. I have, however, found among his manuscript collections the following sketch of one:

"Glow worm[1] lying in the garden saw a candle in a neighbouring palace,—and complained of the littleness of his own light; another observed—wait a little; soon dark, have outlasted πολλ [*many*] of these glaring lights which are only brighter as they haste to nothing."

On Thursday, April 29, I dined with him at General Oglethorpe's, where were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Thrale. I was very desirous to get Dr. Johnson absolutely fixed in his resolution to go with me to the Hebrides this year; and I told him that I had received a letter from Dr. Robertson the historian, upon the subject, with which he was much pleased, and now talked in such a manner of his long intended tour, that I was satisfied he meant to fulfil his engagement.

The custom of eating dogs at Otaheite being mentioned, Goldsmith observed, that this was also a custom in China: that a dog-butcher is as common there as any other butcher; and that when he walks abroad all the dogs fall on him.

JOHNSON. "That is not owing to his killing dogs, Sir. I remember a butcher at Lichfield, whom a dog that was in the house where I lived, always attacked. It is the smell of carnage which provokes this, let the animals he has killed be what they may."

GOLDSMITH. "Yes, there is a general abhorrence in animals at the signs of massacre. If you put a tub full of blood into a stable, the horses are like to go mad."

JOHNSON. "I doubt that."

GOLDSMITH. "Nay, Sir, it is a fact well authenticated."

THRALE. "You had better prove it before you put it into your book on natural history. You may do it in my stable if you will."

JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I would not have him prove it. If he is content to take his information from others, he may get through his book with little trouble, and without much endangering his reputation. But if he makes experiments for so comprehensive a book as his, there would be no end to them; his erroneous assertions would then fall upon himself; and he might be blamed for not having made experiments as to every particular."

[1] [It has already been observed, that one of his first Essays was a Latin Poem on a Glow worm; but whether it be any where extant, has not been ascertained. M.]

The character of Mallet having been introduced, and spok
of slightingly by Goldsmith; JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Ma
had talents enough to keep his literary reputation alive as lo
as he himself lived; and that, let me tell you, is a good dea
GOLDSMITH. "But I cannot agree that it was so. His liter
reputation was dead long before his natural death. I consid
an authour's literary reputation to be alive only while his na
will insure a good price for his copy from the booksellers.
will get you (to Johnson,) a hundred guineas for any thing wh
ever that you shall write, if you put your name to it."

Dr. Goldsmith's new play, "She Stoops to Conquer," bei
mentioned; JOHNSON. "I know of no comedy for many ye
that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered
much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry."

Goldsmith having said, that Garrick's compliment to t
Queen, which he introduced into the play of "The Chance
which he had altered and revised this year, was mean and gro
flattery; JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I would not *write*, I would n
give solemnly under my hand, a character beyond what
thought really true; but a speech on the stage, let it flatter ev
so extravagantly, is formular. It has always been formular
flatter Kings and Queens; so much so, that even in our churc
service we have 'our most religious King,' used indiscriminatel
whoever is King. Nay, they even flatter themselves;—'w
have been graciously pleased to grant.'—No modern flatter
however, is so gross as that of the Augustan age, where th
Emperour was deified. '*Præsens Divus habebitur Augustu*
And as to meanness, (rising into warmth) how is it mean in
player,—a showman,—a fellow who exhibits himself for
shilling, to flatter his Queen? The attempt, indeed, w
dangerous; for, if it had missed, what became of Garrick, an
what became of the Queen? As Sir William Temple says
a great General, it is necessary not only that his designs b
formed in a masterly manner, but that they should be attende
with success. Sir, it is right, at a time when the Royal Famil
is not generally liked, to let it be seen that the people like
least one of them." SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "I do not perceiv
why the profession of a player should be despised; for th
great and ultimate end of all the employments of mankind is t
produce amusement. Garrick produces more amusement tha
any body." BOSWELL. "You say, Dr. Johnson, that Garric
exhibits himself for a shilling. In this respect he is only on
footing with a lawyer who exhibits himself for his fee, and eve

ll maintain any nonsense or absurdity, if the case require it. rrick refuses a play or a part which he does not like: a lawyer ver refuses." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, what does this prove? ly that a lawyer is worse. Boswell is now like Jack in 'The le of a Tub,' who, when he is puzzled by an argument, hangs nself. He thinks I shall cut him down, but I'll let him ng," (laughing vociferously.) SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. "Mr. oswell thinks that the profession of a lawyer being unques- nably honourable, if he can show the profession of a player be more honourable, he proves his argument."

On Friday, April 30, I dined with him at Mr. Beauclerk's, here were Lord Charlemont, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some ore members of the LITERARY CLUB, whom he had obligingly vited to meet me, as I was this evening to be ballotted for as ndidate for admission into that distinguished society. John- n had done me the honour to propose me, and Beauclerk was ry zealous for me.

Goldsmith being mentioned; JOHNSON. "It is amazing how tle Goldsmith knows. He seldom comes where he is not ore ignorant than any one else." SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Yet there is no man whose company is more liked." JOHNSON. To be sure, Sir. When people find a man of the most dis- nguished abilities as a writer, their inferiour while he is with em, it must be highly gratifying to them. What Goldsmith omically says of himself is very true,—he always gets the better hen he argues alone; meaning, that he is master of a subject his study, and can write well upon it; but when he comes to company, grows confused, and unable to talk. Take him a poet, his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; ay, and o is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much e echo of his 'Traveller.' Whether, indeed, we take him as a oet,—as a comick writer,—or as an historian, he stands in the rst class." BOSWELL. "An historian! My dear Sir, you surely ill not rank his compilation of the Roman History with the orks of other historians of this age?" JOHNSON. "Why, who re before him?" BOSWELL. "Hume,—Robertson,—Lord yttelton." JOHNSON. (His antipathy to the Scotch beginning o rise.) "I have not read Hume; but, doubtless, Goldsmith's listory is better than the *verbiage* of Robertson, or the foppery f Dalrymple." BOSWELL. "Will you not admit the superiority f Robertson, in whose history we find such penetration—such ainting?" JOHNSON. "Sir, you must consider how that enetration and that painting are employed. It is not history,

it is imagination. He who describes what he never saw, dra from fancy. Robertson paints minds as Sir Joshua paints fac in a history-piece: he imagines an heroick countenance. Yo must look upon Robertson's work as romance and try it by th standard. History it is not. Besides, Sir, it is the great exc lence of a writer to put into his book as much as his book w hold. Goldsmith has done this in his History. Now Robe son might have put twice as much into his book. Roberts is like a man who has packed gold in wool; the wool tak up more room than the gold. No, Sir; I always thoug Robertson would be crushed by his own weight,—would b buried under his own ornaments. Goldsmith tells you short all you want to know: Robertson detains you a great deal to long. No man will read Robertson's cumbrous detail a secon time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative will please again an again. I would say to Robertson what an old tutor of a colleg said to one of his pupils: 'Read over your compositions, an wherever you meet with a passage which you think is pa ticularly fine, strike it out.' Goldsmith's abridgement is bett than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius; and I will venture t say, that if you compare him with Vertot, in the same plac of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. Si he has the art of compiling, and of saying every thing he has t say in a pleasing manner. He is now writing a Natural Histor and will make it as entertaining as a Persian Tale."

I cannot dismiss the present topick without observing, that is probable that Dr. Johnson, who owned that he often "talke for victory," rather urged plausible objections to Dr. Robertson excellent historical works, in the ardour of contest, than expresse his real and decided opinion; for it is not easy to suppose, th he should so widely differ from the rest of the literary world.

JOHNSON. "I remember once being with Goldsmith Westminster-abbey. While we surveyed the Poet's Corner, said to him,

'*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*'[1]

When we got to Temple-bar, he stopped me, pointed to th heads upon it, and slily whispered me,

'*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur* ISTIS.'"[2]

Johnson praised John Bunyan highly. "His 'Pilgrim

[1] Ov.d. de Art. Amand. i. iii. v. 13.
[2] In allusion to Dr. Johnson's supposed political principles, and perhaps his own.

rogress' has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and he conduct of the story; and it has had the best evidence of s merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind. ew books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale. It is emarkable, that it begins very much like the poem of Dante; et there was no translation of Dante when Bunyan wrote. here is reason to think that he had read Spenser."

A proposition which had been agitated, that monuments to minent persons should, for the time to come, be erected in St. aul's church as well as in Westminster-abbey, was mentioned; nd it was asked, who should be honoured by having his monuent first erected there. Somebody suggested Pope. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, as Pope was a Roman Catholick, I would not have is to be first. I think Milton's rather should have the preedence.[1] I think more highly of him now than I did at twenty. here is more thinking in him and in Butler, than in any of ur poets."

Some of the company expressed a wonder why the authour f so excellent a book as "The Whole Duty of Man" should onceal himself.[2] JOHNSON. "There may be different reasons ssigned for this, any one of which would be very sufficient. He ay have been a clergyman, and may have thought that his eligious counsels would have less weight when known to come rom a man whose profession was Theology. He may have een a man whose practice was not suitable to his principles, so hat his character might injure the effect of his book, which he ad written in a season of penitence. Or he may have been a an of rigid self-denial, so that he would have no reward for is pious labours while in this world, but refer it all to a future tate."

The gentlemen went away to their club, and I was left at Beauclerk's till the fate of my election should be announced to me. I sat in a state of anxiety which even the charming conversation of Lady Di Beauclerk could not entirely dissipate. n a short time I received the agreeable intelligence that I was hosen. I hastened to the place of meeting, and was introduced to such a society as can seldom be found. Mr. Edmund Burke, whom I then saw for the first time, and whose splendid alents had long made me ardently wish for his acquaintance;

[1] Here is another instance of his high admiration of Milton as a Poet, notwithstanding is just abhorrence of their sour Republican's poetical principles. His candour and discrimination are equally conspicuous. Let us hear no more of an "injustice to Milton."

[2] In a manuscript in the Bodleian Library several circumstances are stated, which strongly incline me to believe that Dr. Accepted Frewen, Archbishop of York, was the authour of this work.—M.]

Dr. Nugent, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Jones, and the company with whom I had dined. Upon my entrance, Johnson placed himself behind a chair, on which he leaned as on a desk or pulpit, and with humorous formality gave me a *Charge*, pointing out the conduct expected from me as a good member of this club.

Goldsmith produced some very absurd verses which had been publickly recited to an audience for money. JOHNSON. "I can match this nonsense. There was a poem called 'Eugenio' which came out some years ago, and concludes thus:

> 'And now, ye trifling, self-assuming elves,
> Brimful of pride, of nothing, of yourselves,
> Survey Eugenio, view him o'er and o'er,
> Then sink into yourselves, and be no more.'[1]

Nay, Dryden, in his poem on the Royal Society, has these lines:

> 'Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
> And see the ocean leaning on the sky;
> From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
> And on the lunar world securely pry.'"

Talking of puns, Johnson, who had a great contempt for that species of wit, deigned to allow that there was one good pun in "Menagiana," I think on the word *corps*.[2]

Much pleasant conversation passed, which Johnson relished

[1] Dr. Johnson's memory here was not perfectly accurate: "Eugenio" does not conclude thus. There are eight more lines after the last of those quoted by him; and the passage which he meant to recite is as follows:

> "Say now ye fluttering, poor assuming elves,
> Stark full of pride, of folly, of—yourselves;
> Say where's the wretch of all your impious crew
> Who dares confront his character to view?
> Behold Eugenio, view him o'er and o'er,
> Then sink into yourselves, and be no more."

Mr. Reed informs me that the Authour of "Eugenio," Thomas Beech, a Wine Merchant at Wrexham in Denbighshire, soon after its publication, viz. 17th May, 1737, cut his own throat; and that it appears by Swift's Works, that the poem had been shewn to him, and received some of his corrections. Johnson had read "Eugenio" on his first coming to town, for we see it mentioned in one of his letters to Mr. Cave, which has been inserted in this work.

[2] I formerly thought that I had perhaps mistaken the word and imagined it to be *Corps* from its similarity of sound to the real one. For an accurate and shrewd unknown gentleman, to whom I am indebted for some remarks on my work, observes on this passage—"Q. if not on the word, *Fort?* A vociferous French preacher said of Bourdaloue, 'Il prêche *fort bien*, et moi *bien fort*.'—Menagiana. See also Anecdotes Littéraires, Article Bourdaloue." But my ingenious and obliging correspondent, Mr. Abercrombie of Philadelphia, has pointed out to me the following passage in "Menagiana," which renders the preceding conjecture unnecessary, and confirms my original statement:

"Mad^me de Bourdonne, Chanoinesse de Remiremont, venoit d'entendre un discours plein de feu et d'esprit, mais fort peu solide, et très irrégulier. Une de ses amies, qui y prenoit interet pour l'orateur, lui dit en sortant, 'Eh bien, Mad^me que vous semble t-il de ce que vous venez d'entendre?—Qu'il y a d'esprit?—Il y a tant, repondit Mad^me de Bourdonne, que je n'y ai pas vu de *corps*.'" Menagiana, tome ii. p. 64. Amsterd. 1713.

with great good humour. But his conversation alone, or what led to it, or was interwoven with it, is the business of this work.

On Saturday, May 1, we dined by ourselves at our old rendezvous, the Mitre tavern. He was placid, but not much disposed to talk. He observed, that "The Irish mix better with the English than the Scotch do; their language is nearer to English; as a proof of which, they succeed very well as players, which Scotchmen do not. Then, Sir, they have not that extreme nationality which we find in the Scotch. I will do you, Boswell, the justice to say, that you are the most *unscottified* of your countrymen. You are almost the only instance of a Scotchman that I have known, who did not at every other sentence bring in some other Scotchman."

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I introduced a question which had been much agitated in the Church of Scotland, whether the claim of lay-patrons to present ministers to parishes be well founded; and supposing it to be well founded, whether it ought to be exercised without the concurrence of the people? That Church is composed of a series of judicatures: a Presbytery,—a Synod, and finally, a General Assembly; before all of which, this matter may be contended: and in some cases the Presbytery having refused to induct or *settle*, as they call it, the person presented by the patron, it has been found necessary to appeal to the General Assembly. He said, I might see the subject well treated in the "Defence of Pluralities;" and although he thought that a patron should exercise his right with tenderness to the inclinations of the people of a parish, he was very clear as to his right. Then supposing the question to be pleaded before the General Assembly, he dictated to me what follows:

"AGAINST the right of patrons is commonly opposed, by the inferior judicatures, the plea of conscience. Their conscience tells them, that the people ought to choose their pastor; their conscience tells them, that they ought not to impose upon a congregation a minister ungrateful and unacceptable to his auditors. Conscience is nothing more than a conviction felt by ourselves of something to be done, or something to be avoided; and in questions of simple unperplexed morality, conscience is very often a guide that may be trusted. But before conscience can determine, the state of the question is supposed to be completely known. In questions of law, or of fact, conscience is very often confounded with opinion. No man's conscience can tell him the right of another man; they

must be known by rational investigation or historical enquiry Opinion, which he that holds it may call his conscience, may teach some men that religion would be promoted, and quiet preserved, by granting to the people universally the choice of their ministers. But it is a conscience very ill informed that violates the rights of one man, for the convenience of another Religion cannot be promoted by injustice; and it was never yet found that a popular election was very quietly transacted.

"That justice would be violated by transferring to the people the right of patronage, is apparent to all who know whence that right had its original. The right of patronage was not at first a privilege torn by power from unresisting poverty. It is not an authority at first usurped in times of ignorance, and established only by succession and by precedents. It is not a grant capriciously made from a higher tyrant to a lower. It is a right dearly purchased by the first possessors, and justly inherited by those that succeeded them. When Christianity was established in this island, a regular mode of publick worship was prescribed. Publick worship requires a public place; and the proprietors of lands, as they were converted, built churches for their families and their vassals. For the maintenance of ministers, they settled a certain portion of their lands; and a district, through which each minister was required to extend his care, was, by that circumscription, constituted a parish. This is a position so generally received in England, that the extent of a manor and of a parish are regularly received for each other. The churches which the proprietors of lands had thus built and thus endowed, they justly thought themselves entitled to provide with ministers; and where the episcopal government prevails, the Bishop has no power to reject a man nominated by the patron, but for some crime that might exclude him from the priesthood. For the endowment of the church being the gift of the landlord, he was consequently at liberty to give it according to his choice, to any man capable of performing the holy offices. The people did not choose him, because the people did not pay him.

"We hear it sometimes urged, that this original right is passed out of memory, and is obliterated and obscured by many translations of property and changes of government; that scarce any church is now in the hands of the heirs of the builders and that the present persons have entered subsequently upon the pretended rights by a thousand accidental and unknown causes. Much of this, perhaps, is true. But how is the right of patronage extinguished? If the right followed the lands, it

s possessed by the same equity by which the lands are possessed. It is, in effect, part of the manor, and protected by he same laws with every other privilege. Let us suppose an estate forfeited by treason, and granted by the Crown to a new amily. With the lands were forfeited all the rights appendant o those lands; by the same power that grants the lands, the ights also are granted. The right lost to the patron falls not o the people, but is either retained by the Crown, or, what to he people is the same thing, is by the Crown given away. Let t change hands ever so often, it is possessed by him that eceives it with the same right as it was conveyed. It may, ndeed, like all our possessions, be forcibly seized or fraudulently obtained. But no injury is still done to the people; for what they never had, they have never lost. Caius may usurp he right of Titius, but neither Caius nor Titius injure the people; and no man's conscience, however tender or however ctive, can prompt him to restore what may be proved to have been never taken away. Supposing, what I think cannot be proved, that a popular election of ministers were to be desired, our desires are not the measures of equity. It were to be iesired that power should be only in the hands of the merciful, nd riches in the possession of the generous; but the law must eave both riches and power where it finds them: and must often leave riches with the covetous, and power with the cruel. Convenience may be a rule in little things, where no other rule has been established. But as the great end of government is to give every man his own, no inconvenience is greater than that of making right uncertain. Nor is any man more an enemy o publick peace, than he who fills weak heads with imaginary claims, and breaks the series of civil subordination, by nciting the lower classes of mankind to encroach upon the nigher.

"Having thus shown that the right of patronage, being originally purchased, may be legally transferred, and that it is now in the hands of lawful possessors, at least as certainly as any other right;—we have left to the advocates of the people no other plea than that of convenience. Let us, therefore, now consider what the people would really gain by a general abolition of the right of patronage. What is most to be desired by such a change is, that the country should be supplied with better ministers. But why should we suppose that the parish will make a wiser choice than the patron? If we suppose mankind actuated by interest, the patron is more likely to choose

with caution, because he will suffer more by choosing wron
By the deficiencies of his minister, or by his vices, he is equal
offended with the rest of the congregation; but he will hav
this reason more to lament them, that they will be imputed
his absurdity or corruption. The qualifications of a minist
are well known to be learning and piety. Of his learning th
patron is probably the only judge in the parish; and of h
piety not less a judge than others; and is more likely to enqui
minutely and diligently before he gives a presentation, than or
of the parochial rabble, who can give nothing but a vote.
may be urged, that though the parish might not choose bett
ministers, they would at least choose ministers whom they lik
better, and who would therefore officiate with greater efficac
That ignorance and perverseness should always obtain what the
like, was never considered as the end of government; of whic
it is the great and standing benefit, that the wise see for th
simple, and the regular act for the capricious. But that th
argument supposes the people capable of judging, and resolut
to act according to their best judgements, though this be suff
ciently absurd, it is not all its absurdity. It supposes n
only wisdom, but unanimity in those, who upon no other occ
sions are unanimous or wise. If by some strange concurrenc
all the voices of a parish should unite in the choice of an
single man, though I could not charge the patron with injustic
for presenting a minister, I should censure him as unkind an
injudicious. But, it is evident, that as in all other popular ele
tions there will be contrariety of judgement and acrimony
passion, a parish upon every vacancy would break into faction
and the contest for the choice of a minister would set neigh
bours at variance and bring discord into families. The ministe
would be taught all the arts of a candidate, would flatter some
and bribe others; and the electors, as in all other cases, woul
call for holidays and ale, and break the heads of each othe
during the jollity of the canvass. The time must, however
come at last, when one of the factions must prevail, and on
of the ministers get possession of the church. On what term
does he enter upon his ministry but those of enmity with hal
his parish? By what prudence or what diligence can he hop
to conciliate the affections of that party by whose defeat he ha
obtained his living? Every man who voted against him wi
enter the church with hanging head and downcast eyes, afrai
to encounter that neighbour by whose vote and influence he ha
been overpowered. He will hate his neighbour for opposin

im, and his minister for having prospered by the opposition; nd as he will never see him but with pain, he will never see im but with hatred. Of a minister presented by the patron ne parish has seldom any thing worse to say than that they do ot know him. Of a minister chosen by a popular contest, all hose who do not favour him, have nursed up in their bosoms rinciples of hatred and reasons of rejection. Anger is excited rincipally by pride. The pride of a common man is very little xasperated by the supposed usurpation of an acknowledged uperiour. He bears only his little share of a general evil, and uffers in common with the whole parish: but when the contest s between equals, the defeat has many aggravations; and he hat is defeated by his next neighbour, is seldom satisfied without ome revenge: and it is hard to say what bitterness of malignity vould prevail in a parish where these elections should happen o be frequent, and the enmity of opposition should be re-indled before it had cooled."

Though I present to my readers Dr. Johnson's masterly houghts on the subject, I think it proper to declare, that not-vithstanding I am myself a lay-patron, I do not entirely ubscribe to his opinion.

On Friday, May 7, I breakfasted with him at Mr. Thrale's n the Borough. While we were alone, I endeavoured as well s I could to apologise for a lady who had been divorced from ier husband by act of Parliament. I said, that he had used ier very ill, had behaved brutally to her, and that she could ıot continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all affection for him was thus destroyed; hat the essence of conjugal union being gone, there remained ınly a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the rime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ught not to be lost; and, that the gentleman on whose ccount she was divorced had gained her heart while thus ınhappily situated. Seduced, perhaps, by the charms of the ady in question, I thus attempted to palliate what I was ensible could not be justified; for when I had finished my iarangue, my venerable friend gave me a proper check: "My lear Sir, never accustom your mind to mingle virtue and vice. The woman's a whore, and there's an end on't."

He described the father of one of his friends thus: "Sir, he vas so exuberant a talker at publick meetings, that the gentle-nen of his county were afraid of him. No business could be lone for his declamation."

He did not give me full credit when I mentioned that I ha carried on a short conversation by signs with some Esquimaux who were then in London, particularly with one of them who wa a priest. He thought I could not make them understand me No man was more incredulous as to particular facts, whic were at all extraordinary; and therefore no man was mor scrupulously inquisitive, in order to discover the truth.

I dined with him this day at the house of my friends Messieurs Edward and Charles Dilly, booksellers in the Poultry there were present, their elder brother Mr. Dilly of Bedfordshire, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Langton, Mr. Claxton, Reverend Dr. Mayo, a dissenting minister, the Reverend Mr. Toplady and my friend the Reverend Mr. Temple.

Hawkesworth's compilation of the voyages to the South Se being mentioned;—JOHNSON. "Sir, if you talk of it as subject of commerce, it will be gainful; if as a book that is t increase human knowledge, I believe there will not be much o that. Hawkesworth can tell only what the voyagers have tol him; and they have found very little, only one new animal, think." BOSWELL. "But many insects, Sir." JOHNSON. "Why Sir, as to insects, Ray reckons of British insects twenty thousand species. They might have staid at home and discovered enough in that way."

Talking of birds, I mentioned Mr. Daines Barrington's ingenious Essay against the received notion of their migration JOHNSON. "I think we have as good evidence for the migration of woodcocks as can be desired. We find they disappear at a certain time of the year, and appear again at a certain time of the year; and some of them, when weary in their flight, have been known to alight on the rigging of ships far out at sea." One of the company observed, that there had been instances of some of them found in summer in Essex JOHNSON. "Sir, that strengthens our argument. *Exceptio probat regulam.* Some being found shews, that, if all remained many would be found. A few sick or lame ones may be found." GOLDSMITH. "There is a partial migration of the swallows the stronger ones migrate, the others do not."

BOSWELL. "I am well assured that the people of Otaheite who have the bread tree, the fruit of which serves them for bread, laughed heartily when they were informed of the tedious process necessary with us to have bread;—plowing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, threshing, grinding, baking." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, all ignorant savages will laugh when they are told

of the advantages of civilized life. Were you to tell men who live without houses, how we pile brick upon brick, and rafter upon rafter, and that after a house is raised to a certain height, a man tumbles off a scaffold, and breaks his neck; he would laugh heartily at our folly in building; but it does not follow that men are better without houses. No, Sir, (holding up a slice of a good loaf,) this is better than the bread tree."

He repeated an argument, which is to be found in his 'Rambler," against the notion that the brute creation is endowed with the faculty of reason: "birds build by instinct; they never improve; they build their first nest as well as any one they ever build." GOLDSMITH. "Yet we see if you take away a bird's nest with the eggs in it, she will make a slighter nest and lay again." JOHNSON. "Sir, that is because at first she has full time and makes her nest deliberately. In the case you mention she is pressed to lay, and must therefore make her nest quickly, and consequently it will be slight." GOLDSMITH. "The nidification of birds is what is least known in natural history, though one of the most curious things in it."

I introduced the subject of toleration. JOHNSON. "Every society has a right to preserve publick peace and order, and therefore has a good right to prohibit the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency: To say the *magistrate* has this right, is using an inadequate word: it is the *society* for which the magistrate is agent. He may be morally or theologically wrong in restraining the propagation of opinions which he thinks dangerous, but he is politically right." MAYO. "I am of opinion, Sir, that every man is entitled to liberty of conscience in religion; and that the magistrate cannot restrain that right." JOHNSON. "Sir, I agree with you. Every man has a right to liberty of conscience, and with that the magistrate cannot interfere. People confound liberty of thinking with liberty of talking; nay, with liberty of preaching. Every man has a physical right to think as he pleases; for it cannot be discovered how he thinks. He has not a moral right, for he ought to inform himself, and think justly. But, Sir, no member of a society has a right to *teach* any doctrine contrary to what the society holds to be true. The magistrate, I say, may be wrong in what he thinks; but while he thinks himself right, he may and ought to enforce what he thinks." MAYO. "Then, Sir, we are to remain always in errour, and truth never can prevail; and the magistrate was right in persecuting the first Christians." JOHNSON. "Sir, the only method by which

religious truth can be established is by martyrdom. The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks; and he who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth, but by persecution on the one hand and enduring it on the other." GOLDSMITH. "But how is a man to act, Sir? Though firmly convinced of the truth of his doctrine, may he not think it wrong to expose himself to persecution? Has he a right to do so? Is it not, as it were, committing voluntary suicide?" JOHNSON. "Sir, as to voluntary suicide, as you call it, there are twenty thousand men in an army who will go without scruple to be shot at, and mount a breach for five-pence a day." GOLDSMITH. "But have they a moral right to do this?" JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, if you will not take the universal opinion of mankind, I have nothing to say. If mankind cannot defend their own way of thinking, I cannot defend it. Sir, if a man is in doubt whether it would be better for him to expose himself to martyrdom or not, he should not do it. He must be convinced that he has a delegation from heaven." GOLDSMITH. "I would consider whether there is the greater chance of good or evil upon the whole. If I see a man who has fallen into a well, I would wish to help him out; but if there is a greater probability that he shall pull me in, than that I shall pull him out, I would not attempt it. So were I to go to Turkey, I might wish to convert the grand Signor to the Christian faith; but when I considered that I should probably be put to death without effectuating my purpose in any degree, I should keep myself quiet." JOHNSON. "Sir, you must consider that we have perfect and imperfect obligations. Perfect obligations, which are generally not to do something, are clear and positive; as, 'thou shalt not kill.' But charity, for instance, is not definable by limits. It is a duty to give to the poor; but no man can say how much another should give to the poor, or when a man has given too little to save his soul. In the same manner it is a duty to instruct the ignorant, and of consequence to convert infidels to Christianity; but no man in the common course of things is obliged to carry this to such a degree as to incur the danger of martyrdom, as no man is obliged to strip himself to the shirt in order to give charity. I have said, that a man must be persuaded that he has a particular delegation from heaven." GOLDSMITH. "How is this to be known? Our first reformers, who were burnt for not believing bread and wine to be CHRIST"—JOHNSON. (interrupting him,) "Sir, they were not burnt for

not believing bread and wine to be CHRIST, but for insulting those who did believe it. And, Sir, when the first reformers began, they did not intend to be martyred: as many of them ran away as could." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, there was your countryman Elwal, who you told me challenged King George with his black-guards and his red-guards." JOHNSON. "My countryman, Elwal, Sir, should have been put in the stocks: a proper pulpit for him; and he'd have had a numerous audience. A man who preaches in the stocks will always have hearers enough." BOSWELL. "But Elwal thought himself in the right." JOHNSON. "We are not providing for mad people; there are places for them in the neighbourhood." (meaning Moorfields.) MAVO. "But, Sir, is it not very hard that I should not be allowed to teach my children what I really believe to be the truth?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you might contrive to teach your children *extrà scandalum*; but, Sir, the magistrate, if he knows it, has a right to restrain you. Suppose you teach your children to be thieves?" MAVO. "This is making a joke of the subject." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, take it thus:—that you teach them the community of goods: for which there are as many plausible arguments as for most erroneous doctrines. You teach them that all things at first were in common, and that no man had a right to anything but as he laid his hands upon it; and that this still is, or ought to be, the rule amongst mankind. Here, Sir, you sap a great principle in society,—property. And don't you think the magistrate would have a right to prevent you? Or, suppose you should teach your children the notion of the Adamites, and they should run naked into the streets, would not the magistrate have a right to flog 'em into their doublets?" MAVO. "I think the magistrate has no right to interfere till there is some overt act." BOSWELL. "So, Sir, though he sees an enemy to the state charging a blunderbuss, he is not to interfere till it is fired off!" MAVO. "He must be sure of its direction against the state." JOHNSON. "The magistrate is to judge of that.—He has no right to restrain your thinking, because the evil centers in yourself. If a man were sitting at this table, and chopping off his fingers, the magistrate, as guardian of the community, has no authority to restrain him, however he might do it from kindness as a parent.—Though, indeed, upon more consideration, I think he may; as it is probable, that he who is chopping off his own fingers, may soon proceed to chop off those of other people. If I think it right to steal Mr. Dilly's plate, I am a bad man;

but he can say nothing to me. If I make an open declaratio that I think so, he will keep me out of his house. If I p forth my hand, I shall be sent to Newgate. This is the gra ation of thinking, preaching, and acting: if a man thinl erroneously, he may keep his thoughts to himself, and nobo will trouble him; if he preaches erroneous doctrine, socie may expel him; if he acts in consequence of it, the law tak place, and he is hanged." MAYO. "But, Sir, ought n Christians to have liberty of conscience?" JOHNSON. "I ha already told you so, Sir. You are coming back to where yo were." BOSWELL. "Dr. Mayo is always taking a return pos chaise, and going the stage over again. He has it at half-price JOHNSON. "Dr. Mayo, like other champions for unlimite toleration, has got a set of words.[1] Sir, it is no matte politically, whether the magistrate be right or wrong. Suppos a club were to be formed, to drink confusion to King Georg the Third, and a happy restoration to Charles the Third; th would be very bad with respect to the State; but every memb of that club must either conform to its rules, or be turned o of it. Old Baxter, I remember, maintains, that the magistra should 'tolerate all things that are tolerable.' This is no goo definition of toleration upon any principle; but it shews that h thought some things were not tolerable." TOPLADY. "Sir, yo have untwisted this difficult subject with great dexterity."

During this argument, Goldsmith sat in restless agitatio from a wish to get in and *shine*. Finding himself excluded, h had taken his hat to go away, but remained for some time wit it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the close of a long nigh lingers for a little while, to see if he can have a favourabl opening to finish with success. Once when he was beginnin to speak, he found himself overpowered by the loud voice o Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did no perceive Goldsmith's attempt. Thus disappointed of his wis to obtain the attention of the company, Goldsmith in a passio threw down his hat, looking angrily at Johnson, and exclaime in a bitter tone, "*Take it.*" When Toplady was going to speak Johnson uttered some sound, which led Goldsmith to thin that he was beginning again, and taking the words from Toplady Upon which, he seized this opportunity of venting his own env

[1] Dr. Mayo's calm temper and steady perseverance, rendered him an admirabl subject for the exercise of Dr. Johnson's powerful abilities. He never flinched bu after reiterated blows, remained seemingly unmoved as at the first. The scintillation of Johnson's genius flashed every time he was struck, without his receiving any injury Hence he obtained the epithet of THE LITERARY ANVIL.

nd spleen, under the pretext of supporting another person: 'Sir, (said he to Johnson,) the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour: pray allow us now to hear him." OHNSON. (sternly.) "Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman. was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are mpertinent." Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the ompany for some time.

A gentleman present ventured to ask Dr. Johnson if there vas not a material difference as to toleration of opinions which ead to action, and opinions merely speculative; for instance, vould it be wrong in the magistrate to tolerate those who preach against the doctrine of the TRINITY? Johnson was ighly offended, and said, "I wonder, Sir, how a gentleman of our piety can introduce this subject in a mixed company." He old me afterwards, that the impropriety was, that perhaps some of the company might have talked on the subject in such terms s might have shocked him; or he might have been forced to ppear in their eyes a narrow-minded man. The gentleman, vith submissive deference, said, he had only hinted at the uestion from a desire to hear Dr. Johnson's opinion upon it. OHNSON. "Why, then, Sir, I think that permitting men to preach any opinion contrary to the doctrine of the established hurch, tends, in a certain degree, to lessen the authority of he church, and consequently, to lessen the influence of eligion." "It may be considered (said the gentleman,) whether it would not be politick to tolerate in such a case." OHNSON. "Sir, we have been talking of *right*: this is nother question. I think it is *not* politick to tolerate in such case."

Though he did not think it fit that so awful a subject should e introduced in a mixed company, and therefore at this time vaved the theological question; yet his own orthodox belief n the sacred mystery of the TRINITY is evinced beyond doubt, y the following passage in his private devotions: "O LORD, ear my prayer, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake; to whom with thee nd the HOLY GHOST, *three persons and one* GOD, be all honour nd glory, world without end, Amen."[1]

BOSWELL. "Pray, Mr. Dilly, how does Dr. Leland's History f Ireland sell?" JOHNSON. (bursting forth with a generous ndignation,) "The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we ee there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is o instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 40.

that which the protestants of Ireland have exercised against th Catholicks. Did we tell them we have conquered them, it woul be above board: to punish them by confiscation and othe penalties, as rebels, was monstrous injustice. King Willia was not their lawful sovereign: he had not been acknowledge by the Parliament of Ireland, when they appeared in arm against him."

I here suggested something favourable of the Roma Catholicks. TOPLADY. "Does not their invocation of saint suppose omnipresence in the saints?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir it supposes only pluripresence; and when spirits are divested of matter, it seems probable that they should see with more extent than when in an embodied state. There is, therefore no approach to an invasion of any of the divine attributes, in the invocation of saints. But I think it is will worship, and presumption. I see no command for it, and therefore think i is safer not to practise it."

He and Mr. Langton and I went together to THE CLUB where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and some other members, and amongst them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me;" and then called to him in a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith,- something passed to day when you and I dined; I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, Sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

In our way to the club to-night, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavour to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton observed, that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation.: in which he found himself unfit; and that he said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, "Madam, I have but nine-pence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of Gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always taking out his purse. JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, and that so often an empty purse!"

Goldsmith's inces ant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man

of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was every where paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. "Sir, (said he,) you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republick."

He was still more mortified, when talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present; a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself, as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, "Stay, stay,—Toctor Shonson is going to say something." This was, no doubt, very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

It may also be observed, that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions, would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*." Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute circumstance about Johnson. I recollect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now *Sherry derry*."

"To the Reverend Mr. Bagshaw, at Bromley.[1]

"Sir,

"I return you my sincere thanks for your additions to my Dictionary; but the new edition has been published some

[1] The Reverend Thomas Bagshaw, M.A., who died on November 20, 1787, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, Chaplain of Bromley College, in Kent; and Rector of Southfleet. He had resigned the cure of Bromley Parish some time before his death. For this, and another letter from Dr. Johnson in 1784, to the same truly respectable man, I am indebted to Dr. John Loveday, of the Commons, a son of the late learned and pious John Loveday, Esq. of Caversham in Berkshire, who obligingly transcribed them for me from the originals in his possession.—This worthy gentleman, having retired from business, now lives in Warwickshire. The world has been lately obliged to him as the Editor of the late Rev. Dr. Townson's excellent work, modestly entitled "A Discourse on the Evangelical History, from the Interment to the Ascension of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" to which is prefixed, a truly interesting and pleasing account of the authour, by the Reverend Mr. Ralph Churton.

time, and therefore I cannot now make use of them. Whether I shall ever revise it more, I know not. If many readers had been as judicious, as diligent, and as communicative as yourself, my work had been better. The world must at present take it as it is. I am, Sir,

"Your most obliged

"And most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"May 8, 1773."

On Sunday, May 8, I dined with Johnson at Mr. Langton's with Dr. Beattie and some other company. He descanted on the subject of Literary Property. "There seems (said he,) to be in authours a stronger right of property than that by occupancy; a metaphysical right, a right, as it were, of creation, which should from its nature be perpetual; but the consent of nations is against it; and indeed reason and the interest of learning are against it; for were it to be perpetual, no book, however useful, could be universally diffused amongst mankind, should the proprietor take it into his head to restrain its circulation. No book could have the advantage of being edited with notes, however necessary to its elucidation, should the proprietor perversely oppose it. For the general good of the world, therefore, whatever valuable work has once been created by an authour, and issued out by him, should be understood as no longer in his power, but as belonging to the publick; at the same time the authour is entitled to an adequate reward. This he should have by an exclusive right to his work for a considerable number of years."

He attacked Lord Monboddo's strange speculation on the primitive state of human nature; observing, "Sir, it is all conjecture about a thing useless, even were it known to be true. Knowledge of all kinds is good. Conjecture, as to things useful, is good; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, such as whether men went upon all four, is very idle."

On Monday, May 9, as I was to set out on my return to Scotland next morning, I was desirous to see as much of Dr. Johnson as I could. But I first called on Goldsmith to take leave of him. The jealousy and envy which, though possessed of many most amiable qualities, he frankly avowed, broke out violently at this interview. Upon another occasion, when Goldsmith confessed himself to be of an envious disposition,

I contended with Johnson that we ought not to be angry with him, he was so candid in owning it. "Nay, Sir, (said Johnson,) we must be angry that a man has such a superabundance of an odious quality, that he cannot keep it within his own breast, but it boils over." In my opinion, however, Goldsmith had not more of it than other people have, but only talked of it freely.

He now seemed very angry that Johnson was going to be a traveller; said "he would be a dead weight for me to carry, and that I should never be able to lug him along through the Highlands and Hebrides." Nor would he patiently allow me to enlarge upon Johnson's wonderful abilities; but exclaimed, "Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent?" "But, (said I,) Johnson is the Hercules who strangled serpents in his cradle."

I dined with Dr. Johnson at General Paoli's. He was obliged, by indisposition, to leave the company early; he appointed me, however, to meet him in the evening at Mr. (now Sir Robert) Chambers's in the Temple, where he accordingly came, though he continued to be very ill. Chambers, as is common on such occasions, prescribed various remedies to him. JOHNSON. (fretted by pain,) "Pr'ythee don't tease me. Stay till I am well, and then you shall tell me how to cure myself." He grew better, and talked with a noble enthusiasm of keeping up the representation of respectable families. His zeal on this subject was a circumstance in his character exceedingly remarkable, when it is considered that he himself had no pretensions to blood. I heard him once say, "I have great merit in being zealous for subordination and the honours of birth; for I can hardly tell who was my grandfather." He maintained the dignity and propriety of male succession, in opposition to the opinion of one of our friends, who had that day employed Mr. Chambers to draw his will, devising his estate to his three sisters, in preference to a remote heir male. Johnson called them "three *dowdies*," and said, with as high a spirit as the boldest Baron in the most perfect days of the feudal system, "An ancient estate should always go to males. It is mighty foolish to let a stranger have it because he marries your daughter, and takes your name. As for an estate newly acquired by trade, you may give it, if you will, to the dog *Towser*, and let him keep his *own* name."

I have known him at times exceedingly diverted at what seemed to others a very small sport. He now laughed im-

moderately, without any reason that we could perceive, at our friend's making his will; called him the *testator*, and added "I dare say he thinks he has done a mighty thing. He won't stay till he gets home to his seat in the country, to produce this wonderful deed: he'll call up the landlord of the first inn on the road; and, after a suitable preface upon mortality and the uncertainty of life, will tell him that he should not delay making his will; and here, Sir, will he say, is my will, which I have just made, with the assistance of one of the ablest lawyers in the kingdom; and he will read it to him, (laughing all the time.) He believes he has made this will; but he did not make it: you, Chambers, made it for him. I trust you have had more conscience than to make him say, 'being of sound understanding;' ha, ha, ha! I hope he has left me a legacy. I'd have his will turned into verse, like a ballad."

In this playful manner did he run on, exulting in his own pleasantry, which certainly was not such as might be expected from the authour of "The Rambler," but which is here preserved, that my readers may be acquainted even with the slightest occasional characteristicks of so eminent a man.

Mr. Chambers did not by any means relish this jocularity upon a matter of which *pars magna fuit*, and seemed impatient till he got rid of us. Johnson could not stop his merriment, but continued it all the way till he got without the Temple-gate. He then burst into such a fit of laughter, that he appeared to be almost in a convulsion; and, in order to support himself, laid hold of one of the posts at the side of the foot pavement, and sent forth peals so loud, that in the silence of the night his voice seemed to resound from Temple-bar to Fleet-ditch.

This most ludicrous exhibition of the awful, melancholy, and venerable Johnson, happened well to counteract the feelings of sadness which I used to experience when parting with him for a considerable time. I accompanied him to his door, where he gave me his blessing.

He records of himself this year, "Between Easter and Whitsuntide, having always considered that time as propitious to study, I attempted to learn the Low Dutch language."[1] It is to be observed, that he here admits an opinion of the human mind being influenced by seasons, which he ridicules in his writings. His progress, he says, was interrupted by a fever "which, by the imprudent use of a small print, left an inflammation in his useful eye." We cannot but admire his spirit when

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 109.

we know, that amidst a complication of bodily and mental distress, he was still animated with the desire of intellectual improvement.[1] Various notes of his studies appear on different days, in his manuscript diary of this year; such as, "*Inchoavi lectionem Pentateuchi—Finivi lectionem Conf. Fab. Burdonum.—Legi primum actum Troadum.—Legi Dissertationem Clerici postremam de Pent.—2 of Clark's Sermons.—L. Appolonii pugnam Betriciam.—L. centum versus Homeri.*" Let this serve as a specimen of what accessions of literature he was perpetually infusing into his mind, while he charged himself with idleness.

This year died Mrs. Salusbury, (mother of Mrs. Thrale,) a lady whom he appears to have esteemed much, and whose memory he honoured with an Epitaph.[2]

In a letter from Edinburgh, dated the 29th of May, I pressed him to persevere in his resolution to make this year the projected visit to the Hebrides, of which he and I had talked for many years, and which I was confident would afford us much entertainment.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"When your letter came to me, I was so darkened by an inflammation in my eye that I could not for some time read it. I can now write without trouble, and can read large prints. My eye is gradually growing stronger; and I hope will be able to take some delight in the survey of a Caledonian loch.

"Chambers is going a Judge, with six thousand a year, to Bengal. He and I shall come down together as far as Newcastle, and thence I shall easily get to Edinburgh. Let me know the exact time when your Courts intermit. I must conform a little to Chambers's occasions, and he must conform a little to mine. The time which you shall fix, must be the common point to which we will come as near as we can. Except this eye, I am very well.

"Beattie is so caressed, and invited, and treated, and liked, and flattered, by the great, that I can see nothing of him. I am in great hope that he will be well provided for, and then we will live upon him at the Marischal College, without pity or modesty.

"—— left the town without taking leave of me, and is gone

[1] [Not six months before his death, he wished me to teach him the Scale of Musick:—'Dr. Burney, teach me at least the alphabet of your language."—Burney.]

[2] Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes of Johnson, p. 131.

in deep dudgeon to -- --. Is not this very childish? Where is now my legacy?

"I hope your dear lady and her dear baby are both well. I shall see them too when I come; and I have that opinion of your choice, as to suspect that when I have seen Mrs. Boswell I shall be less willing to go away.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Johnson's-court, Fleet-street,
"July 5, 1773."

"Write to me as soon as you can. Chambers is now at Oxford."

I again wrote to him, informing him that the Court of Session rose on the twelfth of August, hoping to see him before that time, and expressing, perhaps in too extravagant terms, my admiration of him, and my expectation of pleasure from our intended tour.

"To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I SHALL set out from London on Friday the sixth of this month, and purpose not to loiter much by the way. Which day I shall be at Edinburgh, I cannot exactly tell. I suppose I must drive to an inn, and send a porter to find you.

"I am afraid Beattie will not be at his College soon enough for us, and I shall be sorry to miss him; but there is no staying for the concurrence of all conveniences. We will do as well as we can. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"August 3, 1773." "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"NOT being at Mr. Thrale's when your letter came, I had written the enclosed paper and sealed it; bringing it hither for a frank, I found your's. If any thing could repress my ardour, it would be such a letter as yours. To disappoint a friend is unpleasing: and he that forms expectations like yours, must be disappointed. Think only when you see me, that you see a man who loves you, and is proud and glad that you love him. I am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate,

"August 3, 1773." "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"Newcastle, Aug. 11, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,

"I CAME hither last night, and hope, but do not absolutely promise to be in Edinburgh on Saturday. Beattie will not come so soon. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"My compliments to your lady."

TO THE SAME.

"MR. JOHNSON sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, being just arrived at Boyd's."

"Saturday night."

His stay in Scotland was from the 18th of August, on which day he arrived, till the 22d of November, when he set out on his return to London; and I believe ninety-four days were never passed by any man in a more vigorous exertion.

He came by the way of Berwick upon Tweed to Edinburgh, where he remained a few days, and then went by St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Inverness, and Fort Augustus, to the Hebrides, to visit which was the principal object he had in view. He visited the isles of Sky, Raasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth, and Icolmkill. He travelled through Argyleshire by Inverary, and from thence by Lochlomond and Dumbarton to Glasgow, then by London to Auchinleck in Ayrshire, the seat of my family, and then by Hamilton, back to Edinburgh, where he again spent some time. He thus saw the four Universities of Scotland, its three principal cities, and as much of the Highland and insular life as was sufficient for his philosophical contemplation. I had the pleasure of accompanying him during the whole of his journey. He was respectfully entertained by the great, the learned, and the elegant, wherever he went; nor was he less delighted with the hospitality which he experienced in humbler life.

His various adventures, and the force and vivacity of his mind, as exercised during this peregrination, upon innumerable topicks, have been faithfully, and to the best of my abilities, displayed in my "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," to which, as the publick has been pleased to honour it by a very extensive circulation, I beg leave to refer, as to a separate and

remarkable portion of his life,[1] which may be there seen in detail, and which exhibits as striking a view of his powers in conversation, as his works do of his excellence in writing. Nor can I deny to myself the very flattering gratification of inserting here the character which my friend Mr. Courtenay has been pleased to give of that work:

> "With Reynolds' pencil, vivid, bold, and true,
> So fervent Boswell gives him to our view:
> In every trait we see his mind expand;
> The master rises by the pupil's hand;
> We love the writer, praise his happy vein,
> Grac'd with the naiveté of the sage Montaigne.
> Hence not alone are brighter parts display'd,
> But e'en the specks of character pourtray'd:
> We *see* the Rambler with fastidious smile
> Mark the lone tree, and note the heath-clad isle;
> But when th' heroick tale of Flora's[2] charms,
> Deck'd in a kilt, he wields a chieftain's arms:
> The tuneful piper sounds a martial strain,
> And Samuel sings, 'The King shall have his *ain*.'"

During his stay at Edinburgh, after his return from the Hebrides, he was at great pains to obtain information concerning Scotland; and it will appear from his subsequent letters that he was not less solicitous for intelligence on this subject after his return to London.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I came home last night, without any incommodity, danger, or weariness, and am ready to begin a new journey. I shall go to Oxford on Monday. I know Mrs. Boswell wishes me well to go;[3] her wishes have not been disappointed. Mrs. Williams has received Sir A.'s[4] letter.

[1] (The authour was not a small gainer by this extraordinary Journey; for Dr. Johnson thus writes to Mrs. Thrale, Nov. 3, 1773: "Boswell will praise my resolution and perseverance, and I shall in return celebrate his good humour and perpetual cheerfulness. He has better faculties than I had imagined; more justness of discernment, and more fecundity of images. It is very convenient to travel with him; for there is no house where he is not received with kindness and respect."—Let. 90, to Mrs. Thrale. M.

[2] "The celebrated Flora Macdonald. See Boswell's *Tour*."

[3] In this he shewed a very acute penetration. My wife paid him the most assiduous and respectful attention, while he was our guest; so that I wonder how he discovered her wishing for his departure. The truth is, that his irregular hours and uncouth habits, such as turning the candles with their heads downwards, when they did not burn bright enough, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, could not but be disagreeable to a lady. Besides, she had not that high admiration of him which was felt by most of those who knew him; and what was very natural to a female mind, she thought he had too much influence over her husband. She once in a little warmth, made, with more point than justice, the remark upon that subject: "I have seen many a bear led by a man; but I never before saw a man led by a bear."

[4] Sir Alexander Gordon, one of the Professors at Aberdeen.

"Make my compliments to all those to whom my compliments may be welcome.

"Let the box[1] be sent as soon as it can, and let me know when to expect it.

"Enquire, if you can, the order of the Clans: Macdonald is first, Maclean second; further I cannot go. Quicken Dr. Webster.[2]

"I am, Sir,

"Yours affectionately,

"Nov. 27, 1773." "SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 2, 1773.

* * * * * *

"YOU shall have what information I can procure as to the order of the Clans. A gentleman of the name of Grant tells me, that there is no settled order among them; and he says, that the Macdonalds were not placed upon the right of the army at Culloden; the Stuarts were. I shall, however, examine witnesses of every name that I can find here. Dr. Webster shall be quickened too. I like your little memorandums; they are symptoms of your being in earnest with your book of northern travels.

"Your box shall be sent next week by sea. You will find in it some pieces of the broom bush, which you saw growing on the old castle of Auchinleck. The wood has a curious appearance when sawn across. You may either have a little writing-standish made of it, or get it formed into boards for a treatise on witchcraft, by way of a suitable binding."

* * * * * *

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 18, 1773.

* * * * * *

"YOU promised me an inscription for a print to be taken from an historical picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, being forced to resign her crown, which Mr. Hamilton at Rome has painted for me. The two following have been sent to me:

[1] This was a box containing a number of curious things which he had picked up in Scotland, particularly some horn spoons.

[2] The Reverend Dr. Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, a man of distinguished abilities, who had promised him information concerning the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

'*Maria Scotorum Regina meliori seculo digna, us regnu civibus seditiosis invitat resignat.*'

'*Cives seditiosi Mariam Scotorum Reginam sese muner abdicare invitam cogunt.*'

"Be so good as to read the passage in Robertson, and see if you cannot give me a better inscription. I must have it both in Latin and English; so if you should not give me another Latin one, you will at least choose the best of these two, and send a translation of it."

* * * * * *

His humane forgiving disposition was put to a pretty strong test on his return to London, by a liberty which Mr. Thomas Davies had taken with him in his absence, which was, to publish two volumes entitled, "Miscellaneous and fugitive Pieces," which he advertised in the news-papers, "By the Authour of the Rambler." In this collection, several of Dr. Johnson's acknowledged writings, several of his anonymous performances, and some which he had written for others, were inserted; but there were also some in which he had no concern whatever. He was at first very angry, as he had good reason to be. But, upon consideration of his poor friend's narrow circumstances, and that he had only a little profit in view and meant no harm, he soon relented, and continued his kindness to him as formerly.

In the course of his self-examination with retrospect to this year, he seems to have been much dejected; for he says, January 1, 1774, "This year has passed with so little improvement, that I doubt whether I have not rather impaired than increased my learning;"[1] and yet we have seen how he *read*, and we know how he *talked* during that period.

He was now seriously engaged in writing an account of our travels in the Hebrides, in consequence of which I had the pleasure of a more frequent correspondence with him.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"My operations have been hindered by a cough; at least I flatter myself, that if my cough had not come, I should have been further advanced. But I have had no intelligence from Dr. W——, [Webster,] nor from the Excise-office, nor from you. No account of the little borough.[2] Nothing of the Erse language. I have yet heard nothing of my box.

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 129. [2] The ancient Burgh of Prestick, in Ayrshire.

"You must make haste and gather me all you can, and do t quickly, or I will and shall do without it.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, and tell her that I do not love her the less for wishing me away. I gave her rouble enough, and shall be glad in recompence, to give her ny pleasure.

"I would send some porter into the Hebrides, if I knew which way it could be got to my kind friends there. Enquire, and let me know.

"Make my compliments to all the Doctors of Edinburgh, and to all my friends, from one end of Scotland to the other.

"Write to me, and send me what intelligence you can: and f any thing is too bulky for the post, let me have it by the carrier. I do not like trusting winds and waves. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Jan. 29, 1774."

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR,

"IN a day or two after I had written the last discontented letter, I received my box, which was very welcome. But still I must entreat you to hasten Dr. Webster, and continue to pick up what you can that may be useful.

"Mr. Oglethorpe was with me this morning, you know his errand. He was not unwelcome.

"Tell Mrs. Boswell that my good intentions towards her still continue. I should be glad to do anything that would either benefit or please her.

"Chambers is not yet gone, but so hurried, or so negligent, or so proud, that I rarely see him. I have indeed, for some weeks past, been very ill of a cold and cough, and have been at Mrs. Thrale's, that I might be taken care of. I am much better; *novæ redeunt in prælia vires;* but I am yet tender, and easily disordered. How happy it was that neither of us were ill in the Hebrides.

"The question of Literary Property is this day before the Lords. Murphy drew up the Appellants' case, that is, the plea against the perpetual right. I have not seen it, nor heard the decision. I would not have the right perpetual.

"I will write to you as any thing occurs, and do you send me something about my Scottish friends. I have very great

kindness for them. Let me know likewise how fees come in and when we are to see you. I am, Sir,

"Yours affectionately,

"Sam. Johnson."

"London, Feb. 7, 1774."

He at this time wrote the following letters to Mr. Steevens his able associate in editing Shakspeare:

"To George Steevens, Esq. in Hampstead.

"Sir,

"If I am asked when I have seen Mr. Steevens, you know what answer I must give; if I am asked when I shall see him I wish you would tell me what to say.

"If you have 'Lesley's History of Scotland,' or any other book about Scotland, except Boetius and Buchanan, it will be a kindness if you send them to, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

"Feb. 7, 1774."

To the Same.

"Sir,

"We are thinking to augment our club, and I am desirous of nominating you, if you care to stand the ballot, and can attend on Friday nights at least twice in five weeks: less than this is too little, and rather more will be expected. Be pleased to let me know before Friday. I am, Sir,

"Your most, &c.

"Sam. Johnson."

"Feb. 21, 1774."

To the Same.

"Sir,

"Last night you became a member of the club; if you call on me on Friday, I will introduce you. A gentleman proposed after you, was rejected.

"I thank you for Neander,[1] but wish he were not so fine. I will take care of him. I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

"March 5, 1774."

[1] [See the Catalogue of Mr. Steevens's Library, No. 265.—"Neandri (Mich.) Opus aureum, Gr. et. Lat. 2 tom. 4to. *carta turcica, foliis deauratis.* Lipsiæ, 1577." This was doubtless the book which appears to have been lent by Mr. Steevens to Dr. Johnson.—M.]

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"Dr. Webster's informations were much less exact and much less determinate than I expected: they are, indeed, much less positive than, if he can trust his own book[1] which he laid before me, he is able to give. But I believe it will always be found, that he who calls much for information will advance his work but slowly.

"I am, however, obliged to you, dear Sir, for your endeavours to help me, and hope, that between us something will some time be done, if not on this, on some occasion.

"Chambers is either married, or almost married, to Miss Wilton, a girl of sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, whom he has with his lawyer's tongue, persuaded to take her chance with him in the East.

"We have added to the club, Charles Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Steevens.

"Return my thanks to Dr. Webster. Tell Dr. Robertson I have not much to reply to his censure of my negligence: and tell Dr. Blair, that since he has written hither what I said to him, we must now consider ourselves as even, forgive one another, and begin again. I care not how soon, for he is a very pleasing man. Pay my compliments to all my friends, and remind Lord Elibank of his promise to give me all his works.

"I hope Mrs. Boswell and little Miss are well. When shall I see them again? She is a sweet lady, only she was so glad to see me go, that I have almost a mind to come again, that she may again have the same pleasure.

"Enquire if it be practicable to send a small present of a cask of porter to Dunvegan, Rasay, and Col. I would not wish to be thought forgetful of civilities. I am, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

March 5, 1774."

On the 5th of March I wrote to him, requesting his counsel whether I should this spring come to London. I stated to him on the one hand some pecuniary embarrassments, which, together with my wife's situation at that time, made me

[1] A manuscript account drawn by Dr. Webster of all the parishes in Scotland, ascertaining their length, breadth, number of inhabitants, and distinguishing Presbyterians and Roman Catholicks. This book had been transmitted to government, and Dr. Johnson saw a copy of it in Dr. Webster's possession.

hesitate: and, on the other, the pleasure and improveme which my annual visit to the metropolis always afforded m and particularly mentioned a peculiar satisfaction which experienced in celebrating the festival of Easter in St. Paul cathedral: that to my fancy it appeared like going up Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover; and that the stro devotion which I felt on that occasion diffused its influence my mind through the rest of the year.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

[*Not dated, but written about the 15th of March*

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM ashamed to think that since I received your lett I have passed so many days without answering it.

"I think there is no great difficulty in resolving your doubt The reasons for which you are inclined to visit London, ar I think, not of sufficient strength to answer the objection That you should delight to come once a year to the fountai of intelligence and pleasure, is very natural; but both inform tion and pleasure must be regulated by propriety. Pleasur which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable or unsuitab expence, must always end in pain; and pleasure, which mu be enjoyed at the expence of another's pain, can never be suc as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

"What improvement you might gain by coming to Londo you may easily supply or easily compensate, by enjoining you self some particular study at home, or opening some ne avenue to information. Edinburgh is not yet exhausted; an I am sure you will find no pleasure here which can deserv either that you should anticipate any part of your futur fortune, or that you should condemn yourself and your lady t penurious frugality for the rest of the year.

"I need not tell you what regard you owe to Mrs. Boswell entreaties; or how much you ought to study the happiness her who studies yours with so much diligence, and of whos kindness you enjoy such good effects. Life cannot subsist society but by reciprocal concessions. She permitted you t ramble last year, you must permit her now to keep you a home.

"Your last reason is so serious, that I am unwilling t oppose it. Yet you must remember, that your image of wo shipping once a year in a certain place, in imitation of th Jews, is but a comparison; and *simile non est idem;* if th

nnual resort to Jerusalem was a duty to the Jews, it was a uty because it was commanded; and you have no such ommand, therefore no such duty. It may be dangerous to ceive too readily, and indulge too fondly, opinions, from hich, perhaps, no pious mind is wholly disengaged, of local nctity and local devotion. You know what strange effects ey have produced over a great part of the Christian world. am now writing, and you, when you read this, are reading nder the eye of Omnipresence.

"To what degree fancy is to be admitted into religious ffices, it would require much deliberation to determine. I n far from intending totally to exclude it. Fancy is a faculty estowed by our Creator, and it is reasonable that all his gifts ould be used to his glory, that all our faculties should co-perate in his worship; but they are to co-operate according to e will of him that gave them, according to the order which s wisdom has established. As ceremonies prudential or con-enient are less obligatory than positive ordinances, as bodily orship is only the token to others or ourselves of mental loration, so Fancy is always to act in subordination to Reason. Ve may take Fancy for a companion, but must follow Reason our guide. We may allow Fancy to suggest certain ideas certain places; but Reason must always be heard, when she lls us, that those ideas and those places have no natural or ecessary relation. When we enter a church we habitually call to mind the duty of adoration, but we must not omit loration for want of a temple: because we know, and ought remember, that the Universal Lord is everywhere present; nd that, therefore, to come to Jona, or to Jerusalem, though may be useful, cannot be necessary.

"Thus I have answered your letter, and have not answered negligently. I love you too well to be careless when you are erious.

"I think I shall be very diligent next week about our travels, hich I have too long neglected. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most, &c.

"Sam. Johnson.

"Compliments to Madam and Miss."

To the Same.

"DEAR SIR,

"The lady who delivers this has a lawsuit, in which she esires to make use of your skill and eloquence, and she seems

to think that she shall have something more of both for a recommendation from me; which, though I know how little you want any external incitement to your duty, I could not refuse her because I know that at least it will not hurt her, to tell you that I wish her well. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"May 10, 1774." "Sam. Johnson"

"Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.

"Edinburgh, May 12, 177

"Lord Hailes has begged of me to offer you his best respects, and to transmit to you specimens of 'Annals of Scotland from the Accession of Malcolm Kenmore to the Death of James V.' in drawing up which, his Lordship has been engaged for some time. His Lordship writes to me thus: 'If I could procure Dr. Johnson's criticisms, they would be of great use to me in the prosecution of my work, as they would be judicious and true. I have no right to ask that favour of him. If you could it would highly oblige me.'

"Dr. Blair requests you may be assured that he did not write to London what you said to him, and that neither by word nor letter has he made the least complaint of you; but on the contrary has a high respect for you, and loves you much more since he saw you in Scotland. It would both divert and please you to see his eagerness about this matter.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"Streatham, June 12, 177

"DEAR SIR,

"Yesterday I put the first sheets of the 'Journey to the Hebrides' to the press. I have endeavoured to do you some justice in the first paragraph. It will be one volume in octavo, not thick.

"It will be proper to make some presents in Scotland. You shall tell me to whom I shall give; and I have stipulated twenty five for you to give in your own name. Some will take the present better from me, others better from you. In this, you who are to live in the place ought to direct. Consider it. Whatever you can get for my purpose send me; and make my compliments to your lady and both the young ones

"I am, Sir, your, &c.,

"Sam. Johnson."

"Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.

"Edinburgh, June 24, 1774.

"You do not acknowledge the receipt of the various packets which I have sent to you. Neither can I prevail with you to *answer* my letters, though you honour me with *returns*. You have said nothing to me about poor Goldsmith,[1] nothing about Langton.

"I have received for you, from the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge in Scotland, the following Erse books:—'The New Testament;'—'Baxter's Call;'—'The Confession of Faith of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster;'—'The Mother's Catechism;'—'A Gaelick and English Vocabulary.'"[2]

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I WISH you could have looked over my book before the printer, but it could not easily be. I suspect some mistakes; but as I deal, perhaps, more in notions than in facts, the matter is not great, and the second edition will be mended, if any such there be. The press will go on slowly for a time, because I am going into Wales to-morrow.

"I should be very sorry if I appeared to treat such a character as Lord Hailes otherwise than with high respect. I return the sheets,[3] to which I have done what mischief I could; and finding it so little, thought not much of sending them. The narrative is clear, lively, and short.

"I have done worse to Lord Hailes than by neglecting his sheets: I have run him in debt. Dr. Horne, the President of Magdalene College in Oxford, wrote to me about three months ago, that he purposed to reprint Walton's Lives, and desired me to contribute to the work: my answer was, that Lord Hailes intended the same publication; and Dr. Horne has resigned it to him. His Lordship must now think seriously about it.

"Of poor dear Dr. Goldsmith there is little to be told, more than the papers have made publick. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted.

[1] Dr. Goldsmith died April 4, this year.

[2] These books Dr. Johnson presented to the Bodleian Library.

[3] On the cover enclosing them Dr. Johnson wrote: "If my delay has given any reason for supposing that I have not a very deep sense of the honour done me by asking my judgement, I am very sorry."

Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than t thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?

"You may, if you please, put the inscription thus: '*Ma Scotorum Regina nata* 15—, *a suis in exilium acta* 15—, *hospitâ neci data* 15—.' You must find the years.

"Of your second daughter you certainly gave the accou yourself, though you have forgotten it. While Mrs. Bosw is well, never doubt of a boy. Mrs. Thrale brought, I thi five girls running, but while I was with you she had a boy.

"I am obliged to you for all your pamphlets, and of t last I hope to make some use. I made some of the former.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"July 4, 1774." "SAM. JOHNSO

"My compliments to all the three ladies."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSB LINCOLNSHIRE.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU have reason to reproach me that I have l your last letter so long unanswered, but I had nothing p ticular to say. Chambers, you find, is gone far, and po Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, ex perated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had rais money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition a folly of expence. But let not his frailties be remembered; was a very great man.

"I have just begun to print my Journey to the Hebrid and am leaving the press to take another journey into Wal whither Mr. Thrale is going, to take possession of, at lea five hundred a year, fallen to his lady. All at Streatham, th are alive, are well.

"I have never recovered from the last dreadful illness, b flatter myself that I grow gradually better; much, however, remains to mend. Κύριε ἐλέησον.

"If you have the Latin version of *Busy*, *curious*, *thirsty* be so kind as to transcribe and send it; but you need not in haste, for I shall be I know not where, for at least fi weeks. I wrote the following tetrastick on poor Goldsmith:

"Τὸν τάφον εἰσυράας τὸν Ὀλιβάριου, κονίην
Ἄφροσι μὴ σεμνὴν, Ξεῖνε, πόδεσσι πάτει·
Οἷσι μέμηλε φύσις, μέτρων χάρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν
Κλαίετε ποιητὴν, ἱστορικὸν, φυσικόν.

"Please to make my most respectful compliments to all the ladies, and remember me to young George and the sisters. I reckon George begins to show a pair of heels.

"Do not be silent now, but let me find a letter when I come back. I am, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate, humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

July 5, 1774."

"TO MR. ROBERT LEVET.

"Llewenny, in Denbighshire,
August 16, 1774.

"DEAR SIR,

"MR. THRALE'S affairs have kept him here a great while, nor do I know exactly when we shall come home. I have sent you a bill upon Mr. Strahan.

"I have made nothing of the Ipecacuanha, but have taken abundance of pills, and hope that they have done me good.

"Wales, so far as I have yet seen of it, is a very beautiful and rich country, all enclosed, and planted. Denbigh is not a mean town. Make my compliments to all my friends, and tell Frank I hope he remembers my advice. When his money is out, let him have more. I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Aug. 30, 1774.

"You have given me an inscription for a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, in which you, in a short and striking manner, point out her hard fate. But you will be pleased to keep in mind, that my picture is a representation of a particular scene in her history; her being forced to resign her crown, while she was imprisoned in the castle of Lochleven. I must, therefore, beg that you will be kind enough to give me an inscription suited to that particular scene; or determine which of the two formerly transmitted to you is the best; and at any rate favour me with an English translation. It will be doubly kind if you comply with my request speedily.

"Your critical notes on the specimen of Lord Hailes's Annals of Scotland, are excellent. I agree with you on every one of them. He himself objected only to the alteration of *free* to *brave*, in the passage where he says that Edward

'departed with the glory due to the conqueror of a free peopl He says, to call the Scots brave would only add to the glory their conquerour. You will make allowance for the nation zeal of our annalist. I now send a few more leaves of t Annals, which I hope you will peruse, and return with obs vations, as you did upon the former occasion. Lord Hail writes to me thus: 'Mr. Boswell will be pleased to expre the grateful sense which Sir David Dalrymple has of D Johnson's attention to his little specimen. The furth specimen will show, that

'Even in an *Edward* he can see desert.'

"It gives me much pleasure to hear that a republication Isaac Walton's Lives is intended. You have been in a mista in thinking that Lord Hailes had it in view. I remember o morning, while he sat with you in my house, he said, that the should be a new edition of Walton's Lives; and you said th 'they should be benoted a little.' This was all that passed that subject. You must, therefore, inform Dr. Horne, that may resume his plan. I enclose a note concerning it; and Dr. Horne will write to me, all the attention that I can gi shall be cheerfully bestowed, upon what I think a pious wor the preservation and elucidation of Walton, by whose writing I have been most pleasingly edified.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.

"Edinburgh, Sept. 16, 177

"Wales has probably detained you longer than I suppose You will have become quite a mountaineer, by visiting Sco land one year and Wales another. You must next go t Switzerland. Cambria will complain, if you do not honour h also with some remarks. And I find *concessere columnæ*, th booksellers expect another book. I am impatient to see you 'Tour to Scotland and the Hebrides.' Might you not send m a copy by the post as soon as it is printed off."

* * * * * *

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"Yesterday I returned from my Welsh journey. I wa sorry to leave my book suspended so long; but having a

opportunity of seeing, with so much convenience, a new part the island, I could not reject it. I have been in five of he six counties of North Wales; and have seen St. Asaph nd Bangor, the two seats of their Bishops; have been upon enmanmaur and Snowden, and passed over into Anglesea. ut Wales is so little different from England, that it offers othing to the speculation of the traveller.

"When I came home, I found several of your papers, with me pages of Lord Hailes's Annals, which I will consider. I n in haste to give you some account of myself, lest you should uspect me of negligence in the pressing business which I find commended to my care, and which I knew nothing of till ow, when all care is vain.[1]

"In the distribution of my books I purpose to follow your dvice, adding such as shall occur to me. I am not pleased ith your notes of remembrance added to your names, for I ope I shall not easily forget them.

"I have received four Erse books. without any direction, nd suspect that they are intended for the Oxford library. If at is the intention, I think it will be proper to add the etrical psalms, and whatever else is printed in Erse, that the resent may be complete. The donor's name should be told.

"I wish you could have read the book before it was printed, ut our distance does not easily permit it.

"I am sorry Lord Hailes does not intend to publish Walton; am afraid it will not be done so well, if it be done at all.

"I purpose now to drive the book forward. Make my comliments to Mrs. Boswell, and let me hear often from you. I n, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

London, Octob. 1, 1774."

This tour to Wales, which was made in company with Mr. nd Mrs. Thrale, though it no doubt contributed to his health nd amusement, did not give an occasion to such a discursive xercise of his mind as our tour to the Hebrides. I do not nd that he kept any journal or notes of what he saw there. ll that I heard him say of it was, that "instead of bleak and arren mountains, there were green and fertile ones; and that ne of the castles in Wales would contain all the castles that e had seen in Scotland."

[1] I had written to him, to request his interposition in behalf of a convict, who I thought was very unjustly condemned.

Parliament having been dissolved, and his friend, Mr. Thra who was a steady supporter of government, having again encounter the storm of a contested election, he wrote a sh political pamphlet, entitled "The Patriot,"* addressed to t electors of Great Britain; a title which, to factious men w consider a patriot only as an opposer of the measures government, will appear strangely misapplied. It was, howev written with energetick vivacity; and, except those passages which it endeavours to vindicate the glaring outrage of t House of Commons in the case of the Middlesex election, a to justify the attempt to reduce our fellow-subjects in Amer to unconditional submission, it contained an admirable displ of the properties of a real patriot, in the original and genui sense;—a sincere, steady, rational, and unbiassed friend to t interests and prosperity of his King and country. It must acknowledged, however, that both in this and his two form pamphlets, there was, amidst many powerful arguments, n only a considerable portion of sophistry, but a contemptuo ridicule of his opponents, which was very provoking.

"To Mr. Perkins.[1]

"SIR,

"YOU may do me a very great favour. Mrs. Williams, gentlewoman whom you may have seen at Mr. Thrale's, is petitioner for Mr. Hetherington's charity: petitions are th day issued at Christ's Hospital.

"I am a bad manager of business in a crowd; and if I shou send a mean man, he may be put away without his errand. must therefore entreat that you will go, and ask for a petiti for Anna Williams, whose paper of enquiries was delivered wi answers at the counting-house of the hospital on Thursday th 20th. My servant will attend you thither, and bring th petition home when you have it.

"The petition, which they are to give us, is a form whic they deliver to every petitioner, and which the petitioner afterwards to fill up, and return to them again. This we mu

* Mr. Perkins was for a number of years the worthy superintendent of Mr. Thrale great brewery, and after his death became one of the Proprietors of it: and now resid in Mr. Thrale's house in Southwark, which was the scene of so many literary meeting and in which he continues the liberal hospitality for which it was eminent. Dr. Johns esteemed him much. He hung up in the counting-house a fine proof of the admirab mezzotinto of Dr. Johnson, by Doughty; and when Mrs. Thrale asked him somewh flippantly, 'Why, Sir, you put him up in the counting-house?' He answered, 'Because Museum. I wish to have one wise man there.' 'Sir, (said Johnson,) I thank you. It a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely.'

ave, or we cannot proceed according to their directions. You ed, I believe, only ask for a petition; if they enquire for hom you ask, you can tell them.

"I beg pardon for giving you this trouble; but it is a atter of great importance. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

October 25, 1774."

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"THRALE has appeared lately in the papers an account of boat overset between Mull and Ulva, in which many passengers were lost, and among them Maclean of Col. We, you now, were once drowned;[1] I hope, therefore, that the story either wantonly or erroneously told. Pray satisfy me by the ext post.

"I have printed two hundred and forty pages. I am able to o nothing much worth doing to dear Lord Hailes's book. I ill, however, send back the sheets; and hope, by degrees, to nswer all your reasonable expectations.

"Mr. Thrale has happily surmounted a very violent and crimonious opposition; but all joys have their abatement: Irs. Thrale has fallen from her horse and hurt herself very uch. The rest of our friends, I believe, are well. My com liments to Mrs. Boswell. I am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

London, Octob. 27, 1774."

This letter, which shews his tender concern for an amiable oung gentleman to whom he had been very much obliged in ne Hebrides, I have inserted according to its date, though efore receiving it I had informed him of the melancholy event nat the young Laird of Col was unfortunately drowned.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"LAST night I corrected the last page of our 'Journey to he Hebrides.' The printer has detained it all this time, for I ad, before I went into Wales, written all except two sheets. The Patriot' was called for by my political friends on Friday, as written on Saturday, and I have heard little of it. So

[1] In the news-papers.

vague are conjectures at a distance.[1] As soon as I can, I take care that copies be sent to you, for I would wish that t might be given before they are bought; but I am afraid Mr. Strahan will send to you and to the booksellers at the sa time. Trade is as diligent as courtesy. I have mentioned that you recommended. Pray make my compliments to M Boswell and the younglings. The club has, I think, not met.

"Tell me, and tell me honestly, what you think, and w others say of our travels. Shall we touch the continent?[2]

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSO

"Nov. 26, 1774."

In his manuscript diary of this year, there is the follow entry:

"Nov. 27. Advent Sunday. I considered that this d being the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, was a pro time for a new course of life. I began to read the Gr Testament regularly at 160 verses every Sunday. This I began the Acts.

"In this week I read Virgil's Pastorals. I learned to rep the Pollio and Gallus. I read carelessly the first Georgick."

Such evidences of his unceasing ardour, both for "divine a human lore," when advanced into his sixty-fifth year, a notwithstanding his many disturbances from disease, m make us at once honour his spirit, and lament that it should so grievously clogged by its material tegument. It is rema able, that he was very fond of the precision which calculati produces. Thus we find in one of his manuscript diari "12 pages in 4to Gr. Test. and 30 pages in Beza's fol comprize the whole in 40 days."

"DR. JOHNSON TO JOHN HOOLE, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE returned your play,[3] which you will find und scored with red, where there was a word which I did not lik The red will be washed off with a little water.

[1] Alluding to a passage in a letter of mine, where speaking of his "Journey to Hebrides," I say, "But has not 'The Patriot' been an interruption, by the time tak to write it, and the time luxuriously spent in listening to its applauses?"

[2] We had projected a voyage together up the Baltick, and talked of visiting some the more northern regions.

[3] "Cleonice."

"The plot is so well framed, the intricacy so artful, and the sentanglement so easy, the suspense so affecting, and the assionate parts so properly interposed, that I have no doubt f its success.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

December 19, 1774."

The first effort of his pen in 1775, was, "Proposals for ublishing the Works of Mrs. Charlotte Lennox,"† in three olumes quarto. In his diary, January 2, I find this entry: Wrote Charlotte's Proposals." But, indeed, the internal vidence would have been quite sufficient. Her claim to the vour of the publick was thus enforced:

"Most of the pieces, as they appeared singly, have been ad with approbation, perhaps above their merits, but of no eat advantage to the writer. She hopes, therefore, that she all not be considered as too indulgent to vanity, or too udious of interest, if from that labour which has hitherto been iefly gainful to others, she endeavours to obtain at last some rofit to herself and her children. She cannot decently enforce er claim by the praise of her own performances; nor can she ppose, that, by the most artful and laboured address, any ldditional notice could be procured to a publication, of which er MAJESTY has condescended to be the PATRONESS."

He this year also wrote the Preface to Baretti's "Easy essons in Italian and English."†

"To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU never did ask for a book by the post till now, nd I did not think on it. You see now it is done. I sent ne to the King, and I hear he likes it.

"I shall send a parcel into Scotland for presents, and intend give to many of my friends. In your catalogue you left out ord Auchinleck.

"Let me know, as fast as you read it, how you like it; and t me know if any mistake is committed, or anything import- nt left out. I wish you could have seen the sheets. My ompliments to Mrs. Boswell, and to Veronica, and to all my iends. I am Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

January 14, 1775." "SAM. JOHNSON."

"Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.

"Edinburgh, Jan. 19, 17

"Be pleased to accept of my best thanks for your 'Journ to the Hebrides,' which came to me by last night's po I did really ask the favour twice; but you have been even w me by granting it so speedily. Bis *dat qui cito dat.* Thou ill of a bad cold, you kept me up the greatest part of l night: for I did not stop till I had read every word of yo book. I looked back to our first talking of a visit to t Hebrides, which was many years ago, when sitting ourselves in the Mitre tavern in London, I think abo *witching time o' night*: and then exulted in contemplating o scheme fulfilled, and a *monumentum perenne* of it erected your superiour abilities. I shall only say, that your book l afforded me a high gratification. I shall afterwards give y my thoughts on particular passages. In the mean time, hasten to tell you of your having mistaken two names, whi you will correct in London, as I shall do here, that t gentlemen who deserve the valuable compliments which y have paid them, may enjoy their honours. In page 106, f *Gordon* read *Murchison*; and in page 357, for *Macian* re *Maxted*.

* * * * * *

"But I am now to apply to you for immediate aid in a profession, which you have never refused to grant when requested it. I enclose you a petition for Dr. Memis, physician at Aberdeen, in which Sir John Dalrymple h exerted his talents, and which I am to answer as Counsel f the managers of the Royal Infirmary in that city. M Jopp, the Provost, who delivered to you your freedom, is o of my clients, and, *as a citizen of Aberdeen*, you will suppo him.

"The fact is shortly this. In a translation of the chart of the Infirmary from Latin into English, made under th authority of the managers, the same phrase in the origin is in one place rendered *Physician*, but when applied to D Memis is rendered *Doctor of Medicine*. Dr. Memis complaine of this before the translation was printed, but was not indulge with having it altered; and he has brought an action fo damages, on account of a supposed injury, as if the designatio given to him was an inferiour one, tending to make it k supposed he is *not a Physician*, and consequently to hurt h

actice. My father has dismissed the action as groundless, and ow he has appealed to the whole Court."[1]

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I LONG to hear how you like the book; it is, I think, uch liked here. But Macpherson is very furious; can you ve me any more intelligence about him, or his Fingal? Do nat you can, and do it quickly. Is Lord Hailes on our de?

"Pray let me know what I owed you when I left you, that I ay send it to you.

"I am going to write about the Americans. If you have cked up any hints among your lawyers, who are great asters of the law of nations, or if your own mind suggest any ing, let me know. But mum, it is a secret.

"I will send your parcel of books as soon as I can; but I nnot do as I wish. However, you find every thing mentioned the book which you recommended.

"Langton is here; we are all that ever we were. He is a orthy fellow, without malice, though not without resentment.

"Poor Beauclerk is so ill, that his life is thought to be in nger. Lady Di nurses him with very great assiduity.

"Reynolds has taken too much to strong liquour,[2] and ems to delight in his new character.

"This is all the news that I have; but as you love verses, will send you a few which I made upon Inchkenneth;[3] but member the condition, you shall not shew them, except to ord Hailes, whom I love better than any man whom I know little. If he asks you to transcribe them for him, you may it, but I think he must promise not to let them be copied ain, nor to shew them as mine.

"I have at last sent back Lord Hailes's sheets. I never think out returning them, because I alter nothing. You will see at I might as well have kept them. However, I am ashamed my delay; and if I have the honour of receiving any more,

[1] In the Court of Session of Scotland an action is first tried by one of the Judges, who alled the Lord Ordinary: and if either party is dissatisfied, he may appeal to the ole Court, consisting of fifteen, the Lord President and fourteen other Judges, who e both in and out of Court the title of Lords from the name of their estates; as, Lord chinleck, Lord Monboddo, &c.

[2] It should be recollected that this fanciful description of his friend was given by nson after he himself had become a water-drinker.

[3] See them in "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3rd edit. p. 337 (Oct. 17).

promise punctually to return them by the next post. Make compliments to dear Mrs. Boswell, and to Miss Veronica. am, dear Sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"Jan. 1, 1775." "Sam. Johnson.

"Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.

"Edinburgh, Jan. 27, 17

* * * * * * *

"You rate our lawyers here too high, when you call th great masters of the law of nations.

* * * * * * *

"As for myself, I am ashamed to say I have read little a thought little on the subject of America. I will be mu obliged to you, if you will direct me where I shall find the b information of what is to be said on both sides. It is a subj vast in its present extent and future consequences. The i perfect hints which now float in my mind, tend rather to t formation of an opinion that our government has be precipitant and severe in the resolutions taken against t Bostonians. Well do you know that I have no kindness f that race. But nations, or bodies of men, should, as well individuals, have a fair trial, and not be condemned character alone. Have we not express contracts with o colonies, which afford a more certain foundation of judgmer than general political speculations on the mutual rights of Stat and their provinces or colonies? Pray let me know immed ately what to read, and I shall diligently endeavour to gath for you any thing that I can find. Is Burke's speech American taxation published by himself? Is it authentick?

[1] He now sent me a Latin inscription for my historical picture of Mary Queen of Sco and afterwards favoured me with an English translation. Mr. Alderman Boydell, th eminent Patron of the Arts, has subjoined them to the engraving from my picture.

"*Maria Scotorum Regina,*
Hominum seditiosorum
Contumeliis lassata,
Minis territa clamoribus victa
Libello, per quem
Regno cessit,
Lacrimans trepidansque
Nomen apponit."

"Mary, Queen of Scots,
Harrassed, terrified, and overpowered
By the insults, menaces,
And clamours
Of her rebellious subjects,
Sets her hand,
With tears and confusion,
To a resignation of the kingdom."

member to have heard you say, that you had never considered ast-Indian affairs: though surely, they are of much import- nce to Great-Britain. Under the recollection of this, I shelter yself from the reproach of ignorance about the Americans. you write upon the subject, I shall certainly understand it. ut, since you seem to expect that I should know something of , without your instruction, and that my own mind should ggest something, I trust you will put me in the way.

* * * * * *

"What does Becket mean by the *Originals* of Fingal and ther poems of Ossian, which he advertises to have lain in his op?

* * * * * *

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"You sent me a case to consider, in which I have no cts but what are against us, nor any principles on which to ason. It is vain to try to write thus without materials. The ct seems to be against you; at least I cannot know nor say ny thing to the contrary. I am glad that you like the book so ell. I hear no more of Macpherson. I shall long to know hat Lord Hailes says of it. Lend it him privately. I shall end the parcel as soon as I can. Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell. I am, Sir, &c.

"Sam. Johnson."

Jan. 28, 1775."

"Mr. Boswell to Dr. Johnson.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 2, 1775.

* * * * * *

"As to Macpherson, I am anxious to have from yourself a ull and pointed account of what has passed between you and im. It is confidently told here, that before your book came ut he sent to you, to let you know that he understood you eant to deny the authenticity of Ossian's poems; that the riginals were in his possession; that you might have inspection f them, and might take the evidence of people skilled in the rse language; and that he hoped after this fair offer, you ould not be so uncandid as to assert that he had refused easonable proof. That you paid no regard to his message, but ublished your strong attack upon him; and then he wrote a tter to you, in such terms as he thought suited to one who ad not acted as a man of veracity. You may believe it gives

me pain to hear your conduct represented as unfavoural while I can only deny what is said, on the ground that y character refutes it, without having any information to oppo Let me, I beg it of you, be furnished with a sufficient answe any calumny upon this occasion.

"Lord Hailes writes to me, (for we correspond more th we talk together,) 'As to Fingal, I see a controversy arisi and purpose to keep out of its way. There is no doubt tha might mention some circumstances; but I do not chuse commit them to paper.'[1] What his opinion is, I do not kn He says, 'I am singularly obliged to Dr. Johnson for accurate and useful criticisms. Had he given some strictu on the general plan of the work, it would have added much his favours.' He is charmed with your verses on Inchkenne says they are very elegant, but bids me tell you he dou whether

'*Legitimas faciunt pectora pura preces*,'

be according to the rubrick: but that is your concern; for, y know, he is a Presbyterian."

* * * * * *

"To Dr. Lawrence.[2]

"Feb. 7, 17

"SIR,

"ONE of the Scotch physicians is now prosecuting corporation that in some publick instrument have stiled hi *Doctor of Medicine* instead of *Physician*. Boswell desires, bei advocate for the corporation, to know whether *Doctor Medicine* is not a legitimate title, and whether it may be co sidered as a disadvantageous distinction. I am to wri to-night; be pleased to tell me. I am, sir, your most, &c.,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"MY DEAR BOSWELL,

"I AM surprised that, knowing as you do the disposition your countrymen to tell lies in favour of each other,[3] you ca

[1] [His Lordship, notwithstanding his resolution, did commit his sentiments to pap and in one of his notes affixed to his Collection of old Scottish Poetry, he says, th "to doubt the authenticity of those poems, is a refinement in Scepticism indeed" J. BOSWELL.]

[2] The learned and worthy Dr. Lawrence, whom Dr. Johnson respected and loved as h physician and friend.

[3] My friend has, in this letter, relied upon my testimony, with a confidence, of whi the ground has escaped my recollection.

be at all affected by any reports that circulate among them. Macpherson never in his life offered me a sight of any original or of any evidence of any kind; but thought only of intimidating me by noise and threats, till my last answer,—that I would not be deterred from detecting what I thought a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian—put an end to our correspondence.

"The state of the question is this. He, and Dr. Blair, whom I consider as deceived, say, that he copied the poem from old manuscripts. His copies, if he had them, and I believe him to have none, are nothing. Where are the manuscripts? They can be shewn if they exist, but they were never shown. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus*, says our law, *eadem est ratio*. No man has a claim to credit upon his own word, when better evidence, if he had it, may be easily produced. But so far as we can find, the Erse language was never written till very lately for the purposes of religion. A nation that cannot write, or a language that was never written, has no manuscripts.

"But whatever he has he never offered to show. If old manuscripts should now be mentioned, I should, unless there were more evidence than can be easily had, suppose them another proof of Scotch conspiracy in national falsehood.

"Do not censure the expression; you know it to be true.

"Dr. Memis's question is so narrow as to allow no speculation; and I have no facts before me but those which his advocate has produced against you.

"I consulted this morning the President of the London College of Physicians, who says, that with us, *Doctor of Physick* (we do not say *Doctor of Medicine*) is the highest title that a practiser of physick can have; that *Doctor* implies not only *Physician*, but teacher of physick; that every *Doctor* is legally a *Physician*; but no man, not a *Doctor*, can *practise physick* but by *licence* particularly granted. The Doctorate is a licence of itself. It seems to us a very slender cause of prosecution.

* * * * * *

"I am now engaged, but in a little time I hope to do all you would have. My compliments to Madam and Veronica.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

'February 7, 1775."

What words were used by Mr. Macpherson in his letter to the venerable Sage, I have never heard; but they are generally

said to have been of a nature very different from the languag of literary contest. Dr. Johnson's answer appeared in th news-papers of the day, and has since been frequently r published; but not with perfect accuracy. I give it as dictate to me by himself, written down in his presence, and authent cated by a note in his own hand-writing, "*This, I think, is true copy.*"[1]

"MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,

"I RECEIVED your foolish and impudent letter. An violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannc do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall neve be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by th menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your boo an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinio I have given my reasons to the publick, which I here dar you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since you Homer, are not so formidable: and what I hear of your moral inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but t what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Macpherson little knew the character of Dr. Johnson, i he supposed that he could be easily intimidated; for no mar was ever more remarkable for personal courage. He had indeed, an awful dread of death, or rather, "of something after death;" and what rational man, who seriously thinks of quitting all that he has ever known, and going into a new and unknown state of being, can be without that dread? But his fear was from reflection; his courage natural. His fear, in that one instance, was the result of philosophical and religious consideration. He feared death, but he feared nothing else not even what might occasion death. Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with many balls, he put in six or seven and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me, tha when they were swimming together near Oxford, he cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool, which was reckoned particularly

[1] I have deposited it in the British Museum.

angerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He old me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by our men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at ay, till the watch came up, and carried both him and them o the round-house. In the play-house at Lichfield, as Mr. Garrick informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a hair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a entleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his eturn civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; pon which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the hair into the pit. Foote, who so successfully revived the old omedy, by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate ohnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule f so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his ntention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the ookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies what was the common price of an oak stick;" and being nswered six-pence, "Why then, Sir, (said he,) give me leave o send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a ouble quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*, as e calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with npunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which ectually checked the wantonness of the mimick. Mr. Macpherson's menaces made Johnson provide himself with the ame implement of defence; and had he been attacked, I have o doubt that, old as he was, he would have made his corporal rowess be felt as much as his intellectual.

His "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," * is a most aluable performance. It abounds in extensive philosophical ews of society, and in ingenious sentiment and lively escription. A considerable part of it, indeed, consists of peculations, which many years before he saw the wild regions hich we visited together, probably had employed his attention, ough the actual sight of those scenes undoubtedly quickened nd augmented them. Mr. Orme, the very able historian, greed with me in this opinion, which he thus strongly xpressed:—"There are in that book thoughts, which, by long volution in the great mind of Johnson, have been formed nd polished like pebbles rolled in the ocean!"

That he was to some degree of excess a *true-born Englishman*, o as to have entertained an undue prejudice against both the ountry and the people of Scotland, must be allowed. But it as a prejudice of the head and not of the heart. He had no

ill will to the Scotch; for, if he had been conscious of that, he never would have thrown himself into the bosom of the country, and trusted to the protection of its remote inhabitan with a fearless confidence. His remark upon the nakedness the country, from its being denuded of trees, was made aft having travelled two hundred miles along the Eastern coa where certainly trees are not to be found near the road; an he said it was "a map of the road" which he gave. H disbelief of the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, Highland bard, was confirmed in the course of his journey, b a very strict examination of the evidence offered for it; an although their authenticity was made too much a nation point by the Scotch, there were many respectable persons that country, who did not concur in this: so that his judgme upon the question ought not to be decried, even by those wh differ from him. As to myself, I can only say, upon a subje now become very uninteresting, that when the fragments Highland poetry first came out, I was much pleased with the wild peculiarity, and was one of those who subscribed to enab their editor, Mr. Macpherson, then a young man, to make search in the Highlands and Hebrides for a long poem in th Erse language, which was reported to be preserved somewhe in those regions. But when there came forth an Epick Poe in six books, with all the common circumstances of forme compositions of that nature; and when, upon an attentiv examination of it, there was found a perpetual recurrence the same images which appear in the fragments; and when n ancient manuscript, to authenticate the work, was deposited i any publick library, though that was insisted on as a reasonabl proof, *who* could forbear to doubt?

Johnson's grateful acknowledgements of kindness receive in the course of this tour, completely refute the brutal reflection which have been thrown out against him, as if he had made a ungrateful return; and his delicacy in sparing in his book thos who we find from his letters to Mrs. Thrale, were just object of censure, is much to be admired. His candour and amiabl disposition is conspicuous from his conduct, when informed b Mr. Macleod, of Rasay, that he had committed a mistake which gave that gentleman some uneasiness. He wrote him courteous and kind letter, and inserted in the newspapers a advertisement, correcting the mistake.[1]

The observations of my friend Mr. Dempster in a lette

[1] See "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 3d edit. p. 431.

written to me, soon after he had read Dr. Johnson's book, are so just and liberal, that they cannot be too often repeated:

* * * * * *

"There is nothing in the book, from beginning to end, that a Scotchman need to take amiss. What he says of the country is true; and his observations on the people are what must naturally occur to a sensible, observing, and reflecting inhabitant of a convenient metropolis, where a man on thirty pounds a year may be better accommodated with all the little wants of life, than Col or Sir Allan.

"I am charmed with his researches concerning the Erse language, and the antiquity of their manuscripts. I am quite convinced; and I shall rank Ossian and his Fingals and Oscars, amongst the nursery tales, and not the true history of our country, in all time to come.

"Upon the whole, the book cannot displease, for it has no pretensions. The authour neither says he is a geographer, nor an antiquarian, nor very learned in the history of Scotland, nor a naturalist, nor a fossilist. The manners of the people, and the face of the country, are all he attempts to describe, or seems to have thought of. Much were it to be wished, that they who have travelled into more remote, and of course more curious regions, had all possessed his good sense. Of the state of learning, his observations on Glasgow University show he has formed a very sound judgment. He understands our climate too; and he has accurately observed the changes, however slow and imperceptible to us, which Scotland has undergone, in consequence of the blessings of liberty and internal peace."

* * * * * *

Mr. Knox, another native of Scotland, who has since made the same tour, and published an account of it, is equally liberal. "I have read, (says he,) his book again and again, travelled with him from Berwick to Glenelg, through countries with which I am well acquainted; sailed with him from Glenelg to Rasay, Sky, Rum, Col, Mull, and Icolmkill, but have not been able to correct him in any matter of consequence. I have often admired the accuracy, the precision, and the justness of what he advances, respecting both the country and the people.

"The Doctor has every where delivered his sentiments with freedom, and in many instances with a seeming regard for the benefit of the inhabitants, and the ornament of the country.

His remarks on the want of trees and hedges for shade, as w as for shelter to the cattle, are well founded, and merit t thanks, not the illiberal censure of the natives. He also f for the distresses of the Highlanders, and explodes with gre propriety the bad management of the grounds, and the negle of timber in the Hebrides."

Having quoted Johnson's just compliments on the Ras family, he says, "On the other hand, I found this fami equally lavish in their encomiums upon the Doctor's convers tion, and his subsequent civilities to a young gentleman of th country, who, upon waiting upon him at London, was we received, and experienced all the attention and regard that warm friend could bestow. Mr. Macleod having also been i London, waited upon the Doctor, who provided a magnifice and expensive entertainment in honour of his old Hebridea acquaintance."

And, talking of the military road by Fort Augustus, h says, "By this road, though one of the most rugged in Grea Britain, the celebrated Dr. Johnson passed from Inverness t the Hebride Isles. His observations on the country and peopl are extremely correct, judicious, and instructive." [1]

Mr. Tytler, the acute and able vindicator of Mary Queen o Scots, in one of his letters to Mr. James Elphinstone, pub lished in that gentleman's "Forty Years' Correspondence," says "I read Dr. Johnson's Tour with very great pleasure. Som few errours he has fallen into, but of no great importance, an those are lost in the numberless beauties of his work.

"If I had leisure, I could perhaps point out the most ex ceptionable places; but at present I am in the country, an have not his book at hand. It is plain he meant to speak wel of Scotland: and he has in my apprehension done us grea honour in the most capital article, the character of the inhabitants."

His private letters to Mrs. Thrale, written during the course of his journey, which therefore may be supposed to convey his genuine feelings at the time, abound in such benignant sentiments towards the people who showed him civilities, that no man whose temper is not very harsh and sour, can retain a doubt of the goodness of his heart.

It is painful to recollect with what rancour he was assailed by numbers of shallow irritable North Britons, on account of his supposed injurious treatment of their country and country-

[1] Page 103.

ien, in his "Journey." Had there been any just ground for uch a charge, would the virtuous and candid Dempster have iven his opinion of the book, in the terms which I have uoted? Would the patriotick Knox[1] have spoken of it as e has done? Would Mr. Tytler, surely

"—— a *Scot*, if ever *Scot* there were,"

ave expressed himself thus? And let me add, that, citizen f the world, as I hold myself to be, I have that degree of edilection for my *natale solum*, nay, I have that just sense of ie merit of an ancient nation, which has been ever renowned r its valour, which in former times maintained its indepen- ence against a powerful neighbour, and in modern times has een equally distinguished for its ingenuity and industry in vilized life, that I should have felt a generous indignation at ny injustice done to it. Johnson treated Scotland no worse an he did even his best friends, whose characters he used to ve as they appeared to him, both in light and shade. Some eople, who had not exercised their minds sufficiently, con- emned him for censuring his friends. But Sir Joshua eynolds, whose philosophical penetration and justness of inking were not less known to those who lived with him, an his genius in his art is admired by the world, explained s conduct thus: "He was fond of discrimination, which he ould not show without pointing out the bad as well as the ood in every character; and as his friends were those whose aracters he knew best, they afforded him the best opportunity r showing the acuteness of his judgment."

He expressed to his friend Mr. Windham of Norfolk, his onder at the extreme jealousy of the Scotch, and their re- ntment at having their country described by him as it really as; when, to say that it was a country as good as England, ould have been a gross falsehood. "None of us, (said he,) ould be offended if a foreigner who has travelled here should y, that vines and olives don't grow in England." And as to s prejudice against the Scotch, which I always ascribed to at nationality which he observed in *them*, he said to the same ntleman, "When I find a Scotchman, to whom an English- an is as a Scotchman, that Scotchman shall be as an English- an to me." His intimacy with many gentlemen of Scotland, d his employing so many natives of that country as his anuenses, prove that his prejudice was not virulent; and I

[1] I observed with much regret, while the first edition of this work was passing through press. (August 1790,) that this ingenious gentleman was dead

have deposited in the British Museum, amongst other pieces his writing, the following note in answer to one from m asking if he would meet me at dinner at the Mitre, though friend of mine, a Scotchman, was to be there:—"Mr. Johns does not see why Mr. Boswell should suppose a Scotchm less acceptable than any other man. He will be at the Mitre

My much-valued friend Dr. Barnard, now Bishop of Killalo having once expressed to him an apprehension, that if I should visit Ireland he might treat the people of that count more unfavourably than he had done the Scotch, he answere with strong pointed double-edged wit. "Sir, you have n reason to be afraid of me. The Irish are not in a conspira to cheat the world by false representations of the merits their countrymen. No, Sir; the Irish are a FAIR PEOPLE; they never speak well of one another."

Johnson told me of an instance of Scottish nationalit which made a very unfavourable impression upon his mind A Scotchman of some consideration in London, solicited hi to recommend by the weight of his learned authority, to master of an English school, a person of whom he wh recommended him confessed he knew no more but that h was his countryman. Johnson was shocked at this unconscie tious conduct.

All the miserable cavillings against his "Journey," in new papers, magazines, and other fugitive publications, I ca speak from certain knowledge, only furnished him with spor At last there came out a scurrilous volume, larger than John son's own, filled with malignant abuse, under a name, real fictitious, of some low man in an obscure corner of Scotlan though supposed to be the work of another Scotchma who has found means to make himself well known both Scotland and England. The effect which it had upon Johnso was, to produce this pleasant observation to Mr. Seward, whom he lent the book: "This fellow must be a blockhea They don't know how to go about their abuse. Who will rea a five shilling book against me? No, Sir, if they had wit, the should have kept pelting me with pamphlets."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 18, 177

"You would have been very well pleased if you ha dined with me to-day. I had for my guests, Macquharne

young Maclean of Col, the successor of our friend, a very amiable man, though not marked with such active qualities as his brother; Mr. Maclean of Torloisk in Mull, a gentleman of Sir Allan's family; and two of the clan Grant; so that the Highland and Hebridean genius reigned. We had a great deal of conversation about you, and drank your health in a bumper. The toast was not proposed by me, which is a circumstance to be remarked, for I am now so connected with you, that any thing that I can say or do to your honour has not the value of an additional compliment. It is only giving you a guinea out of that treasure of admiration which already belongs to you, and which is no hidden treasure; for I suppose my admiration of you is co-existent with the knowledge of my character.

"I find that the Highlanders and Hebrideans in general are much fonder of your 'Journey,' than the low-country or *hither* Scots. One of the Grants said to-day, that he was sure you were a man of a good heart, and a candid man, and seemed to hope he should be able to convince you of the antiquity of a good proportion of the poems of Ossian. After all that has passed, I think the matter is capable of being proved to a certain degree. I am told that Macpherson got one old Erse MS. from Clanranald, for the restitution of which he executed a formal obligation; and it is affirmed, that the Gaelick (call it Erse or call it Irish,) has been written in the Highlands and Hebrides for many centuries. It is reasonable to suppose, that such of the inhabitants as acquired any learning, possessed the art of writing as well as their Irish neighbours, and Celtick cousins; and the question is, can sufficient evidence be shown of this?

"Those who are skilled in ancient writings can determine the age of MSS. or at least can ascertain the century in which they were written; and if men of veracity, who are so skilled, shall tell us that MSS. in possession of families in the Highlands and isles, are the works of a remote age, I think we should be convinced by their testimony.

"There is now come to this city, Ranald Macdonald from the Isle of Egg, who has several MSS. of Erse poetry, which he wishes to publish by subscription. I have engaged to take three copies of the book, the price of which is to be six shillings, as I would subscribe for all the Erse that can be printed be it old or new, that the language may be preserved. This man says, that some of his manuscripts are ancient; and,

to be sure, one of them which was shewn to me does appear have the duskyness of antiquity.

* * * * * *

"The enquiry is not yet quite hopeless, and I should thi that the exact truth may be discovered, if proper means used. I am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL

"To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM sorry that I could get no books for my friends Scotland. Mr. Strahan has at last promised to send two doz to you. If they come put the name of my friends into then you may cut them out,[1] and paste them with a little starch the book.

"You then are going wild about Ossian. Why do you thi any part can be proved? The dusky manuscript of Egg probably not fifty years old; if it be an hundred, it prov nothing. The tale of Clanranald is no proof. Has Clanrana told it? Can he prove it? There are, I believe, no Er manuscripts. None of the old families had a single letter Erse that we heard of. You say it is likely that they cou write. The learned, if any learned there were, could; b knowing by that learning, some written language, in th language they wrote, as letters had never been applied to the own. If there are manuscripts, let them be shewn, with som proof that they are not forged for the occasion. You say man can remember parts of Ossian. I believe all those parts a versions of the English; at least there is no proof of the antiquity.

"Macpherson is said to have made some translations himsel and having taught a boy to write it, ordered him to say that h had learnt it of his grandmother. The boy, when he grew u told the story. This Mrs. Williams heard at Mr. Strahan table. Don't be credulous; you know how little a Highland can be trusted. Macpherson is, so far as I know, very quie Is not that proof enough? Every thing is against him. N visible manuscript: no inscription in the language: no corre spondence among friends: no transaction of business, of whic a single scrap remains in the ancient families. Macpherson' pretence is, that the character was Saxon. If he had not talk unskilfully of *manuscripts*, he might have fought with ou

[1] From a list in his hand-writing.

radition much longer. As to Mr. Grant's information, I uppose he knows much less of the matter than ourselves.

"In the meantime, the bookseller says that the sale[1] is ufficiently quick. They printed four thousand. Correct your opy wherever it is wrong, and bring it up. Your friends will ll be glad to see you. I think of going myself into the ountry about May.

"I am sorry that I have not managed to send the book ooner. I have left four for you, and do not restrict you bsolutely to follow my directions in the distribution. You must use your own discretion.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I suppose she is ow beginning to forgive me. I am, dear Sir, your humble ervant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

'Feb. 25, 1775."

On Tuesday, March 21, I arrived in London; and on epairing to Dr. Johnson's before dinner, found him in his tudy, sitting with Mr. Peter Garrick, the elder brother of David, strongly resembling him in countenance and voice, but of more sedate and placid manners. Johnson informed me, hat though Mr. Beauclerk was in great pain, it was hoped he was not in danger, and that he now wished to consult Dr. Heberden, to try the effect of a "*new understanding*." Both at this interview, and in the evening at Mr. Thrale's, where he and Mr. Peter Garrick and I met again, he was vehement on the subject of the Ossian controversy; observing, "We do not know that there are any ancient Erse manuscripts; and we have no other reason to disbelieve that there are men with three heads, but that we do not know that there are any such men." He also was outrageous, upon his supposition that my countrymen "loved Scotland better than truth," saying, "All of them,—nay not all,—but *droves* of them, would come up, and attest any thing for the honour of Scotland." He also persevered in his wild assertion, that he questioned if there was a tree between Edinburgh and the English border older than himself. I assured him he was mistaken, and suggested that the proper punishment would be that he should receive a stripe at every tree above a hundred years old, that was found within that space. He laughed, and said, "I believe I might submit to it for a *baubee*!"

[1] Of his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."

The doubts which, in my correspondence with him, I h
ventured to state as to the justice and wisdom of the condu
of Great-Britain towards the American colonies, while I at t
same time requested that he would enable me to inform mys
upon that momentous subject, he had altogether disregarde
and had recently published a pamphlet, entitled "Taxation n
Tyranny; an answer to the Resolutions and Address of t
American Congress." *

He had long before indulged most unfavourable sentimen
of our fellow-subjects in America. For, as early as 1769, I w
told by Dr. John Campbell, that he had said of them, "Si
they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for an
thing we allow them short of hanging."

Of this performance I avoided to talk with him; for I ha
now formed a clear and settled opinion, that the people o
America were well warranted to resist a claim that their fello
subjects in the mother-country should have the entire comman
of their fortunes, by taxing them without their own consent
and the extreme violence which it breathed, appeared to me s
unsuitable to the mildness of a christian philosopher, and s
directly opposite to the principles of peace which he had s
beautifully recommended in his pamphlet respecting Falkland'
Islands, that I was sorry to see him appear in so unfavourabl
a light. Besides, I could not perceive in it that ability o
argument, or that felicity of expression, for which he was, upo
other occasions, so eminent. Positive assertion, sarcastica
severity, and extravagant ridicule, which he himself reprobate
as a test of truth, were united in this rhapsody.

That this pamphlet was written at the desire of those wh
were then in power, I have no doubt: and, indeed, he owne
to me, that it had been revised and curtailed by some of them
He told me, that they had struck out one passage, which wa
to this effect: "That the Colonists could with no solidity argue
from their not having been taxed while in their infancy, that
they should not now be taxed. We do not put a calf into the
plow: we wait till he is an ox." He said, "They struck it out
either critically as too ludicrous, or politically as too exasperating
I care not which. It was their business. If an architect says,
I will build five stories, and the man who employs him says,
I will have only three, the employer is to decide." "Yes, Sir,
(said I,) in ordinary cases. But should it be so when the
architect gives his skill and labour *gratis*?"

Unfavourable as I am constrained to say my opinion of this

amphlet was, yet, since it was congenial with the sentiments f numbers at that time, and as every thing relating to the ritings of Dr. Johnson is of importance in literary history, shall therefore insert some passages which were struck out, it oes not appear why, either by himself or those who revised it. hey appear printed in a few proof leaves of it in my possession, narked with corrections in his own hand-writing. I shall istinguish them by *Italicks*.

In the paragraph where he says, the Americans were incited o resistance by European Intelligence from "men whom they nought their friends, but who were friends only to themselves," here followed,—"*and made by their selfishness, the enemies of heir country.*"

And the next paragraph ran thus: "On the original contrivers f mischief, *rather than on those whom they have deluded*, let an nsulted nation pour out its vengeance."

The paragraph which came next was in these words: *Unhappy s that country in which men can hope for advancement by favouring its enemies. The tranquillity of stable government is not lways easily preserved against the machinations of single innovators; but what can be the hope of quiet, when factions hostile to he legislature can be openly formed and openly avowed?*

After the paragraph which now concludes the pamphlet, there ollowed this, in which he certainly means the great Earl of Chatham, and glances at a certain popular Lord Chancellor.

"*If, by the fortune of war, they drive us utterly away, what hey will do next can only be conjectured. If a new monarchy is rected, they will want a* KING. *He who first takes into his and the sceptre of America, should have a name of good omen.* WILLIAM *has been known both a conqueror and deliverer; and erhaps England, however contemned, might yet supply them with* ANOTHER WILLIAM. *Whigs, indeed, are not willing to be overned; and it is possible that* KING WILLIAM *may be strongly nclined to guide their measures: but Whigs have been cheated ike other mortals, and suffered their leader to become their tyrant, nder the name of their* PROTECTOR. *What more they will eceive from England, no man can tell. In their rudiments of mpire they may want a* CHANCELLOR."

Then came this paragraph:

"*Their numbers are, at present, not quite sufficient for the reatness which, in some form of government or other, is to rival he ancient monarchies; but by Dr. Franklin's rule of progression, hey will, in a century and a quarter, be more than equal to the*

inhabitants of Europe. When the Whigs of America are t multiplied, let the Princes of the earth tremble in their pala If they should continue to double and to double, their own hem sphere would not contain them. But let not our boldest oppugn of authority look forward with delight to this futurity Whiggism."

How it ended I know not, as it is cut off abruptly at t foot of the last of these proof pages.

His pamphlets in support of the measures of administrati were published on his own account, and he afterwards collect them into a volume, with the title of "Political Tracts, by t Authour of the Rambler," with this motto:

> *"Fallitur egregio quisquis sub Principe credit*
> *Servitium; nunquam libertas gratior extat*
> *Quam sub Rege pio."* CLAUDIANUS.

These pamphlets drew upon him numerous attacks. Again the common weapons of literary warfare he was hardened; b there were two instances of animadversion which I commun cated to him, and from what I could judge, both from h silence and his looks, appeared to me to impress him muc

One was, "A Letter to Dr. Samuel Johnson, occasioned b his late political Publications." It appeared previous to h "Taxation no Tyranny," and was written by Dr. Josep Towers. In that performance, Dr. Johnson was treated wit the respect due to so eminent a man, while his conduct as political writer was boldly and pointedly arraigned, as incon sistent with the character of one, who, if he did employ h pen upon politicks, "it might reasonably be expected shoul distinguish himself, not by party violence and rancour, but b moderation and by wisdom."

It concluded thus: "I would, however, wish you to remem ber, should you again address the publick under the characte of a political writer, that luxuriance of imagination or energ of language, will ill compensate for the want of candour, o justice, and of truth. And I shall only add, that should hereafter be disposed to read, as I heretofore have done, th most excellent of all your performances, 'THE RAMBLER,' th pleasure which I have been accustomed to find in it will be much diminished by the reflection that the writer of so moral so elegant, and so valuable a work, was capable of prostituting his talents in such productions as 'The False Alarm,' the 'Thoughts on the Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands,' and 'The Patriot.'"

I am willing to do justice to the merit of Dr. Towers, of hom I will say, that although I abhor his Whiggish demo-ratical notions and propensities, (for I will not call them rinciples,) I esteem him as an ingenious, knowing, and very onvivial man.

The other instance was a paragraph of a letter to me, from y old and most intimate friend the Reverend Mr. Temple, ho wrote the character of Gray, which has had the honour to e adopted both by Mr. Mason and Dr. Johnson in their ccounts of that poet. The words were, "How can your reat, I will not say your *pious*, but your *moral* friend, support he barbarous measures of administration, which they have not he face to ask even their infidel pensioner Hume to defend?"

However confident of the rectitude of his own mind, John-on may have felt sincere uneasiness that his conduct should e erroneously imputed to unworthy motives, by good men; nd that the influence of his valuable writings should on that ccount be in any degree obstructed or lessened.

He complained to a Right Honourable friend of distin-uished talents and very elegant manners, with whom he aintained a long intimacy, and whose generosity towards m will afterwards appear, that his pension having been given him as a literary character, he had been applied to by lministration to write political pamphlets; and he was even much irritated, that he declared his resolution to resign his ension. His friend showed him the impropriety of such a easure, and he afterwards expressed his gratitude, and said e had received good advice. To that friend he once signified wish to have his pension secured to him for his life; but he either asked nor received from government any reward what-ever for his political labours.

On Friday, March 24, I met him at the LITERARY CLUB, here were Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Colman, Dr. ercy, Mr. Vesey, Sir Charles Bunbury, Dr. George Fordyce, r. Steevens, and Mr. Charles Fox. Before he came in, we lked of his "Journey to the Western Islands," and of his oming away, "willing to believe the second sight,"[1] which emed to excite some ridicule. I was then so impressed with e truth of many of the stories of which I had been told, at I avowed my conviction, saying, "He is only *willing* to lieve: I *do* believe. The evidence is enough for me, though ot for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle will

[1] Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," edit. 1785, p. 256.

fill a pint bottle. I am filled with belief." "Are you? (s
Colman,) then cork it up."

I found his "Journey" the common topick of conversati
in London at this time, wherever I happened to be. At o
of Lord Mansfield's formal Sunday evening conversatio
strangely called *Levées*, his Lordship addressed me, "We ha
all been reading your travels, Mr. Boswell." I answered,
was but the humble attendant of Dr. Johnson." The Ch
Justice replied, with that air and manner which none, who ev
saw and heard him, can forget, "He speaks ill of nobody b
Ossian."

Johnson was in high spirits this evening at the club, a
talked with great animation and success. He attacked Swi
as he used to do upon all occasions. "The 'Tale of a Tu
is so much superiour to his other writings, that one can hard
believe he was the authour of it:[1] there is in it such a vigo
of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, a
art, and life." I wondered to hear him say of "Gullive
Travel," "When once you have thought of big men and lit
men, it is very easy to do all the rest." I endeavoured
make a stand for Swift, and tried to rouse those who we
much more able to defend him; but in vain. Johnson at la
of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the invento
of articles found in the pocket of "the Man Mountain
particularly the description of his watch, which it was co
jectured was his GOD, as he consulted it upon all occasio
He observed, that "Swift put his name to but two things, (aft
he had a name to put,) 'The Plan for the Improvement of t
English language,' and the last 'Drapier's Letter.'"

From Swift, there was an easy transition to Mr. Thom
Sheridan.—JOHNSON. "Sheridan is a wonderful admirer
the tragedy of Douglas, and presented its authour with a go
medal. Some years ago, at a coffee-house in Oxford, I call

[1] This doubt has been much agitated on both sides, I think without good reason. S
Addison's "Freeholder," May 4, 1714; An Apology for the Tale of a Tub;—
Hawkesworth's Preface to Swift's Works, and Swift's Letter to Tooke the Printer, a
Tooke's Answer in that collection;—Sheridan's Life of Swift; Mr. Courtenay's n
on p. 3 of his "Poetical Review of the Literary and Moral Character of Dr. Johnson
and Mr. Cooksey's "Essay on the Life and Character of John Lord Somers, Baron
Evesham."

Dr. Johnson here speaks only to the *internal evidence*. I take leave to differ fr
him, having a very high estimation of the powers of Dr. Swift. His "Sentiments o
Church-of-Englandman;" his "Sermon on the Trinity," and other serious piec
prove his learning as well as his acuteness in logick and metaphysicks; and his vario
compositions of a different cast exhibit not only wit, humour, and ridicule; but
knowledge "of nature, and art, and life;" a combination therefore of those powe
when (as the "Apology" says,) "the authour was young, his invention at the height
and his reading fresh in his head," might surely produce "*The Tale of a Tub.*"

o him, 'Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Sheridan, how came you to give a old medal to Home, for writing that foolish play?' This, ou see, was wanton and insolent; but I *meant* to be wanton nd insolent. A medal has no value but as a stamp of merit. nd was Sheridan to assume to himself the right of giving that amp? If Sheridan was magnificent enough to bestow a gold edal as an honorary reward of dramatick excellence, he ould have requested one of the Universities to choose the erson on whom it should be conferred. Sheridan had no right give a stamp of merit: it was counterfeiting Apollo's coin."

On Monday, March 27, I breakfasted with him at Mr. rahan's. He told us, that he was engaged to go that evening Mrs. Abington's benefit. "She was visiting some ladies hom I was visiting, and begged that I would come to her enefit. I told her I could not hear: but she insisted so uch on my coming, that it would have been brutal to have fused her." This was a speech quite characteristical. He ved to bring forward his having been in the gay circles of e; and he was, perhaps, a little vain of the solicitations of is elegant and fashionable actress. He told us, the play was be "The Hypocrite," altered from Cibber's "Nonjuror," so to satirize the Methodists. "I do not think (said he,) the aracter of the Hypocrite justly applicable to the Methodists, ut it was very applicable to the Nonjurors. I once said to r. Madan, a clergyman of Ireland, who was a great Whig, at perhaps a Nonjuror would have been less criminal in king the oaths imposed by the ruling power, than refusing em; because refusing them, necessarily laid him under almost irresistible temptation to be more criminal; for, a man *must* e, and if he precludes himself from the support furnished by e establishment, will probably be reduced to very wicked ifts to maintain himself."[1] BOSWELL. "I should think, Sir,

[1] This was not merely a cursory remark; for in his Life of Fenton he observes, With many other wise and virtuous men, who at that time of discord and debate out the beginning of this century,] consulted conscience well or ill informed, more n interest, he doubted the legality of the government; and refusing to qualify him- for publick employment, by taking the oaths required, left the University without egree." This conduct Johnson calls "perverseness of integrity."

The question concerning the morality of taking oaths, of whatever kind, imposed by prevailing power at the time, rather than to be excluded from all consequence, or n any considerable usefulness in society, has been agitated with all the acuteness casuistry. It is related, that he who devised the oath of abjuration, profligately sted, that he had framed a test which should "damn one half of the nation, and ve the other." Upon minds not exalted to inflexible rectitude, or minds in which for a party is predominant to excess, taking that oath against conviction may have n palliated under the plea of necessity, or ventured upon in heat, as upon the whole ducing more good than evil.

t a county election in Scotland, many years ago, when there was a warm contest ween the friends of the Hanoverian succession, and those against it, the oath of

that a man who took the oaths contrary to his principles, w
a determined wicked man, because he was sure he was co
mitting perjury, whereas a Nonjuror might be insensibly led
do what was wrong, without being so directly conscious of i
JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, a man who goes to bed to his patro
wife is pretty sure that he is committing wickedness." BOSWE
"Did the nonjuring clergyman do so, Sir?" JOHNSON.
am afraid many of them did."

I was startled at this argument, and could by no means thi
it convincing. Had not his own father complied with t
requisition of government, (as to which he once observed
me, when I pressed him upon it, "*That*, Sir, he was to set
with himself,") he would probably have thought mo
unfavourably of a Jacobite who took the oaths:

"—— had he not resembled
My father as he *swore*.——"

Mr. Strahan talked of launching into the great ocean
London, in order to have a chance for rising into eminenc
and, observing that many men were kept back from trying th
fortunes there, because they were born to a competency, sa
"Small certainties are the bane of men of talents;" whi
Johnson confirmed. Mr. Strahan put Johnson in mind o
remark which he had made to him; "There are few ways
which a man can be more innocently employed than in getti
money." "The more one thinks of this, (said Strahan,)
juster it will appear."

Mr. Strahan had taken a poor boy from the country as
apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson hav
enquired after him, said, "Mr. Strahan, let me have f
guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a m
recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it is sad wo
Call him down."

I followed him into the court-yard, behind Mr. Straha
house; and there I had a proof of what I had heard h
profess, that he talked alike to all. "Some people tell you t
they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers.
never do that. I speak uniformly, in as intelligible a manı
as I can."

"Well, my boy, how do you go on?"—"Pretty well, S

abjuration having been demanded, the freeholders upon one side rose to go aw
Upon which a very sanguine gentleman, one of their number, ran to the door to
them, calling out with much earnestness, "Stay, stay, my friends, and let us swear
rogues out of it!"

ut they are afraid I an't strong enough for some parts of
ne business." JOHNSON. "Why, I shall be sorry for it; for
hen you consider with how little mental power and corporeal
abour a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable
ccupation for you. Do you hear,—take all the pains you can;
nd if this does not do, we must think of some other way of life
or you. There's a guinea."

Here was one of the many, many instances of his active
enevolence. At the same time, the slow and sonorous
olemnity with which, while he bent himself down, he addressed
little thick short legged boy, contrasted with the boy's
ukwardness and awe, could not but excite some ludicrous
motions.

I met him at Drury lane play-house in the evening. Sir
oshua Reynolds, at Mrs. Abington's request, had promised to
ring a body of wits to her benefit; and having secured forty
laces in the front boxes, had done me the honour to put me
the group. Johnson sat on the seat directly behind me;
nd as he could neither see nor hear at such a distance from the
age, he was wrapped up in grave abstraction, and seemed
uite a cloud, amidst all the sunshine of glitter and gaiety. I
ondered at his patience in sitting out a play of five acts, and
farce of two. He said very little; but after the prologue
"Bon Ton" had been spoken, which he could hear pretty
ell from the more slow and distinct utterance, he talked on
rologue-writing, and observed, "Dryden has written prologues
uperiour to any that David Garrick has written; but David
arrick has written more good prologues than Dryden has
one. It is wonderful that he has been able to write such
ariety of them."

At Mr. Beauclerk's, where I supped, was Mr. Garrick, whom
made happy with Johnson's praise of his prologues; and I
uppose, in gratitude to him, he took up one of his favourite
picks, the nationality of the Scotch, which he maintained in
pleasant manner, with the aid of a little poetical fiction.
Come, come, don't deny it: they are really national. Why,
ow, the Adams are as liberal-minded men as any in the world:
ut, I don't know how it is, all their workmen are Scotch. You
e, to be sure, wonderfully free from that nationality: but so
happens, that you employ the only Scotch shoeblack in
ondon." He imitated the manner of his old master with
dicrous exaggeration; repeating, with pauses and half
histlings interjected,

" Os homini sublime dedit,—cælumque tueri
Jussit,—et erectos ad sidera—tollere vultus ;"

looking downwards all the time, and, while pronouncing t
four last words, absolutely touching the ground with a kind
contorted gesticulation.

Garrick, however, when he pleased, could imitate Johns
very exactly ; for that great actor, with his distinguished pow
of expression which were so universally admired, possessed a
an admirable talent of mimicry. He was always jealous t
Johnson spoke lightly of him. I recollect his exhibiting h
to me one day, as if saying, " Davy has some convi
pleasantry about him, but 'tis a futile fellow ;" which
uttered perfectly with the tone and air of Johnson.

I cannot too frequently request of my readers, while th
peruse my account of Johnson's conversation, to endeavour
keep in mind his deliberate and strong utterance. His mo
of speaking was indeed very impressive ;[1] and I wish it co
be preserved as musick is written, according to the v
ingenious method of Mr. Steele,[2] who has shown how t
recitation of Mr. Garrick, and other eminent speakers, might
transmitted to posterity *in score*.[3]

Next day I dined with Johnson at Mr. Thrale's.
attacked Gray, calling him "a dull fellow." BOSWELL.
understand he was reserved, and might appear dull in compar
but surely he was not dull in poetry." JOHNSON. "Sir, he w
dull in company, dull in his closet, dull every where. He w
dull in a new way, and that made many people think h
GREAT. He was a mechanical poet." He then repeated so
ludicrous lines, which have escaped my memory, and said, "
not that GREAT, like his Odes?" Mrs. Thrale maintained th
his Odes were melodious ; upon which he exclaimed,

[1] My noble friend Lord Pembroke said once to me at Wilton, with a happy pleasa
and some truth, that " Dr. Johnson's sayings would not appear so extraordinary, wer
not for his *bow-wow-way*." The sayings themselves are generally of sterling merit ;
doubtless, his *manner* was an addition to their effect ; and therefore should be atte
to as much as may be. It is necessary, however, to guard those who were not acquai
with him, against overcharged imitations or caricatures of his manner, which
frequently attempted, and many of which are second-hand copies from the late
Henderson the actor, who, though a good mimick of some persons, did not repre
Johnson correctly.

[2] See " *Prosodia Rationalis* ; or, an Essay towards establishing the Melody
Measure of Speech, to be expressed and perpetuated by peculiar Symbols." Lon
1779.

[3] I use the phrase *in score*, as Dr. Johnson has explained it in his Dictionary.
song in SCORE, the words with the musical notes of a song annexed." But I underst
that in scientifick propriety it means all the parts of a musical composition noted dow
the characters by which it is exhibited to the eye of the skilful.

[It was *declamation* that Steele pretended to reduce to notation by new charact
This he called the *melody* of speech, not the *harmony*, which the term in *score* implie
BURNEY.]

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof;"—

added, in a solemn tone,

"'The winding sheet of Edward's race.'

There is a good line."—"Ay, (said he,) and the next line is a ood one," (pronouncing it contemptuously;)

"Give ample verge and room enough."—

'No, Sir, there are but two good stanzas in Gray's poetry, vhich are in his 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'" He then epeated the stanza,

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey," &c.

nistaking one word; for instead of *precincts* he said *confines*. He added, "The other stanza I forget."

A young lady who had married a man much her inferiour in ank being mentioned, a question arose how a woman's relations hould behave to her in such a situation; and, while I ecapitulate the debate, and recollect what has since happened, cannot but be struck in a manner that delicacy forbids me to xpress. While I contended that she ought to be treated with n inflexible steadiness of displeasure, Mrs. Thrale was all for nildness and forgiveness, and, according to the vulgar phrase, making the best of a bad bargain." JOHNSON. "Madam, we nust distinguish. Were I a man of rank, I would not let a aughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but having oluntarily degraded herself from the station which she was riginally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that hich she herself had chosen; and would not put her on a evel with my other daughters. You are to consider, Madam, nat it is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilized ociety; and when there is a gross and shameful deviation om rank, it should be punished so as to deter others from ne same perversion."

After frequently considering this subject, I am more and more onfirmed in what I then meant to express, and which was nctioned by the authority, and illustrated by the wisdom of ohnson; and I think it of the utmost consequence to the appiness of Society, to which subordination is absolutely ecessary. It is weak, and contemptible, and unworthy, in parent to relax in such a case. It is sacrificing general dvantage to private feelings. And let it be considered, that e claim of a daughter who has acted thus, to be restored to er former situation, is either fantastical or unjust. If there be

no value in the distinction of rank, what does she suffer being kept in the situation to which she has descended? there be a value in that distinction, it ought to be stea maintained. If indulgence be shown to such conduct, and offenders know that in a longer or shorter time they shall received as well as if they had not contaminated their blood a base alliance, the great check upon that inordinate capr which generally occasions low marriages, will be removed, a the fair and comfortable order of improved life will miserably disturbed.

Lord Chesterfield's letters being mentioned, Johnson sa "It was not to be wondered at that they had so great a sa considering that they were the letters of a statesman, a wit, o who had been so much in the mouths of mankind, one lo accustomed *virûm volitare per ora*."

On Friday, March 31, I supped with him and some frien at a tavern. One of the company attempted, with too mu forwardness, to rally him on his late appearance at the theatr but had reason to repent of his temerity. "Why, Sir, did y go to Mrs. Abington's benefit? Did you see?" JOHNSO "No, Sir." "Did you hear?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir." "W then, Sir, did you go?" JOHNSON. "Because, Sir, she is favourite of the publick; and when the publick cares t thousandth part for you that it does for her, I will go to yo benefit too."

Next morning I won a small bet from Lady Diana Beaucler by asking him as to one of his particularities, which her Lad ship laid I durst not do. It seems he had been frequent observed at the club to put into his pocket the Seville orange after he had squeezed the juice of them into the drink whic he made for himself. Beauclerk and Garrick talked of it me, and seemed to think that he had a strange unwillingne to be discovered. We could not divine what he did wi them; and this was the bold question to be put. I saw on h table the spoils of the preceding night, some fresh peels nice scraped and cut into pieces. "O, Sir, (said I,) I now part see what you do with the squeezed oranges which you put in your pocket at the Club." JOHNSON. "I have a great lo for them." BOSWELL. "And pray, Sir, what do you do wit them? You scrape them it seems, very neatly, and wh next?" JOHNSON. "Let them dry, Sir." BOSWELL. "An what next?" JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, you shall know their fa no further." BOSWELL. "Then the world must be left in th

rk. It must be said (assuming a mock solemnity,) he scraped em and let them dry, but what he did with them next, he ver could be prevailed upon to tell." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, u should say it more emphatically :—he could not be prevailed on, even by his dearest friends, to tell."

He had this morning received his Diploma as Doctor of ws from the University of Oxford. He did not vaunt of his w dignity, but I understood he was highly pleased with it. hall here insert the progress and completion of that high ademical honour, in the same manner as I have traced his taining that of Master of Arts.

the Reverend Dr. FOTHERGILL, *Vice-Chancellor of the University of* Oxford, *to be communicated to the Heads of Houses, and proposed in Convocation.*

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN,

"THE honour of the degree of M. A. by diploma, formerly nferred upon Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in consequence of his ving eminently distinguished himself by the publication of a ries of Essays, excellently calculated to form the manners of e people, and in which the cause of religion and morality has en maintained and recommended by the strongest powers of gument and elegance of language, reflected an equal degree lustre upon the University itself.

"The many learned labours which have since that time nployed the attention and displayed the abilities of that eat man, so much to the advancement of literature and the nefit of the community, render him worthy of more dis-guished honours in the Republick of letters: and I persuade rself, that I shall act agreeably to the sentiments of the whole niversity, in desiring that it may be proposed in Convocation confer on him the degree of Doctor in Civil Law by diploma which I readily give my consent; and am,

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor and gentlemen,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"NORTH."[1]

'Downing Street,
rch 23, 1775."

DIPLOMA.

CANCELLARIUS, Magistri, et Scholares Universitatis Oxoniensis omnibus ad quos presentes Litere pervenerint, salutem in Domino Sempiternam.

[1] Extracted from the Convocation Register, Oxford.

"SCIATIS, *virum illustrem*, SAMUELEM JOHNSON, *in o humaniorum literarum genere eruditum, omniumque scientiar comprehensione felicissimum, scriptis suis, ad popularium mo formandos summâ verborum elegantiâ ac sententiarum gravit compositis, ita olim inclaruisse, ut dignus videretur sui Academiâ suâ eximia quædam laudis præmia deferentur, qui venerabilem Magistrorum Ordinem summâ cum digni cooptaretur:*

"*Cùm verò eundem clarissimum virum tot posteà tanti labores, in patriâ præsertim linguâ ornandâ et stabiliendâ f citer impensi, ita insigniverint, ut in Literarum Republi* PRINCEPS *jam et* PRIMARIUS *jure habeatur; Nos*, CANC LARIUS, *Magistri, et Scholares Universitatis Oxoniensis, talis viri merita pari honoris remuneratione exæquentur, et p petuum suæ simul laudis, nostræque ergà literas propensissi voluntatis extet monumentum, in solemni Convocatione Doctor et Magistrorum, Regentium, et non Regentium, prædict* SAMUELEM JOHNSON *Doctorem in Jure Civili renunciavimus constituimus, eumque virtute præsentis Diplomatis singulis ju bus, privilegiis et honoribus, ad istum gradum quàquà pertine bus, frui et gaudere jussimus. In cujus rei testimonium comm Universitatis Oxoniensis sigillum præsentibus apponi fecimus.*

"*Datum in Domo nostræ Convocationis die tricesimo Men Martii, Anno Domini Millesimo septingentesimo, septuagesi quinto.*"[1]

"*Viro Reverendo* THOMÆ FOTHERGILL, *S. T. P. Universitatis Oxoniensis Vice-Cancellario. S. P. D.* SAM. JOHNSON.

"*MULTIS non est opus, ut testimonium quo, te præsi Oxonienses nomen meum posteris commendârunt, quali ani acceperim compertum faciam. Nemo sibi placens non lætatu*

[1] The original is in my possession. He shewed me the Diploma, and allowed me read it, but would not consent to my taking a copy of it, fearing perhaps that I sho blaze it abroad in his life-time. His objection to this appears from his 99th letter to M Thrale, whom in that letter he thus scolds for the grossness of her flattery of him —"' other Oxford news is, that they have sent me a degree of Doctor of Laws, with s praises in the Diploma as perhaps ought to make me ashamed; they are very like y praises. I wonder whether I shall ever shew it to you.

It is remarkable that he never, so far as I know, assumed his title of *Doctor*, but cal himself *Mr.* Johnson, as appears from many of his cards or notes to myself, and I have s many from him to other persons, in which he uniformly takes that designation —I o observed on his table a letter directed to him with the addition of *Esquire*, and obje to it as being a designation inferiour to that of Doctor; but he checked me, and seem pleased with it, because, as I conjectured, he liked to be sometimes taken out of the c of literary men, and to be merely *genteel*. - *un gentilhomme comme un autre.*

mo sibi non placet, qui vobis, literarum arbitris, placere potuit. ōc tamen habet incommodi tantum beneficium, quod mihi nun- am posthāc sine vestræ famæ detrimento vel labi liceat vel sare; semperque sit timendum ne quod mihi tam eximiæ laudi , vobis aliquando fiat opprobrio. Vale."[1]

"7 id. Apr. 1775"

He revised some sheets of Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scot- nd," and wrote a few notes on the margin with red ink, nich he bade me tell his Lordship did not sink into the per, and might be wiped off with a wet sponge, so that he l not spoil his manuscript.—I observed to him that there re very few of his friends so accurate as that I could venture put down in writing what they told me as his sayings. HNSON. "Why should you write down *my* sayings?" SWELL. "I write them when they are good." JOHNSON. Nay, you may as well write down the sayings of any one else t are good." But *where*, I might with great propriety have ded, can I find such?

I visited him by appointment in the evening, and we drank with Mrs. Williams. He told me that he had been in the mpany of a gentleman whose extraordinary travels had been ich the subject of conversation. But I found he had not ened to him with that full confidence, without which there ittle satisfaction in the society of travellers. I was curious hear what opinion so able a judge as Johnson had formed his abilities, and I asked if he was not a man of sense. HNSON. "Why, Sir, he is not a distinct relater; and I should ; he is neither abounding nor deficient in sense. I did not ceive any superiority of understanding." BOSWELL. "But l you not allow him a nobleness of resolution, in penetrating o distant regions?" JOHNSON. "That, Sir, is not to the sent purpose: We are talking of sense. A fighting cock a nobleness of resolution."

Next day, Sunday April 2, I dined with him at Mr. Hoole's. talked of Pope. JOHNSON. "He wrote his 'Dunciad' fame. That was his primary motive. Had it not been for t, the dunces might have railed against him till they were ary, without his troubling himself about them. He delighted vex them, no doubt; but he had more delight in seeing how l he could vex them."

The "Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion," in ridicule of

[1] "The original is in the hands of Dr. Fothergill, then Vice-Chancellor, who made this script."—T. WARTON.

"cool Mason and warm Gray," being mentioned, Johns said "They are Colman's best things." Upon its be observed that it was believed these Odes were made Colman and Lloyd jointly;—JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, how c two people make an Ode? Perhaps one made one of the and one the other." I observed that two people had made play, and quoted the anecdote of Beaumont and Fletcher, w were brought under suspicion of treason, because while co certing the plan of a tragedy when sitting together at a tave one of them was overheard saying to the other, "I'll kill t King." JOHNSON. "The first of these Odes is the best; b they are both good. They exposed a very bad kind writing." BOSWELL. "Surely, Sir, Mr. Mason's 'Elfrida' a fine Poem: at least you will allow there are some go passages in it." JOHNSON. "There are now and then so good imitations of Milton's bad manner."

I often wondered at his low estimation of the writings Gray and Mason. Of Gray's poetry I have in a former part this work, expressed my high opinion; and for that of M Mason I have ever entertained a warm admiration. H "Elfrida" is exquisite, both in poetical description and mo sentiment; and his "Caractacus" is a noble drama. Nor c I omit paying my tribute of praise to some of his small poems, which I have read with pleasure, and which no criticis shall persuade me not to like. If I wondered at Johnson n tasting the works of Mason and Gray, still more have wondered at their not tasting his works: that they should b insensible to his energy of diction, to his splendour of image and comprehension of thought. Tastes may differ as to th violin, the flute, the hautboy, in short all the lesser instr ments: but who can be insensible to the powerful impressio of the majestick organ?

His "Taxation no Tyranny" being mentioned, he said, " think I have not been attacked enough for it. Attack is th re-action; I never think I have hit hard, unless it re-bounds BOSWELL. "I don't know, Sir, what you would be at. Fi or six shots of small arms in every newspaper, and repeate cannonading in pamphlets, might, I think, satisfy you. Bu Sir, you'll never make out this match, of which we have talke with a certain political lady, since you are so severe again her principles." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I have the bett chance for that. She is like the Amazons of old; she mu be courted by the sword. But I have not been severe upo

r." BOSWELL. "Yes, Sir, you have made her ridiculous." HNSON. "That was already done, Sir. To endeavour to ke *her* ridiculous, is like blacking the chimney."

I put him in mind that the landlord at Ellon in Scotland d, that he heard he was the greatest man in England,—next Lord Mansfield. "Ay, Sir, (said he,) the exception defined e idea. A Scotchman could go no further:

'The force of Nature could no further go.'"

Lady Miller's collection of verses by fashionable people, ich were put into her Vase at Batheaston villa, near Bath, competition for honorary prizes, being mentioned, he held em very cheap: "*Bouts rimés* (said he,) is a mere conceit, d an *old* conceit *now*; I wonder how people were persuaded write in that manner for this lady." I named a gentleman his acquaintance who wrote for the Vase. JOHNSON. "He s a blockhead for his pains." BOSWELL. "The Duchess Northumberland wrote." JOHNSON. "Sir, the Duchess of rthumberland may do what she pleases: nobody will say thing to a lady of her high rank. But I should be apt to ow * * * * * *'s verses in his face."

I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet-street, owing to the nstant quick succession of people which we perceive passing ough it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Fleet-street has a very mated appearance; but I think the full tide of human stence is at Charing-cross."

He made the common remark on the unhappiness which n who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in pectation of enjoying themselves at ease, and that they nerally languish for want of their habitual occupation, and h to return to it. He mentioned as strong an instance of s as can well be imagined. "An eminent tallow-chandler London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a ntry-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid quent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let n know their *melting-days*, and he would come and assist m; which he accordingly did. Here, Sir, was a man, to om the most disgusting circumstances in the business to ch he had been used, was a relief from idleness."

On Wednesday, April 5, I dined with him at Messieurs lys, with Mr. John Scott of Amwell, the Quaker, Mr. gton, Mr. Miller, (now Sir John,) and Dr. Thomas Camp-

bell, an Irish Clergyman, whom I took the liberty of invit to Mr. Dilly's table, having seen him at Mr. Thrale's, and b told that he had come to England chiefly with a view to Dr. Johnson, for whom he entertained the highest ve ation. He has since published "A Philosophical Survey the South of Ireland," a very entertaining book, which h however, one fault:—that is assumes the fictitious characte an Englishman.

We talked of publick speaking. JOHNSON. "We must estimate a man's powers by his being able or not able deliver his sentiments in publick. Isaac Hawkins Brow one of the first wits of this country, got into Parliament, a never opened his mouth. For my own part, I think it is m disgraceful never to try to speak, than to try it, and fail; a is more disgraceful not to fight, than to fight and be beate This argument appeared to me fallacious: for if a man not spoken, it may be said that he would have done very w if he had tried; whereas, if he has tried and failed, there nothing to be said for him. "Why then, (I asked,) i thought disgraceful for a man not to fight, and not disgrace not to speak in publick?" JOHNSON. "Because there may other reasons for a man's not speaking in publick than w of resolution: he may have nothing to say, (laughin Whereas, Sir, you know courage is reckoned the greatest of virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has security for preserving any other."

He observed, that "the statutes against bribery were intend to prevent upstarts with money from getting into Parliamen adding, that "if he were a gentleman of landed property, would turn out all his tenants who did not vote for the can date whom he supported." LANGTON. "Would not that be checking the freedom of election?" JOHNSON. "Sir, law does not mean that the privilege of voting should independent of old family interest; of the permanent prop of the country."

On Thursday, April 6, I dined with him at Mr. Thor Davies's, with Mr. Hicky, the painter, and my old acquaintan Mr. Moody, the player.

Dr. Johnson, as usual, spoke contemptuously of Col Cibber. "It is wonderful that a man, who for forty years lived with the great and the witty, should have acquired so the talents of conversation: and he had but half to furni for one half of what he said was oaths." He, however, allow

onsiderable merit to some of his comedies, and said there was o reason to believe that the "Careless Husband" was not ritten by himself. Davies said, he was the first dramatick riter who introduced genteel ladies upon the stage. Johnson futed his observation by instancing several such characters comedies before his time. DAVIES. (trying to defend mself from a charge of ignorance,) "I mean genteel moral naracters." "I think (said Hicky,) gentility and morality are separable." BOSWELL. "By no means, Sir. The genteelest naracters are often the most immoral. Does not Lord hesterfield give precepts for uniting wickedness and the aces? A man, indeed, is not genteel when he gets drunk; ut most vices may be committed very genteely: a man may ebauch his friend's wife genteely: he may cheat at cards nteely." HICKY. "I do not think *that* is genteel." BOSWELL. Sir, it may not be like a gentleman, but it may be genteel." OHNSON. "You are meaning two different things. One eans exteriour grace; the other honour. It is certain that a an may be very immoral with exteriour grace. Lovelace, in Clarissa,' is a very genteel and a very wicked character. Tom ervey, who died t'other day, though a vicious man, was one the genteelest men that ever lived." Tom Davies instanced harles the Second. JOHNSON, (taking fire at any attack upon at Prince, for whom he had an extraordinary partiality,) Charles the Second was licentious in his practice; but he ways had a reverence for what was good. Charles the Second new his people, and rewarded merit. The Church was at no ne better filled than in his reign. He was the best King we ve had from his time till the reign of his present Majesty, cept James the Second, who was a very good King, but happily believed that it was necessary for the salvation of s subjects that they should be Roman Catholicks. *He* had e merit of endeavouring to do what he thought was for the vation of the souls of his subjects, till he lost a great mpire. *We*, who thought that we should *not* be saved if we re Roman Catholicks, had the merit of maintaining our igion, at the expence of submitting ourselves to the govern- nt of King William, (for it could not be done otherwise,)— the government of one of the most worthless scoundrels at ever existed. No; Charles the Second was not such a n as——, (naming another King.) He did not destroy his her's will.

"He took money, indeed, from France: but he did not betray

those over whom he ruled. He did not let the French fl pass ours. George the First knew nothing, and desired know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing; a the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished restore the crown to its hereditary successor." He roa with prodigious violence against George the Second. Wh he ceased, Moody interjected, in an Irish tone, and with comick look, "Ah! poor George the Second."

I mentioned that Dr. Thomas Campbell had come fr Ireland to London, principally to see Dr. Johnson. seemed angry at this observation. DAVIES. "Why, you kn Sir, there came a man from Spain to see Livy;[1] and Cor came to England to see Purcell,[2] and, when he heard he v dead, went directly back again to Italy." JOHNSON. should not have wished to be dead to disappoint Campb had he been so foolish as you represent him; but I sho have wished to have been a hundred miles off." This v apparently perverse; and I do believe it was not his real v of thinking: he could not but like a man who came so far see him. He laughed with some complacency, when I t him Campbell's odd expression to me concerning him: "T having seen such a man, was a thing to talk of a centu hence,"—as if he could live so long.

We got into an argument whether the Judges who went India might with propriety engage in trade. Johnson warn maintained that they might, "For why (he urged) should n Judges get riches, as well as those who deserve them less?" said, they should have sufficient salaries, and have nothi to take off their attention from the affairs of the publi JOHNSON. "No Judge, Sir, can give his whole attention to office; and it is very proper that he should employ what ti he has to himself, to his own advantage, in the most profitab manner." "Then, Sir, (said Davies, who enlivened the disp by making it somewhat dramatick,) he may become an insur and when he is going to the bench, he may be stopped, 'Your Lordship cannot go yet; here is a bunch of invoice several ships are about to sail." JOHNSON. "Sir, you may well say a Judge should not have a house; for they may co and tell him, 'Your Lordship's house is on fire;' and so, stead of minding the business of his Court, he is to be occupi in getting the engine with the greatest speed. There is no e

[1] Plin. Epist. Lib. ii. Ep. 3.
[2] [Mr. Davies was here mistaken. Corelli never was in England.—BURNEY.]

this. Every Judge who has land, trades to a certain extent corn or in cattle; and in the land itself: undoubtedly his steward acts for him, and so do clerks for a great merchant. A Judge may be a farmer; but he is not to geld his own pigs. A Judge may play a little at cards for his amusement; but he is not to play at marbles, or chuck farthing in the Piazza. No, Sir, there is no profession to which a man gives a very great proportion of his time. It is wonderful when a calculation is made, how little the mind is actually employed in the discharge of any profession. No man would be a Judge, upon the condition of being totally a Judge. The best employed lawyer has his mind at work but for a small proportion of his time: a great deal of his occupation is merely mechanical. I once wrote for a magazine: I made a calculation, that if I should write but a page a day, at the same rate, I should, in ten years, write nine volumes in folio, of an ordinary size and print." BOSWELL. "Such as Carte's History?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir. When a man writes from his own mind, he writes very rapidly.[1] The greatest part of a writer's time is spent in reading, in order to write; a man will turn over half a library to make one book."

I argued warmly against the Judges trading, and mentioned Hale as an instance of a perfect Judge, who devoted himself entirely to his office. JOHNSON. "Hale, Sir, attended to other things besides law: he left a great estate." BOSWELL. "That was because what he got, accumulated without any attention and anxiety on his part."

While the dispute went on, Moody once tried to say something on our side. Tom Davies clapped him on the back, to encourage him. Beauclerk, to whom I mentioned this circumstance, said, "that he could not conceive a more humiliating situation than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies."

We spoke of Rolt, to whose Dictionary of Commerce, Dr. Johnson wrote the Preface. JOHNSON. "Old Gardner the bookseller employed Rolt and Smart to write a monthly miscellany, called 'The Universal Visitor.' There was a formal written contract, which Allen the Printer saw. Gardner thought what you do of the Judge. They were bound to write nothing else; they were to have, I think, a third of the profits of his two-penny pamphlet; and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wish I had thought of giving this to Thurlow, in the

[1] Johnson certainly did, who had a mind stored with knowledge, and teeming with fancy: but the observation is not applicable to writers in general.

cause about Literary Property. What an excellent insta
would it have been of the oppression of booksellers tow
poor authours!' (smiling)!" Davies, zealous for the hon
of *the Trade*, said, Gardner was not properly a bookse
JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir; he certainly was a bookseller. He
served his time regularly, was a member of the Station
company, kept a shop in the face of mankind, purcha
copyright, and was a *bibliopole*, Sir, in every sense. I w
for some months in 'The Universal Visitor,' for poor Sir
while he was mad, not then knowing the terms on wh
he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing
good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. M
returned to me, and I wrote in 'The Universal Visitor'
longer."

Friday, April 7, I dined with him at a Tavern, wit
numerous company. JOHNSON. "I have been reading 'Tw
Travels in Spain,' which are just come out They are as g
as the first book of travels that you will take up. They ar
good as those of Keysler or Blainville: nay, as Addison's
you except the learning. They are not so good as Brydon
but they are better than Pococke's. I have not, indeed,
the leaves yet; but I have read in them where the pages
open, and I do not suppose that what is in the pages wh
are closed is worse than what is in the open pages.—It wo
seem (he added,) that Addison had not acquired much Ital
learning, for we do not find it introduced into his writings.
only instance that I recollect, is his quoting, '*Stavo bene;
star meglio, sto qui.*'"[3]

I mentioned Addison's having borrowed many of his class
remarks from Leandro Alberti. Mr. Beauclerk said, "It
alledged that he had borrowed also from another Ital
authour." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, all who go to look for w
the Classicks have said of Italy, must find the same passage
and I should think it would be one of the first things

[1] There has probably been some mistake as to the terms of this supposed extraordi
contract, the recital of which from hearsay afforded Johnson so much play for his spe
acuteness. Or if it was worded as he supposed, it is so strange that I should conclu
was a joke. Mr. Gardner, I am assured was a worthy and liberal man.

[2] [Speaking of Addison's *Remarks on Italy* in "The Journal of a Tour to
Hebrides," (Oct. 14) he says, "it is a tedious book, and if it were not attached to Addi
previous reputation, one would not think much of it. Had he written nothing else
name would not have lived. Addison does not seem to have gone deep into Ita
literature: he shews nothing of it in his subsequent writings. He shews a great de
French learning."—M.]

[3] [Addison, however, does not mention where this celebrated Epitaph, which has el
a very diligent enquiry, is found.—M.]

[4] ["But if you find the same *application* in another book, then Addison's learning
to the ground." Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, *ut supra*. M.]

alians would do on the revival of learning, to collect all that e Roman authours have said of their country."

Ossian being mentioned;—JOHNSON. "Supposing the Irish d Erse languages to be the same, which I do not believe, t as there is no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the ighlands and Hebrides ever wrote their native language, it is t to be credited that a long poem was preserved among them. we had no evidence of the art of writing being practised in e of the counties of England, we should not believe that a ng poem was preserved *there*, though in the neighbouring unties, where the same language was spoken, the inhabitants uld write." BEAUCLERK. "The ballad of Lilliburlero was ce in the mouths of all the people of this country, and is d to have had a great effect in bringing about the Revolution. et I question whether any body can repeat it now; which ews how improbable it is that much poetry should be eserved by tradition."

One of the company suggested an internal objection to the tiquity of the poetry said to be Ossian's, that we do not find e wolf in it, which must have been the case had it been of at age.

The mention of the wolf had led Johnson to think of other ld beasts; and while Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Langton re carrying on a dialogue about something which engaged em earnestly, he, in the midst of it, broke out, "Pennant ls of Bears.—" [what he added, I have forgotten.] They nt on, which he being dull of hearing, did not perceive, or, he did, was not willing to break off his talk; so he continued vociferate his remarks, and *Bear* ("like a word in a catch" Beauclerk said,) was repeatedly heard at intervals, which ming from him who, by those who did not know him, had en so often assimilated to that ferocious animal, while we o were sitting around could hardly stifle laughter, produced very ludicrous effect. Silence having ensued, he proceeded: We are told, that the black bear is innocent; but I should t like to trust myself with him." Mr. Gibbon muttered, in low tone of voice, "I should not like to trust myself with *u*." This piece of sarcastick pleasantry was a prudent solution, if applied to a competition of abilities.

Patriotism having become one of our topicks, Johnson ddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, which many will start: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a oundrel." But let it be considered, that he did not mean a

real and generous love of our country, but that pretend patriotism which so many, in all ages and countries, ha made a cloak for self interest. I maintained, that certai all patriots were not scoundrels. Being urged, (not Johnson) to name one exception, I mentioned an emin person, whom we all greatly admired. JOHNSON. "Sir, I not say that he is *not* honest; but we have no reason conclude from his political conduct that he *is* honest. W he to accept a place from this ministry, he would lose t character of firmness which he has, and might be turned of his place in a year. This ministry is neither stable, grateful to their friends, as Sir Robert Walpole was: so t he may think it more for his interest to take his chance of party coming in."

Mrs. Pritchard being mentioned, he said, "Her playing quite mechanical. It is wonderful how little mind she h Sir, she had never read the tragedy of Macbeth all throu She no more thought of the play out of which her part taken, than a shoemaker thinks of the skin, out of wh the piece of leather, of which he is making a pair of sho is cut."

On Saturday, May 8, I dined with him at Mr. Thral where we met the Irish Dr. Campbell. Johnson had supp the night before at Mrs. Abington's with some fashiona people whom he named; and he seemed much pleased w having made one in so elegant a circle. Nor did he omit pique his *mistress* a little with jealousy of her housewifery; he said, (with a smile,) "Mrs. Abington's jelly, my dear la was better than yours."

Mrs. Thrale, who frequently practised a coarse mode flattery, by repeating his *bon-mots* in his hearing, told us t he had said, a certain celebrated actor was just fit to stand the door of an auction-room with a long pole, and cry "Pr gentlemen, walk in;" and that a certain authour, upon heari this, had said, that another still more celebrated actor was for nothing better than that, and would pick your pocket af you came out. JOHNSON. "Nay, my dear lady, there is wit in what our friend added; there is only abuse. You m as well say of any man that he will pick a pocket. Besid the man who is stationed at the door does not pick peopl pockets; that is done within, by the auctioneer."

Mrs. Thrale told us, that Tom Davies repeated, in a ve bald manner, the story of Dr. Johnson's first repartee to m

ich I have related exactly.[1] He made me say, "I *was born* Scotland," instead of "I *come from* Scotland;" so that nson's saying, "That, Sir, is what a great many of your ntrymen cannot help," had no point, or even meaning: and t upon this being mentioned to Mr. Fitzherbert, he observed, t is not every man that can *carry a bon mot*."

On Monday, April 10, I dined with him at General Ogle-rpe's, with Mr. Langton and the Irish Dr. Campbell, whom e general had obligingly given me leave to bring with me. his learned gentleman was thus gratified with a very high ellectual feast, by not only being in company with Dr. hnson, but with General Oglethorpe, who had been so long celebrated name both at home and abroad.[2]

I must, again and again, intreat of my readers not to suppose at my imperfect record of conversation contains the whole of nat was said by Johnson, or other eminent persons who lived th him. What I have preserved, however, has the value of e most perfect authenticity.

He this day enlarged upon Pope's melancholy remark,

"Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."

e asserted, that *the present* was never a happy state to any man being; but that, as every part of life, of which we are nscious, was at some point of time a period yet to come, in hich felicity was expected, there was some happiness pro-ced by hope. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked he really was of opinion, that though, in general, happiness as very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy the moment that was present, he answered, "Never, but hen he is drunk."

He urged General Oglethorpe to give the world his Life. e said, "I know no man whose Life would be more interest-

[1] Page 242.

[2] Let me here be allowed to pay my tribute of most sincere gratitude, the memory of t most excellent person, my intimacy with whom was the more valuable to me, because first acquaintance with him was unexpected and unsolicited. Soon after the publica-n of my "Account of Corsica," he did me the honour to call on me, and expressing with a frank courteous air, said, "My name, Sir, is Oglethorpe, and I wish to be quainted with you." I was not a little flattered to be thus addressed by an eminent n, of whom I had read in Pope, from my early years,

"Or, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Will fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

was fortunate enough to avail myself of his good opinion, in consequence that I not only a invited to make one in the many respectable companies whom he entertained at his de, but had a cover at his hospitable board every day when I happened to be dis-posed; and in his society I never failed to enjoy learned and animated conversation, ined with genuine sentiments of virtue and religion.

ing. If I were furnished with materials, I should be very g to write it."[1]

Mr. Scott of Amwell's Elegies were lying in the room. Johnson observed, "They are very well; but such as two people might write." Upon this I took occasion to contro Horace's maxim,

> "——*mediocribus esse poetis*
> *Non Di, non homines, non concesstre columnæ:*"

for here, (I observed,) was a very middle-rate poet, w pleased many readers, and therefore poetry of a middle s was entitled to some esteem; nor could I see why poe should not, like every thing else, have different gradations excellence, and consequently of value. Johnson repeated common remark, that "as there is no necessity for our hav poetry at all, it being merely a luxury, an instrument pleasure, it can have no value, unless when exquisite in kind." I declared myself not satisfied. "Why, then, S (said he,) Horace and you must settle it." He was not mu in the humour of talking.

No more of his conversation for some days appears in journal, except that when a gentleman told him he had boug a suit of lace for his lady, he said, "Well, Sir, you have do a good thing and a wise thing." "I have done a good thi (said the gentleman,) but I do not know that I have done wise thing." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir; no money is better spe than what is laid out for domestick satisfaction. A man pleased that his wife is drest as well as other people; and a w is pleased that she is drest."

On Friday, April 14, being Good-Friday, I repaired to hi in the morning, according to my usual custom on that da and breakfasted with him. I observed that he fasted very strictly, that he did not even taste bread, and took milk with his tea; I suppose because it is a kind of anim food.

He entered upon the state of the nation, and thus di coursed: "Sir, the great misfortune now is, that governme has too little power. All that it has to bestow must necessity be given to support itself; so that it cannot rewar

[1] The General seemed unwilling to enter upon it at this time; but upon a subseque occasion he communicated to me a number of particulars, which I have committed writing; but I was not sufficiently diligent in obtaining more from him, not apprehendi that his friends were so soon to lose him; for notwithstanding his great age, he was ve healthy and vigorous, and was at last carried off by a violent fever, which is often fat at any period of life.

erit. No man, for instance, can now be made a Bishop or his learning and piety;[1] his only chance for promotion is is being connected with somebody who has parliamentary nterest. Our several ministers in this reign have outbid each ther in concessions to the people. Lord Bute, though a very onourable man,—a man who meant well,—a man who had is blood full of prerogative,—was a theoretical statesman,—a ook-minister,—and thought this country could be governed y the influence of the Crown alone. Then, Sir, he gave up a reat deal. He advised the King to agree that the Judges hould hold their places for life, instead of losing them at the ccession of a new King. Lord Bute, I suppose, thought to nake the King popular by this concession; but the people ever minded it; and it was a most impolitick measure. There is no reason why a Judge should hold his office for life, nore than any other person in publick trust. A Judge may e partial otherwise than to the Crown: we have seen Judges artial to the populace. A Judge may become corrupt, and et there may not be legal evidence against him. A Judge nay become froward from age. A Judge may grow unfit for is office in many ways. It was desirable that there should be possibility of being delivered from him by a new King. That is now gone by an Act of Parliament *ex gratiâ* of the Crown. Lord Bute advised the King to give up a very large um of money,[2] for which nobody thanked him. It was of onsequence to the King, but nothing to the publick, among whom it was divided. When I say Lord Bute advised, I nean, that such acts were done when he was minister, and we re to suppose that he advised them.—Lord Bute shewed an ndue partiality to Scotchmen. He turned out Dr. Nichols, a ery eminent man, from being physician to the King, to make oom for one of his countrymen, a man very low in his profession. He had ********** and **** to go on errands or him. He had occasion for people to go on errands for him; but he should not have had Scotchmen; and, certainly,

1 From this too just observation there are some eminent exceptions.

2 The money arising from the property of the prizes taken before the declaration of war, which were given to his Majesty by the peace of Paris, and amounted to upwards of 100,000l. and from the lands in the ceded islands, which were estimated at 200,000l. more. Surely, there was a noble munificence in this gift from a Monarch to his people. And let it be remembered, that during the Earl of Bute's administration, the King was graciously pleased to give up the hereditary revenues of the Crown, and to accept, instead of them, of the limited sum of 800,000l. a year; upon which Blackstone observes, that "The hereditary revenues, being put under the same management as the other branches of the publick patrimony, will produce more, and be better collected than heretofore; and the publick is a gainer of upwards of 100,000l. *per annum*, by this disinterested bounty of his Majesty." Book I. Chap. viii. p. 330.

he should not have suffered them to have access to him befo the first people in England."

I told him, that the admission of one of them before t first people in England, which had given the greatest offenc was no more than what happens at every minister's leve where those who attend are admitted in the order that th have come, which is better than admitting them according their rank; for if that were to be the rule, a man who h waited all the morning might have the mortification to see peer, newly come, go in before him, and keep him waitin still. JOHNSON. "True, Sir; but **** should not have com to the levee, to be in the way of people of consequence. H saw Lord Bute at all times; and could have said what he ha to say at any time, as well as at the levee. There is now n Prime Minister: there is only an agent for government in th House of Commons. We are governed by the Cabinet: bu there is no one head there since Sir Robert Walpole's time BOSWELL. "What then, Sir, is the use of Parliament? JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, Parliament is a large council to th King; and the advantage of such a council is, having a grea number of men of property concerned in the legislature, who for their own interest, will not consent to bad laws. And yo must have observed, Sir, the administration is feeble an timid, and cannot act with that authority and resolutio which is necessary. Were I in power, I would turn ou every man who dared to oppose me. Government has th distribution of offices, that it may be enabled to maintai its authority."

"Lord Bute (he added,) took down too fast, without build ing up something new." BOSWELL. "Because Sir, he found a rotten building. The political coach was drawn by a set o bad horses; it was necessary to change them." JOHNSON "But he should have changed them one by one."

I told him that I had been informed by Mr. Orme, tha many parts of the East-Indies were better mapped than th Highlands of Scotland. JOHNSON. "That a country may b mapped, it must be travelled over." "Nay, (said I, meanin to laugh with him at one of his prejudices,) can't you say, it not *worth* mapping?"

As we walked to St. Clement's church, and saw severa shops open upon this most solemn fast day of the Christia world, I remarked, that one disadvantage arising from th immensity of London, was, that nobody was needed by hi

eighbour; there was no fear of censure for not observing ood-Friday, as it ought to be kept, and as it is kept in ountry-towns. He said, it was, upon the whole, very well bserved even in London. He however, owned that London as too large; but added, "It is nonsense to say the head is oo big for the body. It would be as much too big, though he body were ever so large; that is to say, though the country ere ever so extensive. It has no similarity to a head onnected with a body."

Dr. Wetherell, Master of University College, Oxford, ccompanied us home from church; and after he was gone, here came two other gentlemen, one of whom uttered the ommon-place complaints, that by the increase of taxes, labour ould be dear, other nations would undersell us, and our ommerce would be ruined. JOHNSON, (smiling,) "Never ear, Sir. Our commerce is in a very good state; and uppose we had no commerce at all, we could live very well on he produce of our own country." I cannot omit to mention, hat I never knew any man who was less disposed to be nerulous than Johnson. Whether the subject was his own tuation, or the state of the publick, or the state of human ature in general, though he saw the evils, his mind was turned o resolution, and never to whining or complaint.

We went again to St. Clement's in the afternoon. He had ound fault with the preacher in the morning for not choosing text adapted to the day. The preacher in the afternoon had hosen one extremely proper: "It is finished."

After the evening service, he said, "Come, you shall go ome with me, and sit just an hour." But he was better than s word; for after we had drunk tea with Mrs. Williams, he sked me to go up to his study with him, where we sat a long hile together in a serene undisturbed frame of mind, some mes in silence, and sometimes conversing, as we felt ourselves clined, or more properly speaking, as *he* was inclined; for uring all the course of my long intimacy with him, my spectful attention never abated, and my wish to hear him as such, that I constantly watched every dawning of com unications from that great and illuminated mind.

He observed, "All knowledge is of itself of some value. here is nothing so minute or inconsiderable, that I would not ther know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of hatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit learn to hem a ruffle, of his wife, or his wife's maid: but if a

mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able hem a ruffle."

He again advised me to keep a journal fully and minute but not to mention such trifles as, that meat was too much too little done, or that the weather was fair or rainy. He h till very near his death, a contempt for the notion that weather affects the human frame.

I told him that our friend Goldsmith had said to me that had come too late into the world, for that Pope and oth poets had taken up the places in the Temple of Fame; so t as but a few at any period can possess poetical reputation man of genius can now hardly acquire it. JOHNSON. "Th is one of the most sensible things I have ever heard of Go smith. It is difficult to get literary fame, and it is every d growing more difficult. Ah, Sir, that should make a man thi of securing happiness in another world, which all who sincerely for it may attain. In comparison of that, how lit are all other things! The belief of immortality is impress upon all men, and all men act under an impression of however they may talk, and though, perhaps, they may scarcely sensible of it." I said, it appeared to me that so people had not the least notion of immortality; and mentioned a distinguished gentleman of our acquaintan JOHNSON. "Sir, if it were not for the notion of immortali he would cut a throat to fill his pockets." When I quot this to Beauclerk, who knew much more of the gentlem than we did, he said in his acid manner, "He would c a throat to fill his pockets, if it were not for fear of bei hanged."

Dr. Johnson proceeded: "Sir, there is a great cry abo infidelity: but there are, in reality, very few infidels. I ha heard a person, originally a Quaker, but now, I am afraid Deist, say, that he did not believe there were, in all Englan above two hundred infidels."

He was pleased to say, "If you come to settle here, we w have one day in the week on which we will meet by ourselv That is the happiest conversation where there is no compe tion, no vanity, but a calm quiet interchange of sentiments In his private register this evening is thus marked, "Boswe sat with me till night; we had some serious talk."[1] It al appears from the same record, that after I left him he w occupied in religious duties, in "giving Francis, his servan

[1] Prayers and Meditations, p. 138.

some directions for preparation to communicate; in reviewing his life, and resolving on better conduct." The humility and piety which he discovers on such occasions, is truly edifying. No saint, however, in the course of his religious warfare, was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves, than Johnson. He said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, "Sir, Hell is paved with good intentions." [1]

On Sunday, April 16, being Easter-day, after having attended the solemn service at St. Paul's, I dined with Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Williams. I maintained that Horace was wrong in placing happiness in *Nil admirari*, for that I thought admiration one of the most agreeable of all our feelings; and I regretted that I had lost much of my disposition to admire, which people generally do as they advance in life. JOHNSON. "Sir, as a man advances in life, he gets what is better than admiration, — judgement, to estimate things at their true value." I still insisted that admiration was more pleasing than judgement, as love is more pleasing than friendship. The feeling of friendship is like that of being comfortably filled with roast beef; love, like being enlivened with champagne. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne; judgement and friendship like being enlivened. Waller has hit upon the same thought with you:[2] but I don't believe you have borrowed from Waller. I wish you would enable yourself to borrow more."

He then took occasion to enlarge on the advantages of reading, and combated the idle superficial notion, that knowledge enough may be acquired in conversation. "The foundation (said he) must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth, which a man gets thus, are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view."

[1] [This is a proverbial sentence. "Hell (says Herbert) is full of good meanings and wishes." JACULA PRUDENTUM, p. 11. edit. 1651.—M.]

[2] "Amoret's as sweet and good
As the most delicious food;
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness does incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain."

"To Bennet Langton, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have enquired more minutely about the medici for the rheumatism, which I am sorry to hear that you st want. The receipt is this:

"Take equal quantities of flour of sulphur, and *flour* mustard-seed, make them an electuary with honey or treacl and take a bolus as big as a nutmeg several times a day, you can bear it: drinking after it a quarter of a pint of t infusion of the root of Lovage.

"Lovage, in Ray's 'Nomenclature,' is Levisticum: perha the Botanists may know the Latin name.

"Of this medicine I pretend not to judge. There is all t appearance of its efficacy, which a single instance can affor the patient was very old, the pain very violent, and the relief, think, speedy and lasting.

"My opinion of alterative medicine is not high, but *qu tentasse nocebit?* if it does harm, or does no good, it may omitted; but that it may do good, you have, I hope, reason think is desired by, Sir, your most affectionate,

"Humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson.

"April 17, 1775."

On Tuesday, April 11, he and I were engaged to go with S Joshua Reynolds to dine with Mr. Cambridge, at his beautif villa on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham. D Johnson's tardiness was such, that Sir Joshua, who had a appointment at Richmond, early in the day, was obliged to g by himself on horseback, leaving his coach to Johnson and m Johnson was in such good spirits, that every thing seemed t please him as we drove along.

Our conversation turned on a variety of subjects. H thought portrait painting an improper employment for a woma "Publick practice of any art, (he observed,) and staring i men's faces, is very indelicate in a female." I happened t start a question, whether when a man knows that some of hi intimate friends are invited to the house of another friend, wit whom they are all equally intimate, he may join them witho an invitation. Johnson. "No, Sir; he is not to go when h is not invited. They may be invited on purpose to abuse him (smiling).

As a curious instance how little a man knows, or wishes t

now his own character in the world, or, rather as a convincing roof that Johnson's roughness was only external, and did not roceed from his heart, I insert the following dialogue. JOHNON. "It is wonderful, Sir, how rare a quality good humour s in life. We meet with very few good humoured men." I nentioned four of our friends, none of whom he would allow o be good humoured. One was *acid*, another was *muddy*, and o the others he had objections which have escaped me. Then, haking his head and stretching himself at ease in the coach, nd smiling with much complacency, he turned to me and said, I look upon *myself* as a good humoured fellow." The epithet *ellow*, applied to the great Lexicographer, the stately Moralist, ne Masterly Critick, as if he had been *Sam* Johnson, a mere leasant companion, was highly diverting; and this light notion f himself struck me with wonder. I answered, also smiling, No, no, Sir; that will *not* do. You are good natured, but not ood humoured: you are irascible. You have not patience ith folly and absurdity. I believe you would pardon them, there were time to deprecate your vengeance; but punishnent follows so quick after sentence, that they cannot escape."

I had brought with me a great bundle of Scotch magazines nd news-papers, in which his "Journey to the Western slands" was attacked in every mode; and I read a great part f them to him, knowing they would afford him entertainment. wish the writers of them had been present: they would have een sufficiently vexed. One ludicrous imitation of his style, y Mr. Maclaurin, now one of the Scotch Judges, with the itle of Lord Dreghorn, was distinguished by him from the ude mass. "This (said he,) is the best. But I could caricaure my own style much better myself." He defended his emark upon the general insufficiency of education in Scotland; nd confirmed to me the authenticity of his witty saying on the earning of the Scotch;—"Their learning is like bread in a esieged town: every man gets a little, but no man gets a full neal." "There is (said he,) in Scotland a diffusion of learning, certain portion of it widely and thinly spread. A merchant as as much learning as one of their clergy."

He talked of Isaac Walton's Lives, which was one of his nost favourite books. Dr. Donne's Life, he said, was the nost perfect of them. He observed, that "it was wonderful hat Walton, who was in a very low situation in life, should ave been familiarly received by so many great men, and that t a time when the ranks of society were kept more separate

than they are now." He supposed that Walton had then giv up his business as a linen-draper and sempster, and was o an authour;[1] and added, "that he was a great panegyri BOSWELL. "No quality will get a man more friends than disposition to admire the qualities of others. I do not me flattery, but a sincere admiration." JOHNSON. "Nay, S flattery pleases very generally. In the first place, the flatte may think what he says to be true: but, in the second pla whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom flatters of consequence enough to be flattered."

No sooner had we made our bow to Mr. Cambridge, in h library, than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the roo intent on poring over the backs of the books.[2] Sir Josh observed, (aside,) "He runs to the books as I do to t pictures: but I have the advantage. I can see much mo of the pictures than he can of the books." Mr. Cambridg upon this, politely said, "Dr. Johnson, I am going with yo pardon, to accuse myself, for I have the same custom which perceive you have. But it seems odd that one should ha such a desire to look at the backs of books." Johnson, ev ready for contest, instantly started from his reverie, wheele about and answered, "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knou ledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or w know where we can find information upon it. When w enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is t know what books have treated of it. This leads us to loo at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries." Sir Josh observed to me the extraordinary promptitude with whic Johnson flew upon an argument. "Yes, (said I,) he has n formal preparation, no flourishing with his sword; he is throug your body in an instant."

Johnson was here solaced with an elegant entertainment, very accomplished family and much good company; amon whom was Mr. Harris of Salisbury, who paid him many com pliments, on his "Journey to the Western Islands."

The common remark as to the utility of reading history bein

[1] [Johnson's conjecture was erroneous. Walton did not retire from business till 164 But in 1664, Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, in a letter prefixed to his Lives, mention his having been familiarly acquainted with him for forty years and in 1631 he was intimate with Dr. Donne, that he was one of the friends who attended him on his dea bed.—J. BOSWELL.]

[2] [The first time he dined with me, he was shewn into my book room, and instantl pored over the lettering of each volume within his reach. My collection of books very miscellaneous, and I feared there might be some among them that he would n like. But seeing the number of volumes very considerable, he said, "You are an hones man, to have formed so great an accumulation of knowledge."—BURNEY.]

made;—JOHNSON. "We must consider how very little history there is; I mean real authentick history. That certain Kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture." BOSWELL. "Then, Sir, you would reduce all history to no better than an almanack, a mere chronological series of remarkable events." Mr. Gibbon, who must at that time have been employed upon his history, of which he published the first volume in the following year, was present; but did not step forth in defence of that species of writing. He probably did not like to *trust* himself with JOHNSON![1]

Johnson observed, that the force of our early habits was so great, that though reason approved, nay, though our senses relished a different course, almost every man returned to them. I do not believe there is any observation upon human nature better founded than this; and in many cases, it is a very painful truth; for where early habits have been mean and wretched, the joy and elevation resulting from better modes of life, must be damped by the gloomy consciousness of being under an almost inevitable doom to sink back into a situation which we recollect with disgust. It surely may be prevented, by constant attention and unremitting exertion to establish contrary habits of superiour efficacy.

"The Beggar's Opera," and the common question, whether it was pernicious in its effects, having been introduced;—JOHNSON. "As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion, that more influence has been ascribed to 'The Beggar's Opera,' than it in reality ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation. At the same time I do not deny that it may have some influence, by making the character of a rogue familiar, and in some degree pleasing."[2] Then collecting himself, as it were, to give a heavy stroke: "There is in it such *labefactation* of all principles as may be injurious to morality."

While he pronounced this response, we sat in a comical sort of restraint, smothering a laugh, which we were afraid might

[1] See page 547.

[2] A very eminent physician, whose discernment is as acute and penetrating in judging of the human character as it is in his own profession, remarked once at a club where I was, that a lively young man, fond of pleasure, and without money, would hardly resist a solicitation from his mistress to go upon the highway, immediately after being present at the representation of "The Beggar's Opera." I have been told of an ingenious observation by Mr. Gibbon, that "The Beggar's Opera" may, perhaps, have sometimes increased the number of highwaymen; but that it has had a beneficial effect in refining that class of men, making them less ferocious, more polite, in short, more like gentlemen." Upon this Mr. Courtenay said, that "Gay was the Orpheus of highwaymen."

burst out. In his life of Gay, he has been still more decisi as to the inefficiency of "The Beggar's Opera" in corrupti society. But I have ever thought somewhat differently; fo indeed, not only are the gaiety and heroism of a highwaym very captivating to a youthful imagination, but the argumen for adventurous depredation are so plausible, the allusions lively, and the contrasts with the ordinary and more painf modes of acquiring the property are so artfully displayed, th it requires a cool and strong judgement to resist so imposing aggregate: yet, I own, I should be very sorry to have "T Beggar's Opera" suppressed; for there is in it so much real London life, so much brilliant wit, and such a variety airs, which, from early association of ideas, engage, soothe, an enliven the mind, that no performance which the theat exhibits, delights me more.

The late "*worthy*" Duke of Queensbury, as Thomson, i his "Seasons," justly characterizes him, told me, that whe Gay shewed him "The Beggar's Opera," his Grace's observa tion was, "This is a very odd thing, Gay; I am satisfied tha it is either a very good thing, or a very bad thing." It prove the former, beyond the warmest expectations of the authour o his friends. Mr. Cambridge, however, shewed us to-day, tha there was good reason enough to doubt concerning its succes He was told by Quin, that during the first night of its appea ance it was long in a very dubious state; that there was disposition to damn it, and that it was saved by the song,

"Oh ponder well! be not severe!"

the audience being much affected by the innocent looks Polly, when she came to those two lines, which exhibit at onc a painful and ridiculous image,

"For on the rope that hangs my Dear,
Depends poor Polly's life."

Quin himself had so bad an opinion of it, that he refused th part of Captain Macheath, and gave it to Walker, who acquire great celebrity by his grave yet animated performance of it.

We talked of a young gentleman's marriage with an eminen singer, and his determination that she should no longer sing i publick, though his father was very earnest she should, becaus her talents would be liberally rewarded, so as to make her good fortune. It was questioned whether the young gentlema who had not a shilling in the world, but was blest with ver uncommon talents, was not foolishly delicate, or foolishl

oud, and his father truly rational without being mean. ohnson, with all the high spirit of a Roman senator, exclaimed, He resolved wisely and nobly to be sure. He is a brave an. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his ife singing publickly for hire? No, Sir, there can be no doubt ere. I know not if I should not *prepare* myself for a publick nger, as readily as let my wife be one."

Johnson arraigned the modern politicks of this country, as itirely devoid of all principle of whatever kind. "Politicks aid he) are now nothing more than means of rising in the orld. With this sole view do men engage in politicks, and eir whole conduct proceeds upon it. How different in that spect is the state of the nation now from what it was in the ne of Charles the First, during the Usurpation, and after the estoration, in the time of Charles the Second. Hudibras fords a strong proof how much hold political principles had en upon the minds of men. There is in Hudibras a great al of bullion which will always last. But to be sure the ightest strokes of his wit owed their force to the impression the characters, which was upon men's minds at the time; their knowing them, at table and in the street; in short, ing familiar with them; and above all, to his satire being rected against those whom a little while before they had hated id feared. The nation in general has ever been loyal, has en at all times attached to the monarch, though a few daring bels have been wonderfully powerful for a time. The murder Charles the First was undoubtedly not committed with the probation or consent of the people. Had that been the case, arliament would not have ventured to consign the regicides their deserved punishment. And we know what exuberance joy there was when Charles the Second was restored. If harles the Second had bent all his mind to it, had made it his le object, he might have been as absolute as Louis the ourteenth." A gentleman observed he would have done harm if he had. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, absolute princes ldom do any harm. But they who are governed by them are verned by chance. There is no security for good govern- ent." CAMBRIDGE. "There have been many sad victims to solute government." JOHNSON. "So, Sir, have there been popular factions." BOSWELL. "The question is, which is orst, one wild beast or many?"

Johnson praised "THE SPECTATOR," particularly the char- ter of Sir Roger de Coverley. He said, "Sir Roger did

not die a violent death, as has been generally fancied. H was not killed; he died only because others were to die, a because his death afforded an opportunity to Addison for so very fine writing. We have the example of Cervantes maki Don Quixote die.—I never could see why Sir Roger is rep sented as a little cracked. It appears to me that the story the widow was intended to have something superinduced up it; but the superstructure did not come."

Somebody found fault with writing verses in a dead languag maintaining that they were merely arrangements of so ma words, and laughed at the Universities of Oxford and Ca bridge, for sending forth collections of them not only in Gre and Latin, but even in Syriack, Arabick, and other mo unknown tongues. JOHNSON. "I would have as many of the as possible; I would have verses in every language that the are the means of acquiring. Nobody imagines that an U versity is to have at once two hundred poets; but it shou be able to shew two hundred scholars. Pieresc's death w lamented, I think, in forty languages. And I would have h at every coronation, and every death of a king, every *Gaudiu* and every *Luctus*, University-verses, in as many languages can be acquired. I would have the world to be thus to 'Here is a school where everything may be learnt.'"

Having set out next day on a visit to the Earl of Pembrok at Wilton, and to my friend, Mr. Temple,[1] at Mamhead, Devonshire, and not having returned to town till the secon of May, I did not see Dr. Johnson for a considerable tim and during the remaining part of my stay in London ke very imperfect notes of his conversation, which had I accordi to my usual custom written out at large soon after the tim much might have been preserved, which is now irretrievab lost. I can now only record some particular scenes, and a f fragments of his *memorabilia*. But to make some amends f my relaxation of diligence in one respect, I have to prese my readers with arguments upon two law cases, with which favoured me.

On Saturday, the sixth of May, we dined by ourselves at t Mitre, and he dictated to me what follows, to obviate the co plaint already mentioned,[2] which had been made in the fo of an action in the Court of Session, by Dr. Memis, of Aberdee that in the same translation of a charter in which *physicia* were mentioned, he was called *Doctor of Medicine*.

[1] Page 593. [2] Page 510.

"THERE are but two reasons for which a physician can decline the title of *Doctor of Medicine*, because he supposes himself disgraced by the doctorship, or supposes the doctorship disgraced by himself. To be disgraced by a title which he shares in common with every illustrious name of his profession, with Boerhaave, with Arbuthnot, and with Cullen, can surely diminish no man's reputation. It is, I suppose, to the doctorate, from which he shrinks, that he owes his right of practising physick. A doctor of Medicine is a physician under the protection of the laws, and by the stamp of authority. The physician who is not a Doctor, usurps a profession, and is authorised only by himself to decide upon health and sickness, and life and death. That this gentleman is a Doctor, his diploma makes evident; a diploma not obtruded upon him, but obtained by solicitation, and for which fees were paid. With what countenance any man can refuse the title which he has either begged or bought, is not easily discovered.

"All verbal injury must comprise in it either some false position, or some unnecessary declaration of defamatory truth. That in calling him Doctor, a false appellation was given him, he himself will not pretend, who at the same time that he complains of the title would be offended if we supposed him to be not a Doctor. If the title of Doctor be a defamatory truth, it is time to dissolve our colleges; for why should the publick give salaries to men whose approbation is reproach? It may likewise deserve the notice of the publick to consider what help can be given to the professors of physick, who all share with this unhappy gentleman the ignominious appellation, and of whom the very boys in the street are not afraid to say, *There goes the Doctor.*

"What is implied by the term Doctor is well known. It distinguishes him to whom it is granted, as a man who has obtained such knowledge of his profession as qualifies him to instruct others. A Doctor of Laws is a man who can form lawyers by his precepts. A Doctor of Medicine is a man who can teach the art of curing diseases. This is an old axiom which no man has yet thought fit to deny, *Nil dat quod non habet.* Upon this principle to be Doctor implies skill, for *nemo docet quod non didicit.* In England, whoever practises physic, not being a Doctor, must practise by a licence: but the doctorate conveys a licence in itself.

"By what accident it happened that he and the other physicians were mentioned in different terms, where the terms

themselves were equivalent, or where in effect that which w
applied to him was the most honourable, perhaps they w
wrote the paper cannot now remember. Had they expecte
lawsuit to have been the consequence of such petty variati
I hope they would have avoided it.[1] But, probably, as th
meant no ill, they suspected no danger, and, therefore, co
sulted only what appeared to them propriety or convenienc

A few days afterwards, I consulted him upon a cause, *Paters
and others* against *Alexander and others*, which had been decid
by a casting vote in the Court of Session, determining that t
Corporation of Stirling was corrupt, and setting aside t
election of some of their officers, because it was proved th
three of the leading men who influenced the majority, h
entered into an unjustifiable compact, of which, however, t
majority were ignorant. He dictated to me, after a little co
sideration, the following sentences upon the subject:

"THERE is a difference between majority and superiorit
majority is applied to number, and superiority to power; a
power like many other things, is to be estimated *non numa
sed pondere*. Now though the greater *number* is not corru
the greater *weight* is corrupt, so that corruption predomina
in the borough, taken *collectively*, though, perhaps, tak
numerically, the greater part may be uncorrupt. That borou
which is so constituted as to act corruptly, is in the eye
reason corrupt, whether it be by the uncontrolable power o
few, or by an accidental pravity of the multitude. The objectio
in which is urged the injustice of making the innocent suf
with the guilty, is an objection not only against society, b
against the possibility of society. All societies, great a
small, subsist upon this condition; that as the individu
derive advantages from union, they may likewise suffer
conveniences; that as those who do nothing, and sometim
those who do ill, will have the honours and emoluments
general virtue and general prosperity, so those likewise who
nothing, or perhaps do well, must be involved in the cons
quences of predominant corruption."

This in my opinion was a very nice case; but the decisi
was affirmed in the House of Lords.

On Monday, May 8, we went together and visited the ma
sions of Bedlam. I had been informed that he had once be
there before with Mr. Wedderburne, (now Lord Loughborough

[1] In justice to Dr. Memis, though I was against him as an Advocate, I must menti
that he objected to the variation very earnestly, before the translation was printed off.

r. Murphy, and Mr. Foote; and I had heard Foote give a ry entertaining account of Johnson's happening to have his tention arrested by a man who was very furious, and who, nile beating his straw, supposed it was William Duke of umberland, whom he was punishing for his cruelties in :otland, in 1746.[1] There was nothing peculiarly remarkable is day; but the general contemplation of insanity was very fecting. I accompanied him home, and dined and drank a with him.

Talking of an acquaintance of ours, distinguished for knowing uncommon variety of miscellaneous articles both in anti- uities and polite literature, he observed, "You know, Sir, he ns about with little weight upon his mind." And talking of nother very ingenious gentleman, who from the warmth of s temper was at variance with many of his acquaintance, and shed to avoid them, he said, "Sir, he leads the life of an itlaw."

On Friday, May 12, as he had been so good as to assign me room in his house, where I might sleep occasionally, when I ppened to sit with him to a late hour, I took possession of this night, found everything in excellent order, and was tended by honest Francis with a most civil assiduity. I ked Johnson whether I might go to a consultation with nother lawyer upon Sunday, as that appeared to me to be ing work as much in my way, as if an artisan should work on e day appropriated for religious rest. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, nen you are of consequence enough to oppose the practice of nsulting upon Sunday, you should do it: but you may go w. It is not criminal, though it is not what one should do, no is anxious for the preservation and increase of piety, to nich a peculiar observance of Sunday is a great help. The stinction is clear between what is of moral and what is of ual obligation."

On Saturday, May 13, I breakfasted with him by invitation, companied by Mr. Andrew Crosbie, a Scotch Advocate, nom he had seen at Edinburgh, and the Hon. Colonel (now eneral) Edward Stopford, brother to Lord Courtown, who as desirous of being introduced to him. His tea and rolls and tter, and whole breakfast apparatus were all in such decorum, d his behaviour was so courteous, that Colonel Stopford was ite surprized, and wondered at his having heard so much said

[1] My very honourable friend General Sir George Howard, who served in the Duke of mberland's army, has assured me that the cruelties were not imputable to his Royal ghness.

of Johnson's slovenliness and roughness. I have preserv nothing of what passed, except that Crosbie pleased him mu by talking learnedly of alchymy, as to which Johnson was n a positive unbeliever, but rather delighted in considering wh progress had actually been made in the transmutation of meta what near approaches there had been to the making of gol and told us that it was affirmed, that a person in the Russi dominions had discovered the secret, but died without reveali it, as imagining it would be prejudicial to society. He adde that it was not impossible but it might in time be genera known.

It being asked whether it was reasonable for a man to angry at another whom a woman had preferred to him? JOHNSON. "I do not see, Sir, that it is reasonable for a man be angry at another, whom a woman has preferred to him: b angry he is, no doubt; and he is loath to be angry at himself.

Before setting out for Scotland on the 23d, I was frequent in his company at different places, but during this period ha recorded only two remarks; one concerning Garrick: "He h not Latin enough. He finds out the Latin by the meani rather than the meaning by the Latin." And another concer ing writers of travels, who, he observed, "were more defecti than any other writers."

I passed many hours with him on the 17th, of which I fi all my memorial is, "much laughing." It should seem he h that day been in a humour for jocularity and merriment, a upon such occasions I never knew a man laugh more heartil We may suppose, that the high relish of a state so differe from his habitual gloom, produced more than ordinary exe tions of that distinguishing faculty of man, which has puzzl philosophers so much to explain. Johnson's laugh was as r markable as any circumstance in his manner. It was a kir of good humoured growl. Tom Davies described it dro enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros."

"TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE an old amanuensis in great distress. I ha given what I think I can give, and begged till I cannot t where to beg again. I put into his hand this morning fo guineas. If you could collect three guineas more, it wou clear him from his present difficulty. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"May 21, 1775." "SAM. JOHNSON

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I make no doubt but you are now safely lodged in your own habitation, and have told all your adventures to Mrs. Boswell and Miss Veronica. Pray teach Veronica to love me. Bid her not mind mamma.

"Mrs. Thrale has taken cold, and been very much disordered, but I hope is grown well. Mr. Langton went yesterday to Lincolnshire, and has invited Nicolaida[1] to follow him. Beauclerk talks of going to Bath. I am to set out on Monday; so there is nothing but dispersion.

"I have returned Lord Hailes's entertaining sheets, but must stay till I come back for more, because it will be inconvenient to send them after me in my vagrant state.

"I promised Mrs. Macaulay[2] that I would try to serve her son at Oxford. I have not forgotten it, nor am unwilling to perform it. If they desire to give him an English education, it would be considered whether they cannot send him for a year or two to an English school. If he comes immediately from Scotland, he can make no figure in our Universities. The schools in the north, I believe, are cheap; and when I was a young man, were eminently good.

"There are two little books published by the Foulis, Telemachus and Collins's Poems, each a shilling; I would be glad to have them.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, though she does not love me. You see what perverse things ladies are, and how little fit to be trusted with feudal estates. When she mends and loves me, there may be more hope of her daughters.

"I will not send compliments to my friends by name, because I would be loath to leave any out in the enumeration. Tell them, as you see them, how well I speak of Scotch politeness, and Scotch hospitality, and Scotch beauty, and of every thing Scotch, but Scotch oat-cakes, and Scotch prejudices.

"Let me know the answer of Rasay, and the decision relating to Sir Allan.[3] I am, my dearest Sir, with great affection,

"Your most obliged and
"Most humble servant,
"Sam. Johnson."

"May 27, 1775."

[1] A learned Greek.

[2] Wife of the Reverend Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, authour of "The History of St. Kilda."

[3] A law-suit carried on by Sir Allan Maclean, Chief of his Clan, to recover certain parts of his family estates from the Duke of Argyle.

After my return to Scotland, I wrote three letters to hi from which I extract the following passages:

"I have seen Lord Hailes since I came down. He thir it wonderful that you are pleased to take so much pains in vising his 'Annals.' I told him that you said you were w rewarded by the entertainment which you had in read them."

"There has been a numerous flight of Hebrideans in Ed burgh this summer, whom I have been happy to entertain my house. Mr. Donald Macqueen[1] and Lord Monbod supped with me one evening. They joined in controvert your proposition, that the Gaelick of the Highlands and Is of Scotland was not written till of late."

"My mind has been somewhat dark this summer. I ha need of your warming and vivifying rays; and I hope I sh have them frequently. I am going to pass some time with father at Auchinleck."

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM returned from the annual ramble into the mid counties. Having seen nothing I had not seen before, I ha nothing to relate. Time has left that part of the island f antiquities; and commerce has left the people no singulariti I was glad to go abroad, and, perhaps, glad to come hon which is, in other words, I was, I am afraid, weary of being home, and weary of being abroad. Is not this the state of lif But, if we confess this weariness, let us not lament it; for the wise and all the good say, that we may cure it.

"For the black fumes which rise in your mind, I can p scribe nothing but that you disperse them by honest busin or innocent pleasure, and by reading, sometimes easy a sometimes serious. Change of place is useful; and I hope th your residence at Auchinleck will have many good effects.

* * * * * *

"That I should have given pain to Rasay, I am sincere sorry; and am therefore very much pleased that he is no long uneasy. He still thinks that I have represented him as p sonally giving up the Chieftainship. I meant only that it w no longer contested between the two houses, and supposed settled, perhaps, by the cession of some remote generation,

[1] A very learned minister in the Isle of Sky, whom both Dr. Johnson and I h mentioned with regard.

he house of Dunvegan. I am sorry the advertisement was ot continued for three or four times in the paper.

"That Lord Monboddo and Mr. Macqueen should contro- ert a position contrary to the imaginary interest of literary or ational prejudice, might be easily imagined; but of a stand- ng fact there ought to be no controversy; if there are men with ills, catch an *homo caudatus*; if there was writing of old in the lighlands or Hebrides, in the Erse language, produce the anuscripts. Where men write they will write to one another, nd some of their letters, in families studious of their ancestry, ill be kept. In Wales there are many manuscripts.

"I have now three parcels of Lord Hailes's history, which I urpose to return all the next week: that his respect for my ttle observations should keep his work in suspense, makes one f the evils of my journey. It is in our language, I think, a ew mode of history which tells all that is wanted, and, I sup- ose, all that is known, without laboured splendour of language, affected subtility of conjecture. The exactness of his dates ises my wonder. He seems to have the closeness of Henault ithout his constraint.

"Mrs. Thrale was so entertained with your 'Journal,'[1] that e almost read herself blind. She has a great regard for you.

"Of Mrs. Boswell, though she knows in her heart that she oes not love me, I am always glad to hear any good, and hope at she and the little dear ladies will have neither sickness nor ny other affliction. But she knows that she does not care hat becomes of me, and for that she may be sure that I think er very much to blame.

"Never, my dear Sir, do you take it into your head to think at I do not love you; you may settle yourself in full confi- ence both of my love and my esteem; I love you as a kind an, I value you as a worthy man, and hope in time to verence you as a man of exemplary piety. I hold you, as amlet has it, 'in my heart of hearts,' and therefore, it is little say, that I am, Sir,

"Your affectionate humble Servant,

London, August 27, 1775." "SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"SIR,

"IF in these papers,[2] there is little alteration attempted,

[1] My "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," which that lady read in the original manuscript.

[2] Another parcel of Lord Hailes's "Annals of Scotland."

do not suppose me negligent. I have read them perha more closely than the rest; but I find nothing worthy of objection.

"Write to me soon, and write often, and tell me all yo honest heart.

"I am, Sir,

"Your's affectionately,

"Sam. Johnso

"London, August 30, 1775."

To the Same.

"My dear sir,

"I now write to you, lest in some of your freaks a humours you should fancy yourself neglected. Such fancies must entreat you never to admit, at least never to indulge; my regard for you is so radicated and fixed, that it is beco part of my mind and cannot be effaced but by some cat uncommonly violent; therefore, whether I write or not, your thoughts at rest. I now write to tell you that I shall very soon write again, for I am to set out to-morrow on anoth journey.

* * * * * *

"Your friends are all well at Streatham, and in Leicest fields.[1] Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, if she is good humour with me.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"Sam. Johnso

"September 14, 1775."

What he mentions in such light terms as, "I am to set o to-morrow on another journey," I soon afterwards discover was no less than a tour to France with Mr. and Mrs. Thra This was the only time in his life that he went upon t Continent.

To Mr. Robert Levet.

"Sept. 18, 17 Calais.

"dear sir,

"We are here in France, after a very pleasing passage no more than six hours. I know not when I shall write aga and therefore I write now, though you cannot suppose that have much to say. You have seen France yourself. Fr this place we are going to Rouen, and from Rouen to Pa

[1] Where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived.

where Mr. Thrale designs to stay about five or six weeks. We have a regular recommendation to the English resident, so we shall not be taken for vagabonds. We think to go one way and return another, and for as much as we can, I will try to speak a little French; I tried hitherto but little, but I spoke sometimes. If I heard better, I suppose I should learn faster. I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,
"SAM. JOHNSON."

TO THE SAME.

"Paris, Oct. 22, 1775.

"DEAR SIR,

"WE are still here, commonly very busy in looking about us. We have been to-day at Versailles. You have seen it, and I shall not describe it. We came yesterday from Fontainbleau, where the Court is now. We went to see the King and Queen at dinner, and the Queen was so impressed by Miss,[1] that she sent one of the Gentlemen to enquire who she was. I find all true that you have ever told me at Paris. Mr. Thrale is very liberal, and keeps us two coaches, and a very fine table; but I think our cookery very bad. Mrs. Thrale got into a convent of English nuns, and I talked with her through the grate, and am very kindly used by the English Benedictine friars. But upon the whole I cannot make much acquaintance here; and though the churches, palaces, and some private houses are very magnificent, there is no very great pleasure after having seen many, in seeing more; at least the pleasure, whatever it be, must some time have an end, and we are beginning to think when we shall come home. Mr. Thrale calculates that as we left Streatham on the fifteenth of September, we shall see it again about the fifteenth of November.

"I think I had not been on this side of the sea five days before I found a sensible improvement in my health. I ran a race in the rain this day, and beat Baretti. Baretti is a fine fellow, and speaks French, I think, quite as well as English.

"Make my compliments to Mrs. Williams; and give my love to Francis; and tell my friends that I am not lost. I am, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate humble &c.
"SAM. JOHNSON."

[1] Miss Thrale.

"To Dr. Samuel Johnson.

"Edinburgh, Oct. 24, 177

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If I had not been informed that you were at Paris, y should have had a letter from me by the earliest opportunit announcing the birth of my son, on the 9th instant; I ha named him Alexander, after my father. I now write, as I su pose your fellow-traveller, Mr. Thrale, will return to Lond this week, to attend his duty in Parliament, and that you w not stay behind him.

"I send another parcel of Lord Hailes's 'Annals.' I ha undertaken to solicit you for a favour to him, which he th requests in a letter to me: 'I intend soon to give you "T Life of Robert Bruce," which you will be pleased to transm to Dr. Johnson. I wish that you could assist me in a fan which I have taken, of getting Dr. Johnson to draw a charact of Robert Bruce, from the account that I give of that princ If he finds materials for it in my work, it will be a proof that have been fortunate in selecting the most striking incidents.'

"I suppose by '*The Life of Robert Bruce*,' his Lordsh means that part of his 'Annals' which relates the history that prince, and not a separate work.

"Shall we have '*A Journey to Paris*' from you in the winte You will, I hope, at any rate be kind enough to give m some account of your French travels very soon, for I am ve impatient. What a different scene have you viewed th autumn, from that which you viewed in autumn 1773! I ev am, my dear Sir,

"Your much obliged and

"Affectionate humble servant,

"James Boswell

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am glad that the young Laird is born, and an end, I hope, put to the only difference that you can ever have wi Mrs. Boswell.[1] I know that she does not love me; but intend to persist in wishing her well till I get the bett of her.

"Paris is, indeed, a place very different from the Hebride but it is to a hasty traveller not so fertile of novelty, nor affor so many opportunities of remark. I cannot pretend to tell th

[1] This alludes to my old feudal principle of preferring male to female succession.

ublick any thing of a place better known to many of my eaders than to myself. We can talk of it when we meet.

"I shall go next week to Streatham, from whence I purpose o send a parcel of the 'History' every post. Concerning the haracter of Bruce, I can only say, that I do not see any great eason for writing it; but I shall not easily deny what Lord Hailes and you concur in desiring.

"I have been remarkably healthy all the journey, and hope ou and your family have known only that trouble and danger hich has so happily terminated. Among all the congratula-ons that you may receive, I hope you believe none more arm or sincere, than those of, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate,

"Sam. Johnson."

November 16, 1775."

"To Mrs. Lucy Porter, in Lichfield.[1]

"DEAR MADAM,

"This week I came home from Paris. I have brought ou a little box, which I thought pretty; but I know not hether it is properly a snuff-box, or a box for some other se. I will send it, when I can find an opportunity. I have een through the whole journey remarkably well. My fellow-avellers were the same whom you saw at Lichfield, only we ook Baretti with us. Paris is not so fine a place as you would xpect. The palaces and churches, however, are very splendid nd magnificent; and what would please you, there are many ery fine pictures; but I do not think their way of life com-nodious or pleasant.

"Let me know how your health has been all this while. I ope the fine summer has given you strength sufficient to ncounter the winter.

"Make my compliments to all my friends; and, if your ngers will let you, write to me, or let your maid write, if it be oublesome to you. I am, dear Madam,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

Nov. 16, 1775."

[1] There can be no doubt that many years previous to 1775, he corresponded with this ly, who was his stepdaughter, but none of his earlier letters to her have been preserved. Since the death of the Author, several of Johnson's letters to Mrs. Lucy Porter, itten before 1775, were obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. Dr. Vyse, and nted in the present edition.—M.]

TO THE SAME.

"DEAR MADAM,

"SOME weeks ago I wrote to you, to tell you that I was ju
come home from a ramble, and hoped that I should have hea
from you. I am afraid winter has laid hold on your finge
and hinders you from writing. However, let somebody writ
if you cannot, and tell me how you do, and a little of what h
happened at Lichfield among our friends. I hope you are
well.

"When I was in France, I thought myself growing youn
but am afraid that cold weather will take part of my new vigo
from me. Let us, however, take care of ourselves, and lose
part of our health by negligence.

"I never knew whether you received the Commentary
the New Testament, and the Travels, and the glasses.

"Do, my dear love, write to me; and do not let us forg
each other. This is the season of good wishes, and I wish y
all good. I have not lately seen Mr. Porter,[1] nor heard of hi
Is he with you?

"Be pleased to make my compliments to Mrs. Adey, a
Mrs. Cobb, and all my friends; and when I can do any goo
let me know. I am, dear Madam,

"Yours most affectionately,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"December, 1775."

It is to be regretted, that he did not write an account of h
travels in France; for as he is reported to have once said, th
"he could write the Life of a Broomstick,"[2] so, notwithstandi
so many former travellers have exhausted almost every subje
for remark in that great kingdom, his very accurate observ
tion, and peculiar vigour of thought and illustration, would ha
produced a valuable work. During his visit to it, which last
but about two months, he wrote notes or minutes of what
saw. He promised to shew me them, but I neglected to p
him in mind of it; and the greatest part of them has been lo
or perhaps, destroyed in a precipitate burning of his papers
few days before his death, which must ever be lamente
One small paper-book, however, entitled, "FRANCE II." h
been preserved, and is in my possession. It is a diurn

[1] Son of Mrs. Johnson, by her first husband.

[2] [It is probable that the authour's memory here deceived him, and that he was thi
ing of Stella's remark, that Swift could write finely upon a broomstick. See Johnso
life of Swift.—J. BOSWELL.]

egister of his life and observations, from the 10th of October o the 4th of November, inclusive, being twenty-six days, and nows an extraordinary attention to various minute particulars. eing the only memorial of this tour that remains, my readers, am confident, will peruse it with pleasure, though his notes re very short, and evidently written only to assist his own ecollection.

"Oct. 10. Tuesday. We saw the *Ecole Militaire*, in which ne hundred and fifty young boys are educated for the army. They have arms of different sizes, according to the age;—ints of wood. The building is very large, but nothing fine xcept the council-room. The French have large squares in ne windows;—they make good iron palisades. Their meals re gross.

"We visited the Observatory, a large building of a great eight. The upper stones of the parapet very large, but not ramped with iron. The flat on the top is very extensive; but n the insulated part there is no parapet. Though it was road enough, I did not care to go upon it. Maps were printing in one of the rooms.

"We walked to a small convent of the Fathers of the Oratory. In the reading-desk of the refectory lay the lives of ne Saints.

"Oct. 11. Wednesday. We want to see *Hôtel de Chatlois*, house not very large, but very elegant. One of the rooms vas gilt to a degree that I never saw before. The upper part or servants and their masters was pretty.

"Thence we went to Mr. Monville's, a house divided into mall apartments, furnished with effeminate and minute legance.—Porphyry.

"Thence we went to St. Roque's church, which is very arge;—the lower part of the pillars incrusted with marble.—Three chapels behind the high altar;—the last a mass of low rches.—Altars, I believe, all round.

"We passed through *Place de Vendôme*, a fine square, about s big as Hanover-square.—Inhabited by the high families.—Lewis XIV. on horse-back in the middle.

"Monville is the son of a farmer general. In the house f Chatlois is a room furnished with japan, fitted up in Europe.

"We dined with Boccage, the Marquis Blanchetti, and his ady.—The sweetmeats taken by the Marchioness Blanchetti, fter observing that they were dear. Mr. Le Roy, Count

Manucci, the Abbé, the Prior, and Father Wilson, who sta with me, till I took him home in the coach.

"Bathiani is gone.

"The French have no laws for the maintenance of th poor.—Monk not necessarily a priest.—Benedictines rise four;—are at church an hour and half; at church again h an hour before, half an hour after, dinner; and again fr half an hour after seven to eight. They may sleep eig hours.—Bodily labour wanted in monasteries.

"The poor taken to hospitals, and miserably kept.—Mon in the convent fifteen:—accounted poor.

"Oct. 12. Thursday. We went to the Gobelins.—Tapest makes a good picture:—imitates flesh exactly.—One pie with a gold ground;—the birds not exactly coloured.—Then we went to the King's Cabinet;—very neat, not, perha perfect.—Gold ore.—Candles of the candle-tree.—Seeds.- Woods. Thence to Gagnier's house, where I saw rooms nin furnished with a profusion of wealth and elegance which never had seen before.—Vases.—Pictures.—The dragon chin —The lustre said to be of crystal, and to have cost 3,500l.- The whole furniture said to have cost 125,000l.—Dama hangings covered with pictures.—Porphyry.—This hou struck me.—Then we waited on the ladies to Monville's.- Captain Irwin with us.[1]—Spain. County towns all beggars.- At Dijon he could not find the way to Orleans.—Cross roa of France very bad.—Five soldiers.—Woman.—Soldie escaped.——The Colonel would not lose five men for the dea of one woman.—The magistrate cannot seize a soldier but b the Colonel's permission.—Good inn at Nismes.—Moors Barbary fond of Englishmen.—Gibraltar eminently healthy;- it has beef from Barbary.—There is a large garden.—Soldie sometimes fall from the rock.

"Oct. 13. Friday. I staid at home all day, only went t find the prior, who was not at home.—I read something i Canus.[2]—*Nec admiror, nec multum laudo.*

"Oct. 14. Saturday. We went to the house of M Argenson, which was almost wainscotted with looking-glasse and covered with gold.—The ladies' closet wainscotted wit large squares of glass over painted paper. They always plac mirrours to reflect their rooms.

[1] The rest of this paragraph appears to be a minute of what was told by Capta Irwin.

[2] Melchior Canus, a celebrated Spanish Dominican, who died at Toledo, in 1560. H wrote a treatise *De Locis Theologicis*, in twelve books.

"Then we went to Julien's, the Treasurer of the Clergy :—o,oool. a year.—The house has no very large room, but is et with mirrours, and covered with gold.—Books of wood ere, and in another library.

"At D********'s I looked into the books in the lady's loset, and, in contempt, shewed them to Mr. T.—*Prince Titi ; Bibl. des Fées*, and other books.—She was offended, and shut p, as we heard afterwards, her apartment.

"Then we went to Julien Le Roy, the King's watch-maker, a an of character in his business, who shewed a small clock ade to find the longitude.—A decent man.

"Afterwards we saw the *Palais Marchand*, and the Courts f Justice, civil and criminal.—Queries on the *Sellette*.—This uilding has the old Gothick passages, and a great appearance f antiquity.—Three hundred prisoners sometimes in the gaol.

"Much disturbed ; hope no ill will be.[1]

"In the afternoon I visited Mr. Freron the journalist. He oke Latin very scantily, but seemed to understand me.—His ouse not splendid, but of commodious size.—His family, wife, n, and daughter, not elevated but decent.—I was pleased with y reception.—He is to translate my books, which I am to nd him with notes.

"Oct. 15. Sunday. At Choisi, a royal palace on the banks the Seine, about 7m. from Paris.—The terrace noble along e river.—The rooms numerous and grand, but not discriminated from other palaces.—The chapel beautiful, but small. China globes.—Inlaid tables.—Labyrinth.—Sinking table.—ilet tables.

"Oct. 16. Monday. The Palais Royal very grand, large, d lofty.—A very great collection of pictures.—Three of aphael.—Two Holy Family.—One small piece of M. Angelo. One room of Rubens.—I thought the pictures of Raphael e.

"The Thuilleries.—Statues.—Venus.—Æn. and Anchises his arms.—Nilus.—Many more.—The walks not open to an persons.—Chairs at night hired for two sous a piece.—nt tournant.

"Austin nuns.—Grate.—Mrs. Fermor, Abbess.—She knew pe, and thought him disagreeable.—Mrs. —— has many oks ;—has seen life.—Their frontlet disagreeable.—Their od.—Their life easy.—Rise about five ; hour and half in

[1] This passage, which so many think superstitious, reminds me of Archbishop Laud's ry.

chapel.—Dine at ten.—Another hour and half at chapel; an hour about three, and half an hour more at seven:—hours in chapel.—A large garden.—Thirteen pensioners Teacher complained.

"At the Boulevards saw nothing, yet was glad to be there Rope-dancing and farce.—Egg dance.

"N. [Note.] Near Paris, whether on week-days or Sunda the roads empty.

"Oct. 17. Tuesday. At the Palais Marchand I bought

A snuff-box,	24L.
	6
Table book	15
Scissars 3 p [pair]	18
	63—2 12 6

"We heard the lawyers plead.—N. As many killed at Pa as there are days in the year.—*Chambre de question.*—Tourn at the Palais Marchand.—An old venerable building.

"The Palais Bourbon, belonging to the Prince of Con Only one small wing shewn;—lofty;—splendid;—gold a glass.—The battles of the great Condé are painted in one the rooms. The present Prince a grandsire at thirty-nine.

"The sight of palaces, and other great buildings, leaves very distinct images, unless to those who talk of them. As entered, my wife was in my mind:[1] she would have be pleased. Having now nobody to please, I am little pleased.

"N. In France there is no middle rank.

"So many shops open, that Sunday is little distinguished Paris.—The palaces of Louvre and Thuilleries granted out lodgings.

"In the *Palais de Bourbon*, gilt globes of metal at the place.

"The French beds commended.—Much of the marb only paste.

"The colosseum a mere wooden building, at least much of

"Oct. 18. Wednesday. We went to Fontainebleau, whi we found a large mean town, crowded with people.—T forest thick with woods, very extensive.—Manucci secured lodgings.—The appearance of the country pleasant.—No hil few streams, only one hedge.—I remember no chapels n crosses on the road.—Pavement still, and rows of trees.

[1] His tender affection for his departed wife, of which there are many evidences in "Prayers and Meditations," appears very feelingly in this passage.

"N. Nobody but mean people walk in Paris.

"Oct. 19. Thursday. At Court, we saw the apartments;—ne King's bed-chamber and council-chamber extremely plendid.—Persons of all ranks in the external rooms through hich the family passes;—servants and masters.—Brunet with s the second time.

"The introductor came to us;—civil to me.—Presenting.—had scruples.—Not necessary.—We went and saw the King nd Queen at dinner.—We saw the other ladies at dinner.—Iadame Elizabeth, with the Princess of Guimené.—At night we ent to a comedy. I neither saw nor heard. Drunken women.—Mrs. Th. preferred one to the other.

"Oct. 20. Friday. We saw the Queen mount in the orest.—Brown habit; rode aside: one lady rode aside.—The)ueen's horse light grey;—martingale.—She galloped.—We ien went to the apartments, and admired them.—Then andered through the palace.—In the passages, stalls and ops.—Painting in Fresco by a great master, worn out.—Ve saw the King's horses and dogs.—The dogs almost all nglish.—Degenerate.

"The horses not much commended.—The stables cool; the ennel filthy.

"At night the ladies went to the opera. I refused but should ave been welcome.

"The King fed himself with his left hand as we.

"Saturday, 21. In the night I got round.—We came home o Paris.—I think we did not see the chapel.—Tree broken by ne wind.—The French chairs made all of boards painted.

"N. Soldiers at the court of justice.—Soldiers not amenble to the magistrates.—Dijon woman.[1]

"Faggots in the palace.—Everything slovenly, except in the hief rooms.—Trees in the roads, some tall, none old, many ery young and small.

"Women's saddles seem ill made. Queen's bridle woven ith silver.—Tags to strike the horse.

"Sunday, Oct. 22. To Versailles, a mean town. Carriages f business passing.—Mean shops against the wall.—Our way ay through Sêve, where the China manufacture.—Wooden idge at Sêve, in the way to Versailles.—The palace of great xtent.—The front long; I saw it not perfectly.—The Menagerie.—Cygnets dark; their black feet; on the ground; tame.—Halcyons, or gulls.—Stag and hind, young.—Aviary, very large:

[1] See p. 576.

the net, wire.—Black stag of China, small.—Rhinoceros, t horn broken and pared away, which, I suppose, will gro the basis, I think, four inches 'cross; the skin folds like loo cloth doubled over his body, and cross his hips; a vast anim though young; as big, perhaps, as four oxen.—The you elephant, with his tusks just appearing.—The brown bear p out his paws;—all very tame.—The lion.—The tigers I did n well view.—The camel, or dromedary with two bunches call the Huguin,[1] taller than any horse.—Two camels with o bunch.—Among the birds was a pelican, who being let o went to a fountain, and swam about to catch fish. His fe well webbed: he dipped his head, and turned his long bill sid wise. He caught two or three fish, but did not eat them.

"Trianon is a kind of retreat appendant to Versailles. has an open portico; the pavement, and, I think, the pillars marble.—There are many rooms, which I do not distinc remember.—A table of porphyry, about five feet long, a between two or three broad, given to Louis XIV. by t Venetian State.—In the council-room almost all that was n door or window, was, I think, looking-glass.—Little Trianon a small palace like a gentleman's house.—The upper floor pav with brick.—Little Vienne.—The court is ill paved.—T rooms at the top are small, fit to sooth the imagination wi privacy. In the front of Versailles are small basons of wat on the terrace, and other basons,-I think, below them. The are little courts.—The great gallery is wainscotted with mirrou not very large, but joined by frames. I suppose the lar plates were not yet made.—The play-house was very large. The chapel I do not remember if we saw.—We saw o chapel, but I am not certain whether there or at Trianon. The foreign office paved with bricks.—The dinner half a Lou each, and, I think, a Louis over.—Money given at Menager three livres; at palace, six livres.

"Oct. 23. Monday. Last night I wrote to Levet.—We we to see the looking-glasses wrought. They come from No mandy in cast plates, perhaps the third of an inch thick. Paris they are ground upon a marble table, by rubbing o plate upon another with grit between them. The various sand of which there are said to be five, I could not learn. Th handle, by which the upper glass is moved, has the form of wheel, which may be moved in all directions. The plates a sent up with their surfaces ground, but not polished, and

[1] This epithet should be applied to this animal with one bunch.

ontinue till they are bespoken, lest time should spoil the urface, as we were told. Those that are to be polished, are id on a table covered with several thick cloths, hard strained, hat the resistance may be equal: they are then rubbed with and rubber, held down hard by a contrivance which I did not ell understand. The powder which is used last seemed to e to be iron dissolved in aqua fortis: they called it, as aretti said, *marc de l'eau forte*, which he thought was dregs. hey mentioned vitriol and saltpetre. The cannon ball swam the quicksilver. To silver them, a leaf of beaten tin is laid, nd rubbed with quicksilver, to which it unites. Then more uicksilver is poured upon it, which, by its mutual [attraction] ses very high. Then a paper is laid at the nearest end of the late, over which the glass is slided till it lies upon the plate, aving driven much of the quicksilver before it. It is then, I ink, pressed upon cloth, and then set sloping to drop the uperfluous mercury: the slope is daily heightened towards a erpendicular.

"In the way I saw the Grêve, the mayor's house, and the astile.

"We then went to Sans-terre, a brewer.[1] He brews with bout as much malt as Mr. Thrale, and sells his beer at the me price, though he pays no duty for malt, and little more han half as much for beer. Beer is sold retail at 6d. a bottle. He brews 4,000 barrels a year. There are seventeen brewers Paris, of whom none is supposed to brew more than he;—eckoning them at 3,000 each, they make 51,000 a year.—They ake their malt, for malting is here no trade.

"The moat of the Bastile is dry.

"Oct. 24. Tuesday. We visited the King's library.—I saw he *Speculum humanæ Salvationis*, rudely printed, with ink, ometimes pale, sometimes black; part supposed to be with ooden types, and part with pages cut in boards. The Bible, upposed to be older than that of Mentz, in 62; it has no date; is supposed to have been printed with wooden types.—I am doubt; the print is large and fair, in two folios. Another ook was shewn me, supposed to have been printed with ooden types;—I think, *Durandi Sanctuarium* in 58. This inferred from the difference of form sometimes seen in the me letter, which might be struck with different puncheons.—he regular similitude of most letters proves better that they

[1] [The detestable ruffian, who afterwards conducted Louis the Sixteenth to the scaffold nd commanded the troops that guarded it, during his murder.—M.]

are metal.—I saw nothing but the *Speculum* which I had n seen, I think, before.

"Thence to the Sorbonne.—The library very large, not lattices like the King's. *Marbone* and *Durandi*, q. collectio 14 vol. *Scriptores de rebus Gallicis*, many folios.—*Histoi Genealogique of France*, 9 vol.—*Gallia Christiana*, the fi edition, 4to. the last, f. 12 vol.—The Prior and Librarian din [with us]:—I waited on them home.—Their garden pretty, wi covered walks, but small; yet may hold many students. T Doctors of the Sorbonne are all equal;—choose those wh succeed to vacancies.—Profit little.

"Oct. 25. Wednesday. I went with the Prior to St. Clou to see Dr. Hooke.—We walked round the palace, and had son talk.—I dined with our whole company at the Monastery.— the library, *Beroald*,—*Cymon*,—*Titus*, from Boccace.—*Ora Proverbialis* to the Virgin, from Petrarch; Falkland to Sandy —Dryden's Preface to the third vol. of Miscellanies.[1]

"Oct. 26. Thursday. We saw the china at Sêve, cut, glaze painted. Bellevue, a pleasing house, not great: fine prospec —Meudon, an old palace.—Alexander, in Porphyry: hollo between eyes and nose, thin cheeks.—Plato and Aristotle.- Noble terrace overlooks the town.—St. Cloud.—Gallery n very high, nor grand, but pleasing.—In the rooms, Micha Angelo, drawn by himself, Sir Thomas More, Des Carte Bochart, Naudæus, Mazarine.—Gilded wainscot, so comm that it is not minded.—Gough and Keene.—Hooke came to at the inn.—A message from Drumgold.

"Oct. 27. Friday. I staid at home.—Gough and Keen and Mrs. S————'s friend dined with us.—This day began to have a fire. The weather is grown very cold, and, fear, has a bad effect upon my breath, which has grown mu more free and easy in this country.

"Sat. Oct. 28. I visited the Grand Chartreux built by S Louis.—It is built for forty, but contains only twenty-four, and w not maintain more.—The friar that spoke to us had a pret apartment.—Mr. Baretti says four rooms; I remember b three.—His books seemed to be French.—His garden was nea he gave me grapes. We saw the Place de Victoire, with t statues of the King, and the captive nations.

"We saw the palace and gardens of Luxembourg, but t gallery was shut.—We climbed to the top stairs.—I dined wi

[1] He means, I suppose, that he read these different pieces, while he remained in library.

Colbrooke, who had much company:—Foote, Sir George Rodney, Motteux, Udson, Taaf.—Called on the Prior, and found him in bed.

"Hotel—a guinea a day.—Coach, three guineas a week.—Valet de place, three l. a day.—*Avantcoureur*, a guinea a week.—Ordinary dinner, six l. a head.—Our ordinary seems to be about five guineas a day.—Our extraordinary expences, as diversions, gratuities, clothes, I cannot reckon.—Our travelling is ten guineas a day.

"White stockings, 18l.[1] Wig.—Hat.

"Sunday, Oct. 29. We saw the boarding-school,—The *Enfans trouvés*.—A room with about eighty-six children in cradles, as sweet as a parlour.—They lose a third; take in to perhaps more than seven [years old]; put them to trades; join to them the papers sent with them.—Want nurses.—Saw their chapel.

"Went to St. Eustatia; saw an innumerable company of girls catechised, in many bodies, perhaps 100 to a catechist.—Boys taught at one time, girls at another.—The Sermon; the preacher wears a cap, which he takes off at the name:—his action uniform, not very violent.

"Oct. 30. Monday. We saw the library of St. Germain.—A very noble collection.—*Codex Divinorum Officiorum*, 1459:—a letter, square like that of the *Offices*, perhaps the same.—The *Codex*, by Fust and Gernsheym.—*Meursius*, 12 v. fol.—*Amadis*, in French, 3 v. fol.—CATHOLICON *sine colophone*, but of 1460.—Two other editions,[2] one by ———— *Augustin. de Civitate Dei*, without name, date, or place, but of Fust's square letter as it seems.

"I dined with Col. Drumgold; had a pleasing afternoon.

"Some of the books of St. Germain's stand in presses from the wall, like those at Oxford.

"Oct. 31. Tuesday. I lived at the Benedictines; meagre day; soup meagre, herrings, eels, both with sauce; fryed fish; entils, tasteless in themselves. In the library; where I found *Maffeus's de Historiâ Indicâ: Promontorium flectere, to double the Cape.* I parted very tenderly from the Prior and Friar Wilkes.

[1] [i. e. 18 *livres*. Two pair of white silk stockings were probably purchased.—M.]

[2] I have looked in vain into De Bure, Meerman, Mattaire, and other typographical books, for the two editions of the "*Catholicon*," which Dr. Johnson mentions here, with names which I cannot make out. I read "one by *Latinius*, one by *Boedinus*." I have deposited the original MS in the British Museum, where the curious may see it. My grateful acknowledgements are due to Mr. Planta for the trouble he was pleased to take in aiding my researches.

"*Maitre des Arts*, 2 y.—*Bacc. Theol.* 3 y.—*Licentiate*, 2 y.—*Doctor Th.* 2 y. in all 9 years.—For the Doctorate three di putations, *Major*, *Minor*, *Sorbonica*.—Several colleges su pressed, and transferred to that which was the Jesuits' Colleg

"Nov. 1. Wednesday. We left Paris.—St. Denis, a larg town; the church not very large, but the middle isle is ver lofty and aweful.—On the left are chapels built beyond the lin of the wall, which destroy the symmetry of the sides. Th organ is higher above the pavement than any I have ever see —The gates are of brass.—On the middle gate is the history our Lord.—The painted windows are historical, and said to b eminently beautiful.—We were at another church belonging a convent, of which the portal is a dome; we could not ent further, and it was almost dark.

"Nov. 2. Thursday. We came this day to Chantilly, a se belonging to the Prince of Condé.—This place is eminent beautified by all varieties of waters starting up in fountains, fa ing in cascades, running in streams, and spread in lakes.—Th water seems to be too near the house.—All this water is brough from a source or river three leagues off, by an artificial cana which for one league is carried under ground.—The house magnificent.—The cabinet seems well stocked; what I remem ber was, the jaws of a hippopotamus, and a young hippopotamu preserved, which, however, is so small, that I doubt its reality.— It seems too hairy for an abortion, and too small for a matu birth.—Nothing was in spirits; all was dry.—The dog; th deer; the ant-bear with long snout.—The toucan, long broa beak.—The stables were of very great length.—The kennel ha no scents.—There was a mockery of a village.—The Menager had few animals.[1] Two faussans,[2] or Brasilian weasels, spotte very wild.—There is a forest, and, I think, a park.—I walke till I was very weary, and next morning felt my feet battered and with pains in the toes.

"Nov. 3. Friday. We came to Compeigne, a very larg town, with a royal palace built round a pentagonal court.—Th court is raised upon vaults, and has, I suppose, an entry on or

[1] The writing is so bad here, that the names of several of the animals could not decyphered without much more acquaintance with natural history than I possess.—I Blagden, with his usual politeness, most obligingly examined the MS. To that gentlema and to Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, who also very readily assisted me, I beg lea to express my best thanks.

[2] It is thus written by Johnson, from the French pronunciation of *foissane*. It sho be observed, that the person who shewed this Menagerie was mistaken in supposing t *foissane* and the Brasilian weasel to be the same, the *foissane* being a different animal, a native of Madagascar. I find them, however, upon one plate in Pennant's "Synop of Quadrupeds."

ide by a gentle rise.—Talk of painting.—The church is not ery large, but very elegant and splendid.—I had at first great ifficulty to walk, but motion grew continually easier.—At night e came to Noyon, an episcopal city.—The cathedral is very eautiful, the pillars alternately Gothick and Corinthian.—We ntered a very noble parochial church.—Noyon is walled, and s said to be three miles round.

"Nov. 4. Saturday. We rose very early, and came through t. Quintin to Cambray, not long after three.—We went to an nglish nunnery, to give a letter to Father Welch, the confessor, ho came to visit us in the evening.

"Nov. 5. Sunday. We saw the Cathedral.—It is very beauti- l, with chapels on each side.—The choir splendid.—The alustrade in one part brass.—The Neff very high and grand. he altar silver as far as it is seen.—The vestments very plendid.—At the Benedictines church——"

Here his Journal[1] ends abruptly. Whether he wrote any ore after this time, I know not; but probably not much, as e arrived in England about the 12th of November. These hort notes of his tour, though they may seem minute taken ingly, make together a considerable mass of information, and xhibit such an ardour of enquiry and acuteness of examina- on, as, I believe, are found in but few travellers, especially t an advanced age. They completely refute the idle notion hich has been propagated, *that he could not see*; and, if he had aken the trouble to revise and digest them, he undoubtedly ould have expanded them into a very entertaining narrative.

When I met him in London the following year, the account hich he gave me of his French tour, was, "Sir, I have seen all he visibilities of Paris, and around it; but to have formed an cquaintance with the people there, would have required more me than I could stay. I was just beginning to creep into cquaintance by means of Colonel Drumgold, a very high man, ir, head of *L'Ecole Militaire*, a most complete character, for he ad first been a professor of rhetorick, and then became a oldier. And, Sir, I was very kindly treated by the English Benedictines, and have a cell appropriated to me in their onvent."

He observed, "The great in France live very magnificently, ut the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state as

[1] My worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Andrew Lumisden, by his accurate acquaintance th France, enabled me to make out many proper names which Dr. Johnson had written distinctly, and sometimes spelt erroneously.

in England. The shops of Paris are mean; the meat in th markets is such as would be sent to a gaol in England; an Mr. Thrale justly observed, that the cookery of the French wa forced upon them by necessity; for they could not eat the meat, unless they added some taste to it. The French are a indelicate people; they will spit upon any place. At Madam ——'s, a literary lady of rank, the footman took the sugar i his fingers, and threw it into my coffee. I was going to put aside; but hearing it was made on purpose for me, I e'e tasted Tom's fingers. The same lady would needs make te *à l'Angloise*. The spout of the tea-pot did not pour freely; sh bade the footman blow into it. France is worse than Scotlan in every thing but climate. Nature has done more for th French; but they have done less for themselves than th Scotch have done."[1]

It happened that Foote was at Paris at the same tim with Dr. Johnson, and his description of my friend while there was abundantly ludicrous. He told me, that the French wer quite astonished at his figure and manner, and at his dres which he obstinately continued exactly as in London;[2]—h brown clothes, black stockings, and plain shirt. He mentioned that an Irish gentleman said to Johnson, "Sir, you have no seen the best French players." JOHNSON. "Players, Sir! look on them as no better than creatures set upon tables an joint stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancin dogs."—"But, Sir, you will allow that some players are bette than others?" JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, as some dogs danc better than others."

When Johnson was in France, he was generally very resolut in speaking Latin. It was a maxim with him that a man shoul not let himself down, by speaking a language which he speak imperfectly. Indeed, we must have often observed ho inferiour, how much like a child a man appears, who speak a broken tongue. When Sir Joshua Reynolds, at one of th

[1] [In a Letter to a friend, written a few days after his return from France, he says, "T French have a clear air and a fruitful soil; but their mode of common life is gross a incommodious, and disgusting. I am come home convinced that no improvement general use is to be found among them."—M.]

2 [Mr. Foote seems to have *embellished* a little in saying that Johnson did not alter h dress at Paris; as in his Journal is a memorandum about white stockings, wig, and h In another place we are told that "during his travels in France he was furnished with French-made wig of handsome construction." That Johnson was not inattentive to h appearance is certain, from a circumstance related by Mr. Steevens, and inserted by M Boswell, in vol. ii. between June 15 and June 22, 1784.—J. BLAKEWAY.]

[Mr. Blakeway's observation is further confirmed by a note in Johnson's diary (quot by Sir John Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, p. 517,) by which it appears, that he laid o thirty pounds in cloaths for his French journey.—M.]

inners of the Royal Academy, presented him to a Frenchman f great distinction, he would not deign to speak French, but alked Latin, though his Excellency did not understand it, wing, perhaps, to Johnson's English pronunciation: yet upon nother occasion he was observed to speak French to a Frenchman of high rank, who spoke English; and being asked the eason, with some expression of surprise,—he answered, because I think my French is as good as his English." Though Johnson understood French perfectly, he could not peak it readily, as I have observed at his first interview with General Paoli, in 1769; yet he wrote it, I imagine, pretty well, s appears from some of his letters in Mrs. Piozzi's collection, of hich I shall transcribe one:

A Madame La Comtesse de ——.

"July 16, 1775.

"Oui, *Madame, le moment est arrivé, et il faut que je parte. Mais pourquoi faut il partir? Est ce que je m'ennuye? Je m'ennuyerai ailleurs. Est ce que je cherche ou quelque plaisir, ou quelque soulagement? Je ne cherche rien, je n'espere rien. Aller voir ce que j'ai vû, etre un peu rejoué, un peu degouté, me ressouvenir que la vie se passe en vain, me plaindre de moi, m'endurcir aux dehors; voici le tout de ce qu'on compte pour les delices de l'année. Que Dieu vous donne, Madame, tous les agrémens de la vie, avec un esprit qui peut en jouir sans s'y livrer trop.*"

Here let me not forget a curious anecdote, as related to me y Mr. Beauclerk, which I shall endeavour to exhibit as well as can in that gentleman's lively manner; and in justice to him is proper to add, that Dr. Johnson told me I might rely both n the correctness of his memory, and the fidelity of his arrative. "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England, said Beauclerk,) she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly ent with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was ntertained with his conversation for some time. When our isit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple-lane when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who it seems, upon a little ecollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have one the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of uality, and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was urrying down the stair-case in violent agitation. He overtook

us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in betwe
me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conduct
her to her coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit
pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sti
ing on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and t
knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd
people gathered round, and were not a little struck by th
singular appearance."

He spoke Latin with wonderful fluency and elegance. Wh
Pere Boscovich was in England, Johnson dined in compa
with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, and at Dr. Douglas's, n
Bishop of Salisbury. Upon both occasions that celebrat
foreigner expressed his astonishment at Johnson's Latin conv
sation. When at Paris, Johnson thus characterised Voltaire
Freron, the journalist: "*Vir est acerrimi ingenii et paucar
literarum.*"

"To Dr. Samuel Johnson.

"Edinburgh, Dec. 5, 177

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Alexander Maclean, the young Laird of Col, bei
to set out to-morrow for London, I give him this letter
introduce him to your acquaintance. The kindness which y
and I experienced from his brother, whose unfortunate dea
we sincerely lament, will make us always desirous to sho
attention to any branch of the family. Indeed, you have
much of the true Highland cordiality, that I am sure you wou
have thought me to blame if I had neglected to recommend
you this Hebridean prince, in whose island we were hospitab
entertained. I ever am with respectful attachment, my de
Sir,

"Your most obliged
"And most humble servant,
"James Boswell

Mr. Maclean returned with the most agreeable accounts
the polite attention with which he was received by D
Johnson.

In the course of this year Dr. Burney informs me that, "h
very frequently met Dr. Johnson at Mr. Thrale's, at Streatham
where they had many long conversations, often sitting up a
long as the fire and candles lasted, and much longer than th
patience of the servants subsisted."

A few of Johnson's sayings, which that gentleman recollects, hall here be inserted.

"I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad ight, and then the nap takes me."

"The writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying othing but what is strictly true. Allowance must be made for ome degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a an is not upon oath.

"There is now less flogging in our great schools than ormerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the oys get at one end they lose at the other."

"More is learned in publick than in private schools, from mulation; there is the collision of mind with mind, or the adiation of many minds pointing to one centre. Though few oys make their own exercises, yet if a good exercise is given p, out of a great number of boys, it is made by somebody."

"I hate by-roads in education. Education is as well nown, and has long been as well known, as ever it can be. Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless abour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six ears old than other children, what use can be made of it? t will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much me and labour of the teacher can never be repaid. Too uch is expected from precocity, and too little performed. Miss —— was an instance of early cultivation, but in what did terminate? In marrying a little Presbyterian parson, who eeps an infant boarding-school, so that all her employment ow is,

'To suckle fools, and chronicle small-beer.'

he tells the children, 'This is a cat, and that is a dog, with our legs and a tail; see there! you are much better than a cat r a dog, for you can speak.' If I had bestowed such an edu- ation on a daughter, and had discovered that she thought of arrying such a fellow, I would have sent her to the *Congress*."

"After having talked slightingly of musick, he was observed listen very attentively while Miss Thrale played on the arpsichord, and with eagerness he called to her, 'Why don't ou dash away like Burney?' Dr. Burney upon this said to m, 'I believe, Sir, we shall make a musician of you at last.' ohnson with candid complacency replied, 'Sir, I shall be glad have a new sense given to me.'"

"He had come down one morning to the breakfast-room, nd been a considerable time by himself before any body

appeared. When on a subsequent day he was twitted by Mrs Thrale for being very late, which he generally was, he defended himself by alluding to the extraordinary morning, when he had been too early. 'Madam, I do not like to come down to *vacuity*.'"

"Dr. Burney having remarked that Mr. Garrick was beginning to look old, he said, 'Why, Sir, you are not to wonder at that; no man's face has had more wear and tear.'"

Not having heard from him for a longer time than I supposed he would be silent, I wrote to him December 18, not in good spirits. "Sometimes I have been afraid that the cold which has gone over Europe this year like a sort of pestilence has seized you severely: sometimes my imagination, which is upon occasions prolifick of evil, hath figured that you may have somehow taken offence at some part of my conduct."

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"Never dream of any offence. How should you offend me? I consider your friendship as a possession, which I intend to hold till you take it from me, and to lament if ever by my fault I should lose it. However, when such suspicions find their way into your mind, always give them vent: I shall make haste to disperse them; but hinder their first ingress if you can. Consider such thoughts as morbid.

"Such illness as may excuse my omission to Lord Hailes, I cannot honestly plead. I have been hindered, I know not how, by a succession of petty obstructions. I hope to mend immediately, and to send next post to his Lordship. Mr Thrale would have written to you if I had omitted; he sends his compliments and wishes to see you.

"You and your lady will now have no more wrangling about feudal inheritance. How does the young Laird of Auchinleck? I suppose Miss Veronica is grown a reader and discourser.

"I have just now got a cough, but it has never yet hindered me from sleeping: I have had quieter nights than are common with me.

"I cannot but rejoice that Joseph[1] has had the wit to find his way back. He is a fine fellow, and one of the best travellers in the world.

[1] Joseph Ritter, a Bohemian, who was in my service many years, and attended Dr. Johnson and me in our Tour to the Hebrides. After having left me for some time, he had now returned to me.

"Young Col brought me your letter. He is a very pleasing outh. I took him two days ago to the Mitre, and we dined ogether. I was as civil as I had the means of being.

"I have had a letter from Rasay, acknowledging, with great appearance of satisfaction, the insertion in the Edinburgh aper. I am very glad that it was done.

"My compliments to Mrs. Boswell, who does not love me: nd of all the rest. I need only send them to those that do; nd I am afraid it will give you very little trouble to distribute hem. I am, my dear, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

' December 23, 1775."

In 1776, Johnson wrote, so far as I can discover, nothing for he publick: but that his mind was still ardent, and fraught ith generous wishes to attain to still higher degrees of literary xcellence, is proved by his private notes of this year, which I hall insert in their proper place.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE at last sent you all Lord Hailes's papers. While was in France, I looked very often into Henault: but Lord Hailes, in my opinion, leaves him far and far behind. Why I id not dispatch so short a perusal sooner, when I look back, am utterly unable to discover: but human moments are tolen away by a thousand petty impediments which leave no race behind them. I have been afflicted, through the whole hristmas, with the general disorder, of which the worst effect as a cough, which is now much mitigated, though the ountry, on which I look from a window at Streatham, is now overed with a deep snow. Mrs. Williams is very ill: every ody else is as usual.

"Among the papers, I found a letter to you which I think ou had not opened: and a paper for 'The Chronicle,' which suppose it not necessary now to insert. I return them oth.

"I have, within these few days, had the honour of receiving ord Hailes's first volume, for which I return my most respectful hanks.

"I wish you, my dearest friend, and your haughty lady, (for know she does not love me,) and the young ladies, and the

young Laird, all happiness. Teach the young gentleman, spite of his mamma, to think and speak well of, Sir,

"Your affectionate humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"Jan. 10, 1776."

At this time was in agitation a matter of great consequen to me and my family, which I should not obtrude upon t world, were it not that the part which Dr. Johnson's friendsh for me made him take in it, was the occasion of an exertion his abilities, which it would be injustice to conceal. Th what he wrote upon the subject may be understood, it necessary to give a state of the question, which I shall do briefly as I can.

In the year 1504, the barony or manour of Auchinlec (pronounced *Affléck*,) in Ayrshire, which belonged to a fami of the same name with the lands, having fallen to the Crow by forfeiture, James the Fourth, King of Scotland, granted to Thomas Boswell, a branch of an ancient family in t county of Fife, stiling him in the charter, "*dilecto familia nostro*;" and assigning, as the cause of the grant, "*pro bono fideli servitio nobis præstito.*" Thomas Boswell was slain battle, fighting along with his Sovereign, at the fatal field Flodden, in 1513.

From this very honourable founder of our family, the esta was transmitted, in a direct series of heirs male, to Davi Boswell, my father's great grand uncle, who had no sons, b four daughters, who were all respectably married, the eldest Lord Cathcart.

David Boswell, being resolute in the military feudal princip of continuing the male succession, passed by his daughter and settled the estate on his nephew by his next brother, wh approved of the deed, and renounced any pretensions whic he might possibly have, in preference to his son. But t estate having been burthened with large portions to t daughters, and other debts, it was necessary for the nephe to sell a considerable part of it, and what remained was sti much encumbered.

The frugality of the nephew preserved, and, in some degr relieved the estate. His son, my grandfather, an emine lawyer, not only re-purchased a great part of what had bee sold, but acquired other lands; and my father, who was one the Judges of Scotland, and had added considerably to t

state, now signified his inclination to take the privilege allowed y our law,[1] to secure it to his family in perpetuity by an entail, hich, on account of his marriage articles, could not be done ithout my consent.

In the plan of entailing the estate, I heartily concurred with m, though I was the first to be restrained by it; but we unappily differed as to the series of heirs which should be tablished, or in the language of our law, called to the succession. y father had declared a predilection for heirs general, that is, ales and females indiscriminately. He was willing, however, at all males descending from his grandfather should be preerred to females; but would not extend that privilege to males eriving their descent from a higher source. I, on the other nd, had a zealous partiality for heirs male, however remote, hich I maintained by arguments which appeared to me to ve considerable weight.[2] And in the particular case of our mily, I apprehended that we were under an implied obligation, honour and good faith, to transmit the estate by the same nure which we held it, which was as heirs male, excluding arer females. I therefore, as I thought conscientiously, obcted to my father's scheme.

My opposition was very displeasing to my father, who was titled to great respect and deference; and I had reason to prehend disagreeable consequences from my non-compliance th his wishes. After much perplexity and uneasiness, I wrote Dr. Johnson, stating the case, with all its difficulties, at full

[1] Acts of Parliament of Scotland, 1685, Cap. 22.

[2] As first, the opinion of some distinguished naturalists, that our species is transmitted ough males only the female being all along no more than a *nidus*, or nurse, as Mother rth is to plants of every sort; which notion seems to be confirmed by that text of scripture, e was yet *in the loins of his* FATHER when Melchisedeck met him;" (Heb. vii. 10.) consequently, that a man's grandson by a daughter, instead of being his *surest* descend, as is vulgarly said, has, in reality, no connection whatever with his blood.—And ondly, independent of this theory, (which, if true, should completely exclude heirs eral,) that if the preference of a male to a female, without regard to primogeniture, (as n, though much younger, nay, even a grandson by a son, to a daughter, be once adted, as it universally is, it must be equally reasonable and proper in the most remote ree of descent from an original proprietor of an estate, as in the nearest; because,—vever distant from the representative at the time,—that remote heir male, upon the failure ose nearer to the *original proprietor* than he is, becomes in fact the nearest male to , and is, therefore, preferable as *his* representative, to a female descendant.—A little ession of mind will enable us easily to perceive that a son's son, in continuation to whatr length of time, is preferable to a son's daughter, in the succession to an ancient inherie; in which regard should be had to the representation of the original proprietor, and to that of one of his descendants.

I am aware of Blackstone's admirable demonstration of the reasonableness of the legal cession, upon the principle of there being the greatest probability that the nearest heir he person who last died proprietor of an estate is of the blood of the first purchaser. supposing a pedigree to be carefully authenticated through all its branches, instead of re *probability* there will be a *certainty* that *the nearest heir male, at whatever period,* the same right of blood with the first heir male, namely, *the original purchaser's eldest*

length, and earnestly requesting that he would consider it leisure, and favour me with his friendly opinion and advice.

"To James Boswell, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,

"I was much impressed by your letter, and if I can fo upon your case any resolution satisfactory to myself, will v gladly impart it; but whether I am equal to it, I do not kn It is a case compounded of law and justice, and requires a m versed in juridical disquisitions. Could not you tell your wh mind to Lord Hailes? He is, you know, both a Christian a a Lawyer. I suppose he is above partiality, and above loquaci and, I believe, he will not think the time lost in which he m quiet a disturbed, or settle a wavering mind. Write to me, any thing occurs to you; and if I find myself stopped by w of facts necessary to be known, I will make enquiries of you my doubts arise.

"If your former resolutions should be found only fanci you decide rightly in judging that your father's fancies n claim the preference; but whether they are fanciful or ration is the question. I really think Lord Hailes could help us.

"Make my compliments to dear Mrs. Boswell; and tell that I hope to be wanting in nothing that I can contribute bring you all out of your troubles. I am, dear Sir, m affectionately,

"Your humble servant,

"Sam. Johnso

"London, Jan. 15, 1776."

To the Same.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am going to write upon a question which requires m knowledge of local law, and more acquaintance with the gene rules of inheritance than I can claim; but I write, because y request it.

"Land is, like any other possession, by natural right wh in the power of its present owner; and may be sold, given, bequeathed, absolutely or conditionally, as judgement sh direct, or passion incite.

"But natural right would avail little without the protect of law; and the primary notion of law is restraint in the exerc of natural right. A man is therefore, in society, not fully mas of what he calls his own, but he still retains all the power wh law does not take from him.

"In the exercise of the right which law either leaves or gives, gard is to be paid to moral obligations.

"Of the estate which we are now considering, your father ll retains such possession, with such power over it, that he n sell it, and do with the money what he will, without any gal impediment. But when he extends his power beyond his vn life, by settling the order of succession, the law makes your nsent necessary.

"Let us suppose that he sells the land to risk the money in me specious adventure, and in that adventure loses the whole; s posterity would be disappointed; but they could not think emselves injured or robbed. If he spent it upon vice or easure, his successors could only call him vicious and voluptu- s; they could not say that he was injurious or unjust.

"He that may do more may do less. He that, by selling, or uandering, may disinherit a whole family, may certainly dis herit part, by a partial settlement.

"Laws are formed by the manners and exigencies of particular nes, and it is but accidental that they last longer than their uses: the limitation of feudal succession to the male arose om the obligation of the tenant to attend his chief in war.

"As times and opinions are always changing, I know not nether it be not usurpation to prescribe rules to posterity, by esuming to judge of what we cannot know; and I know not nether I fully approve either your design or your father's, to mit that succession which descended to you unlimited. If e are to leave *surtum tectum* to posterity, what we have without ny merit of our own received from our ancestors, should not noice and free-will be kept unviolated? Is land to be treated ith more reverence than liberty? If this consideration should strain your father from disinheriting some of the males, does leave you the power of disinheriting all the females?

"Can the possessor of a feudal estate make any will? Can e appoint, out of the inheritance, any portions to his daughter? here seems to be a very shadowy difference between the power leaving land, and of leaving money to be raised from land; etween leaving an estate to females, and leaving the male heir, effect, only their steward.

"Suppose at one time a law that allowed only males to in- erit, and during the continuance of this law many estates to ave descended, passing by the females, to remoter heirs. uppose afterwards the law repealed in correspondence with a hange of manners, and women made capable of inheritance,

would not then the tenure of estates be changed? Could t
women have no benefit from a law made in their favour? M
they be passed by upon moral principles for ever, because th
were once excluded by a legal prohibition? Or may that whi
passed only to males by one law, pass likewise to females
another?

"You mention your resolution to maintain the right of yo
brothers:[1] I do not see how any of their rights are invaded.

"As your whole difficulty arises from the act of your ancest
who diverted the succession from the females, you enqui
very properly, what were his motives, and what was his
tention; for you certainly are not bound by his act more th
he intended to bind you, nor hold your land on harder or stric
terms than those on which it was granted.

"Intentions must be gathered from acts. When he left t
estate to his nephew, by excluding his daughters, was it, or w
it not, in his power to have perpetuated the succession to t
males? If he could have done it, he seems to have shewn,
omitting it, that he did not desire it to be done, and, upon yo
own principles, you will not easily prove your right to destr
that capacity of succession which your ancestors have left.

"If your ancestor had not the power of making a perpetu
settlement; and if, therefore, we cannot judge distinctly of h
intentions, yet his act can only be considered as an exampl
it makes not an obligation. And, as you observe, he set
example of rigorous adherence to the line of succession. F
that overlooked a brother, would not wonder that little rega
is shewn to remote relations.

"As the rules of succession are, in a great part, purely leg
no man can be supposed to bequeath any thing, but upon leg
terms; he can grant no power which the law denies; and if h
makes no special and definite limitation, he confers all the pow
which the law allows.

"Your ancestor, for some reason, disinherited his daughter
but it no more follows that he intended this act as a rule f
posterity, than the disinheriting of his brother.

"If, therefore, you ask by what right your father admi
daughters to inheritance, ask yourself, first, by what right yo
require them to be excluded?

"It appears, upon reflection, that your father exclud
nobody; he only admits nearer females to inherit before mal
more remote; and the exclusion is purely consequential.

[1] Which term I applied to all the heirs male.

"These, dear Sir, are my thoughts, immethodical and eliberative; but, perhaps, you may find in them some immering of evidence.

"I cannot, however, but again recommend to you a conrence with Lord Hailes, whom you know to be both a awyer and a Christian.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell, though she does not ve me. I am, Sir,

"Your affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Feb. 3, 1773."

I had followed his recommendation and consulted Lord ailes, who upon this subject had a firm opinion contrary to ine. His Lordship obligingly took the trouble to write me a tter, in which he discussed with legal and historical learning, e points in which I saw much difficulty, maintaining that the succession of heirs general was the succession, by the law Scotland, from the throne to the cottage, as far as we can arn it by record;" observing that the estate of our family ıd not been limited to heirs male: and that though an heir ale had in one instance been chosen in preference to nearer males, that had been an arbitrary act, which had seemed to e best in the embarrassed state of affairs at that time; and e fact was, that upon a fair computation of the value of land ıd money at the time, applied to the estate and the burthens ɔon it, there was nothing given the heir male but the skeleton an estate. "The plea of conscience (said his Lordship,) ıich you put, is a most respectable one, especially when *nscience* and *self* are on different sides. But I think that nscience is not well informed, and that *self* and *she* ought this occasion to be of a side."

This letter, which had considerable influence upon my mind, sent to Dr. Johnson, begging to hear from him again, upon is interesting question.

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"HAVING not any acquaintance with the laws or customs Scotland, I endeavoured to consider your question upon neral principles, and found nothing of much validity that could oppose to this position: 'He who inherits a fief limited by his ancestors, inherits the power of limiting it

according to his own judgement or opinion.' If this be tr
you may join with your father.

"Further consideration produces another conclusion: 'I
who receives a fief unlimited by his ancestors, gives his he
some reason to complain, if he does not transmit it unlimit
to posterity. For why should he make the state of othe
worse than his own, without a reason?' If this be tr
though neither you nor your father are about to do what
quite right, but as your father violates (I think) the leg
succession least, he seems to be nearer the right than yo
self.

"It cannot but occur that 'Women have natural a
equitable claims as well as men, and these claims are n
to be capriciously or lightly superseded or infringed.' Wh
fiefs implied military service, it is easily discerned why femal
could not inherit them; but that reason is now at an end.
manners make laws, manners likewise repeal them.

"These are the general conclusions which I have attaine
None of them are very favourable to your scheme of entail, n
perhaps to any scheme. My observation, that only he wh
acquires an estate may bequeath it capriciously,[1] if it contai
any conviction, includes this position likewise, that only
who acquires an estate may entail it capriciously. But I thi
it may be safely presumed, that 'he who inherits an estat
inherits all the power legally concomitant;' and that 'He wh
gives or leaves unlimited an estate legally limitable, must
presumed to give that power of limitation which he omitted
take away, and to commit future contingencies to future pr
dence.' In these two positions I believe Lord Hailes w
advise you to rest; every other notion of possession seems
me full of difficulties, and embarrassed with scruples.

"If these axioms be allowed, you have arrived now at fu
liberty without the help of particular circumstances, whic
however, have in your case great weight. You very right
observe, that he who passing by his brother gave the inher
ance to his nephew, could limit no more than he gave; and
Lord Hailes's estimate of fourteen years' purchase, what
gave was no more than you may easily entail according to yo
own opinion, if that opinion should finally prevail.

"Lord Hailes's suspicion that entails are encroachments
the dominion of Providence, may be extended to all heredita
privileges and all permanent institutions; I do not see why

[1] I had reminded him of his observation, mentioned p. 437.

ay not be extended to any provision for the present hour, ıce all care about futurity proceeds upon a supposition, that e know at least in some degree what will be future. Of the ture we certainly know nothing; but we may form conjec res from the past; and the power of forming conjectures, cludes, in my opinion, the duty of acting in conformity to at probability which we discover. Providence gives the ower, of which reason teaches the use. I am, dear Sir,

"Your most faithful servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

Feb. 9, 1776."

"I hope I shall get some ground now with Mrs. Boswell; ake my compliments to her, and to the little people.

"Don't burn papers; they may be safe enough in your own ox,—you will wish to see them hereafter."

To the Same.

"DEAR SIR,

"To the letters which I have written about your great uestion I have nothing to add. If your conscience is satisfied, ou have now only your prudence to consult. I long for a tter, that I may know how this troublesome and vexatious uestion is at last decided.[1] I hope that it will at last end ell. Lord Hailes's letter was very friendly, and very reason ble, but I think his aversion from entails has something in it e superstition. Providence is not counteracted by any means hich Providence puts into our power. The continuance and opagation of families makes a great part of the Jewish law, id is by no means prohibited in the Christian institution, ough the necessity of it continues no longer. Hereditary nures are established in all civilized countries, and are ccompanied in most with hereditary authority. Sir William emple considers our constitution as defective, that there is ot an unalienable estate in land connected with a peerage: id Lord Bacon mentions as a proof that the Turks are rbarians, their want of *Stirpes*, as he calls them, or hereditary nk. Do not let your mind, when it is freed from the

[1] The entail framed by my father with various judicious clauses, was settled by him d me, settling the estate upon the heirs male of his grandfather, which I found had been eady done by my grandfather's ingenuity, but was to be enforced only by suing the ds. I was freed by Dr. Johnson from scruples of conscience, too generous and refined, refore, gratify my father. But my opinion and partiality for male succession in a full cnt, remained unshaken. Yet it must be the right heir male unmixed by the exclusion for notion is, that they should be treated with great attention and tenderness, and always ticipate of the prosperity of the family.

supposed necessity of a rigorous entail, be entangled wi contrary objections, and think all entails unlawful, till you ha cogent arguments, which I believe you will never find. I a afraid of scruples.

"I have now sent all Lord Hailes's papers; part I fou hidden in a drawer in which I had laid them for security, a had forgotten them. Part of these are written twice; I ha returned both the copies. Part I had read before.

"Be so kind as to return Lord Hailes my most respect thanks for his first volume: his accuracy strikes me wi wonder; his narrative is far superiour to that of Henault, I have formerly mentioned.

"I am afraid that the trouble, which my irregularity a delay has cost him, is greater, far greater, than any good th I can do him will ever recompense; but if I have any mo copy, I will try to do better.

"Pray let me know if Mrs. Boswell is friends with me, a pay my respects to Veronica, and Euphemia, and Alexand I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON

"February 15, 1776."

"MR. BOSWELL TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Edinburgh, Feb. 20, 177

* * * * * *

"You have illuminated my mind, and relieved me fro imaginary shackles of conscientious obligation. Were necessary, I could immediately join in an entail upon the seri of heirs approved by my father; but it is better not to act t suddenly."

"DR. JOHNSON TO MR. BOSWELL.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM glad that what I could think or say has at contributed to quiet your thoughts. Your resolution not act, till your opinion is confirmed by more deliberation, is ve just. If you have been scrupulous, do not be rash. I ho that as you think more, and take opportunities of talking wi men intelligent in questions of property, you will be able free yourself from every difficulty.

"When I wrote last, I sent, I think, ten packets. Did yo receive them all?

"You must tell Mrs. Boswell that I suspected her to have
itten without your knowledge,[1] and therefore did not return
y answer, lest a clandestine correspondence should have
on perniciously discovered. I will write to her soon. * *

"I am, dear Sir,

"Most affectionately yours,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Feb. 24, 1776."

Having communicated to Lord Hailes what Dr. Johnson
ote concerning the question which perplexed me so much,
; Lordship wrote to me: "Your scruples have produced
ore fruit than I ever expected from them: an excellent dis-
tation on general principles of morals and law."

I wrote to Dr. Johnson on the 20th of February, complaining
melancholy, and expressing a strong desire to be with him;
forming him that the ten packets came all safe: that Lord
ailes was much obliged to him, and said he had almost
olly removed his scruples against entails.

"To JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE not had your letter half an hour; as you lay so much
ight upon my notions, I should think it not just to delay my
swer.

"I am very sorry that your melancholy should return, and
ould be sorry likewise if it could have no relief but from my
mpany. My counsel you may have when you are pleased to
quire it; but of my company you cannot in the next month
ve much, for Mr. Thrale will take me to Italy, he says, on
e first of April.

"Let me warn you very earnestly against scruples. I am
d that you are reconciled to your settlement, and think it a
at honour to have shaken Lord Hailes's opinion of entails.
o not, however, hope wholly to reason away your troubles;
not feed them with attention, and they will die imperceptibly
ay. Fix your thoughts upon your business, fill your intervals
h company, and sunshine will again break in upon your
nd. If you will come to me, you must come very quickly;
l even then I know not but we may scour the country
ether, for I have a mind to see Oxford and Lichfield, before

[1] A letter to him on the interesting subject of the family settlement, which I had read.

I set out on this long Journey. To this I can only add tha
am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"Sam. Johnso

"March 5, 1776."

To the Same.

"Dear Sir,

"Very early in April we leave England, and in the beg
ning of the next week I shall leave London for a short tim
of this I think it necessary to inform you, that you may not
disappointed in any of your enterprises. I had not fu
resolved to go into the country before this day.

"Please to make my compliments to Lord Hailes; a
mention very particularly to Mrs. Boswell my hope that she
reconciled to, Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"Sam. Johnso

"March 12, 1776."

Above thirty years ago, the heirs of Lord Chancellor Clar
don presented the University of Oxford with the continuati
of his History, and such other of his Lordship's manuscripts
had not been published, on condition that the profits arisi
from their publication should be applied to the establishme
of a *Manège* in the University. The gift was accepted in f
convocation. A person being now recommended to
Johnson, as fit to superintend this proposed riding school,
exerted himself with that zeal for which he was remarka
upon every similar occasion. But, on enquiry into the matt
he found that the scheme was not likely to be soon carried i
execution; the profits arising from the Clarendon press bei
from some mismanagement, very scanty. This having be
explained to him by a respectable dignitary of the church, w
had good means of knowing it, he wrote a letter upon t
subject, which at once exhibits his extraordinary precision a
acuteness, and his warm attachment to his Alma Mater.

"To the Reverend Dr. Wetherell, Master of
University College, Oxford.

"Dear Sir,

"Few things are more unpleasant than the transaction
business with men who are above knowing or caring what th
have to do, such as the trustees for Lord Cornbury's institut
will, perhaps, appear, when you have read Dr. ******'s le

"The last part of the Doctor's letter is of great importance. he complaint[1] which he makes I have heard long ago, and d not know but it was redressed. It is unhappy that a actice so erroneous has not been altered; for altered it must : or our press will be useless with all its privileges. The ooksellers, who, like all other men, have strong prejudices in eir own favour, are enough inclined to think the practice of inting and selling books by any but themselves, an encroach- ent on the rights of their fraternity; and have need of stronger ducements to circulate academical publications than those of nother; for, of that mutual co-operation by which the general ade is carried on, the University can bear no part. Of those nom he neither loves nor fears, and from whom he expects reciprocation of good offices, why should any man promote e interest but for profit? I suppose, with all our scholastick norance of mankind, we are still too knowing to expect that e booksellers will erect themselves into patrons, and buy and ll under the influence of a disinterested zeal for the promotion learning.

"To the booksellers, if we look for either honour or profit om our press, not only their common profit, but something ore must be allowed; and if books, printed at Oxford, are pected to be rated at a high price, that price must be ried on the publick, and paid by the ultimate purchaser. t by the intermediate agents. What price shall be set on the book, is, to the booksellers, wholly indifferent, ovided that they gain a proportionate profit by negociating e sale.

"Why books printed at Oxford should be particularly dear, am, however, unable to find. We pay no rent; we inherit ny of our instruments and materials; lodging and victuals e cheaper than at London; and, therefore, workmanship ght, at least, not to be dearer. Our expences are naturally s than those of booksellers; and in most cases, com- nities are content with less profit than individuals.

"It is, perhaps, not considered through how many hands a ok often passes, before it comes into those of the reader; or at part of the profit each hand must retain, as a motive for nsmitting it to the next.

"We will call our primary agent in London, Mr. Cadell, who eives our books from us, gives them room in his warehouse,

[1] I suppose the complaint was, that the trustees of the Oxford press did not allow the don booksellers a sufficient profit upon vending their publications.

and issues them on demand; by him they are sold to Mr. Dilly a wholesale bookseller, who sends them into the country; and the last seller is the country bookseller. Here are three profits to be paid between the printer and the reader, or in the style of commerce, between the manufacturer and the consumer; and if any of these profits is too penuriously distributed, the process of commerce is interrupted.

"We are now come to the practical question, what is to be done? You will tell me, with reason, that I have said nothing till I declare how much, according to my opinion, of the ultimate price ought to be distributed through the whole succession of sale.

"The deduction, I am afraid, will appear very great: but let it be considered before it is refused. We must allow, for profit between thirty and thirty-five *per cent.*, between six and seven shillings in the pound; that is, for every book which costs the last buyer twenty shillings, we must charge Mr. Cadell with something less than fourteen. We must set the copies at fourteen shillings each, and superadd what is called the quarterly book; or for every hundred books so charged we must deliver an hundred and four.

"The profits will then stand thus:

"Mr. Cadell, who runs no hazard, and gives no credit, will be paid for warehouse room and attendance by the shilling profit on each book, and his chance of the quarter book.

"Mr. Dilly, who buys the book for fifteen shillings, and will expect the quarterly book if he takes five and twenty, will send it to his country customer at sixteen and sixpence, which, at the hazard of loss, and the certainty of long credit, he gains the regular profit of ten *per cent.* which is expected in the wholesale trade.

"The country bookseller, buying at sixteen and sixpence, and commonly trusting a considerable time, gains but three and sixpence, and if he trusts a year, not much more than two and sixpence; otherwise than as he may, perhaps, take as long credit as he gives.

"With less profit than this, and more you see he cannot have, the country bookseller cannot live; for his receipts are small, and his debts somewhat bad.

"Thus, dear Sir, I have been incited by Dr. ******* letter to give you a detail of the circulation of books which, perhaps, every man has not had opportunity of known

d which those who know it, do not, perhaps, always dis-ctly consider.

"I am, &c.

"SAM. JOHNSON."[1]

March 12, 1776."

Having arrived in London late on Friday, the 15th of March, astened next morning to wait on Dr. Johnson, at his house; t found he was removed from Johnson's court, No. 7, to olt court, No. 8, still keeping to his favourite Fleet-street. y reflection at the time upon this change as marked in my urnal, is as follows: "I felt a foolish regret that he had left court which bore his name;[2] but it was not foolish to be fected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I d seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a tter and a happier man than when I went in, and which had ten appeared to my imagination while I trod its pavement, in e solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and ety." Being informed that he was at Mr. Thrale's in the orough, I hastened thither, and found Mrs. Thrale and him breakfast. I was kindly welcomed. In a moment he was a full glow of conversation, and I felt myself elevated as if ought into another state of being. Mrs. Thrale and I looked each other while he talked, and our looks expressed our ngenial admiration and affection for him. I shall ever recollect is scene with great pleasure. I exclaimed to her, "I am now tellectually, *Hermippus redivivus*,[3] I am quite restored by him, transfusion of mind." "There are many (she replied) who mire and respect Mr. Johnson; but you and I *love* him."

He seemed very happy in the near prospect of going to aly with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. "But, (said he,) before aving England I am to take a jaunt to Oxford, Birmingham, y native city Lichfield, and my old friend, Dr. Taylor's, at shbourne, in Derbyshire. I shall go in a few days, and you, oswell, shall go with me." I was ready to accompany him; eing willing even to leave London to have the pleasure of his onversation.

I mentioned with much regret the extravagance of the repre ntative of a great family in Scotland, by which there was

[1] I am happy in giving this full and clear statement to the publick, to vindicate, by the thority of the greatest authour of his age, that respectable body of men, the Booksellers London, from vulgar reflections, as if their profits were exorbitant, when, in truth, Johnson has here allowed them more than they usually demand.

[2] He said, when in Scotland, that he was *Johnson of that Ilk*.

[3] See p. 258.

danger of its being ruined; and as Johnson respected it for antiquity, he joined with me in thinking it would be happy this person should die. Mrs. Thrale seemed shocked at th as feudal barbarity; and said, "I do not understand this p ference of the estate to its owner; of the land to the man w walks upon that land." JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, it is no preference of the land to its owner; it is the preference of family to an individual. Here is an establishment in a count which is of importance for ages, not only to the chief but his people; an establishment which extends upwards and dow wards; that this should be destroyed by one idle fellow is sad thing."

He said, "Entails are good, because it is good to preser in a country serieses of men, to whom the people are accustom to look up as to their leaders. But I am for leaving a quant of land in commerce, to excite industry, and keep money the country; for if no land were to be bought in the count there would be no encouragement to acquire wealth, becaus family could not be founded there; or if it were acquired, must be carried away to another country where land may bought. And although the land in every country will rema the same, and be as fertile where there is no money, as wh there is, yet all that portion of the happiness of civil li which is produced by money circulating in a country, wou be lost." BOSWELL. "Then, Sir, would it be for the advanta of a country that all its lands were sold at once?" JOHNSO "So far, Sir, as money produces good, it would be an a vantage; for, then that country would have as much mor circulating in it as it is worth. But to be sure this would counterbalanced by disadvantages attending a total change proprietors."

I expressed my opinion that the power of entailing shou be limited thus: "That there should be one third, or perha one half of the land of a country kept free for commerce; th the proportion allowed to be entailed, should be parcelled o so that no family could entail above a certain quantity. Le family, according to the abilities of its representatives, be rich or poorer in different generations, or always rich if its rep sentatives be always wise: but let its absolute permanency moderate. In this way we should be certain of there bei always a number of established roots; and as in the course nature, there is in every age an extinction of some famili there would be continual openings for men ambitious

rpetuity, to plant a stock in the entail ground."[1] JOHNSON. Why, Sir, mankind will be better able to regulate the system entails, when the evil of too much land being locked up by em is felt, than we can do at present when it is not felt."

I mentioned Dr. Adam Smith's book on "The Wealth of ations," which was just published, and that Sir John Pringle d observed to me, that Dr. Smith, who had never been in ade, could not be expected to write well on that subject any ore than a lawyer upon physick. JOHNSON. "He is mistaken, r; a man who has never been engaged in trade himself may doubtedly write well upon trade, and there is nothing which quires more to be illustrated by philosophy than trade does. s to mere wealth, that is to say, money, it is clear that one ation or one individual cannot increase its store but by making nother poorer: but trade procures what is more valuable, the ciprocation of the peculiar advantages of different countries. merchant seldom thinks but of his own particular trade. To rite a good book upon it, a man must have extensive views. is not necessary to have practised, to write well upon a bject." I mentioned law as a subject on which no man ould write well without practice. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, in ngland, where so much money is to be got by the practice of e law, most of our writers upon it have been in practice; ough Blackstone had not been much in practice when he ublished his 'Commentaries.' But upon the Continent, the reat writers on law have not all been in practice: Grotius, deed, was; but Puffendorf was not, Burlamaqui was not."

When we had talked of the great consequence which a man equired by being employed in his profession, I suggested a oubt of the justice of the general opinion, that it is improper in lawyer to solicit employment; for why, I urged, should it not e equally allowable to solicit that as the means of consequence, t it is to solicit votes to be elected a member of Parliament? Ir. Strahan had told me that a countryman of his and mine, ho had risen to eminence in the law, had, when first making is way, solicited him to get him employed in city causes. OHNSON. "Sir, it is wrong to stir up law suits; but when

[1] The privilege of perpetuating in a family an estate and arms *indefeasibly* from neration to generation, is enjoyed by none of his Majesty's subjects except in Scotland, ere the legal fiction of *fine* and *recovery* is unknown. It is a privilege so proud, that should think it would be proper to have the exercise of it dependent on the royal erogative. It seems absurd to permit the power of perpetuating their representation, men, who having had no eminent merit, have truly no name. The king, as the parital father of his people, would never refuse to grant the privilege to those who eserved it.

once it is certain that a law-suit is to go on, there is nothi wrong in a lawyer's endeavouring that he shall have the bene rather than another." BOSWELL. "You would not soli employment, Sir, if you were a lawyer." JOHNSON. "No, S but not because I should think it wrong, but because I shou disdain it." This was a good distinction, which will be felt men of just pride. He proceeded: "However, I would r have a lawyer to be wanting to himself in using fair means. would have him to inject a little hint now and then, to preve his being overlooked."

Lord Mountstuart's bill for a Scotch Militia, in supporti which his Lordship had made an able speech in the House Commons, was now a pretty general topick of conversatio JOHNSON. "As Scotland contributes so little land-tax towar the general support of the nation, it ought not to have a mili paid out of the general fund, unless it should be thought f the general interest, that Scotland should be protected from invasion, which no man can think will happen; for wh enemy would invade Scotland, where there is nothing to got? No, Sir; now that the Scotch have not the pay English soldiers spent among them, as so many troops are se abroad, they are trying to get money another way, by having militia paid. If they are afraid, and seriously desire to ha an armed force to defend them, they should pay for it. Yo scheme is to retain a part of your land-tax, by making us p and clothe your militia." BOSWELL. "You should not talk *we* and *you*, Sir; there is now an *Union*." JOHNSON. "The must be a distinction of interest, while the proportions of lan tax are so unequal. If Yorkshire should say, 'Instead paying our land-tax, we will keep a greater number of militi it would be unreasonable." In this argument my friend w certainly in the wrong. The land-tax is as unequally pr portioned between different parts of England, as betwe England and Scotland; nay, it is considerably unequal Scotland itself. But the land-tax is but a small part of th numerous branches of publick revenue, all of which Scotla pays precisely as England does. A French invasion made Scotland would soon penetrate into England.

He thus discoursed upon supposed obligation in settli estates:—"Where a man gets the unlimited property of a estate, there is no obligation upon him in *justice* to leave to one person rather than to another. There is a moti of preference from *kindness*, and this kindness is general

ntertained for the nearest relation. If I *owe* a particular man sum of money, I am obliged to let that man have the next oney I get, and cannot in justice let another have it; but if I ve money to no man, I may dispose of what I get as I please. here is not a *debitum justitiæ* to a man's next heir; there is nly a *debitum caritatis*. It is plain, then, that I have morally choice according to my liking. If I have a brother in want, e has a claim from affection to my assistance; but if I have so a brother in want, whom I like better, he has a preferable aim. The right of an heir at law is only this, that he is to ve the succession to an estate, in case no other person is ppointed to it by the owner. His right is merely preferable that of the King."

We got into a boat to cross over to Black-friars; and as we oved along the Thames, I talked to him of a little volume, nich, altogether unknown to him, was advertised to be blished in a few days, under the title of "*Johnsoniana*, or *on-Mots* of Dr. Johnson." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is a mighty pudent thing." BOSWELL. "Pray, Sir, could you have no dress if you were to prosecute a publisher for bringing out, der your name, what you never said, and ascribing to you ll stupid nonsense, or making you swear profanely, as many norant relaters of your *bon-mots* do?" JOHNSON. "No, Sir; ere will always be some truth mixed with the falsehood, and w can it be ascertained how much is true and how much is se? Besides, Sir, what damages would a jury give me for ving been represented as swearing?" BOSWELL. "I think, , you should at least disavow such a publication, because e world and posterity might with much plausible foundation , 'Here is a volume which was publickly advertised and ne out in Dr. Johnson's own time, and, by his silence, was mitted by him to be genuine.'" JOHNSON. "I shall give self no trouble about the matter."

He was, perhaps, above suffering from such spurious publi- ions; but I could not help thinking, that many men would much injured in their reputation, by having absurd and ious sayings imputed to them; and that redress ought in h cases to be given.

He said, "The value of every story depends on its being e. A story is a picture either of an individual or of human ure in general: if it be false, it is a picture of nothing. For ance: suppose a man should tell that Johnson, before ing out for Italy, as he had to cross the Alps, sat down to

make himself wings. This many people would believe: but would be a picture of nothing. ******* (naming a worth friend of ours,) used to think a story, a story, till I shewed hi that truth was essential to it." I observed, that Foote ente tained us with stories which were not true; but that, indeed, was properly not as narratives that Foote's stories pleased u but as collections of ludicrous images. JOHNSON. "Foote quite impartial, for he tells lies of every body."

The importance of strict and scrupulous veracity cannot too often inculcated. Johnson was known to be so rigid attentive to it, that even in his common conversation th slighest circumstance was mentioned with exact precisio The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit ma his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of every thin that he told, however it might have been doubted if told b many others. As an instance of this, I may mention an oc incident which he related as having happened to him one nig in Fleet-street. "A gentlewoman (said he) begged I wou give her my arm to assist her in crossing the street, which accordingly did; upon which she offered me a shilling, su posing me to be the watchman. I perceived that she wa somewhat in liquor." This, if told by most people, would hav been thought an invention; when told by Johnson, it wa believed by his friends as much as if they had seen wh passed.

We landed at the Temple-stairs, where we parted.

I found him in the evening in Mrs. Williams's room. W talked of religious orders. He said, "It is as unreasonable fo a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immora as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should ste There is, indeed, great resolution in the immediate act of di membering himself; but when that is once done, he has n longer any merit: for though it is out of his power to steal, y he may all his life be a thief in his heart. So when a ma has once become a Carthusian, he is obliged to continue s whether he chooses it or not. Their silence, too, is absur We read in the Gospel of the apostles being sent to preach, b not to hold their tongues. All severity that does not tend t increase good, or prevent evil, is idle. I said to the Lady Abbe of a convent, 'Madam, you are here, not for the love of virtu but the fear of vice.' She said, 'She should remember this a long as she lived.'" I thought it hard to give her this vie of her situation, when she could not help it; and, indeed,

wondered at the whole of what he now said; because, both in his "Rambler" and "Idler," he treats religious austerities with much solemnity of respect.

Finding him still persevering in his abstinence from wine, I ventured to speak to him of it.—JOHNSON. "Sir, I have no objection to a man's drinking wine, if he can do it in moderation. I found myself apt to go to excess in it, and therefore, after having been for some time without it, on account of illness, I thought it better not to return to it. Every man is to judge for himself, according to the effects which he experiences. One of the fathers tells us, he found fasting made him so peevish that he did not practise it."

Though he often enlarged upon the evil of intoxication, he was by no means harsh and unforgiving to those who indulged in occasional excess in wine. One of his friends, I well remember, came to sup at a tavern with him and some other gentlemen, and too plainly discovered that he had drunk too much at dinner. When one who loved mischief, thinking to produce a severe censure, asked Johnson, a few days afterwards, "Well, Sir, what did your friend say to you, as an apology for being in such a situation?" Johnson answered, "Sir, he said all that a man *should* say: he said he was sorry for it."

I heard him once give a very judicious practical advice upon this subject: "A man who has been drinking wine at all freely, should never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him, he may be pretty well in unison; but he will probably be offensive, or appear ridiculous, to other people."

He allowed very great influence to education. "I do not deny, Sir, but there is some original difference in minds; but it is nothing in comparison of what is formed by education. We may instance the science of *numbers*, which all minds are equally capable of attaining: yet we find a prodigious difference in the powers of different men, in that respect, after they are grown up, because their minds have been more or less exercised in it: and I think the same cause will explain the difference of excellence in other things, gradations admitting always some difference in the first principles."

This is a difficult subject; but it is best to hope that diligence may do a great deal. We are *sure* of what it can do, in increasing our mechanical force and dexterity.

I again visited him on Monday. He took occasion to enlarge, as he often did, upon the wretchedness of a sea life.

"A ship is worse than a gaol. There is, in a gaol, better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger. When men come to like a sea-life, they are not fit to live on land."—"Then (said I) it would be cruel in a father to breed his son to the sea." JOHNSON. "It would be cruel in a father who thinks as I do. Men go to sea, before they know the unhappiness of that way of life; and when they have come to know it, they cannot escape from it, because it is then too late to choose another profession; as indeed is generally the case with men, when they have once engaged in any particular way of life."

On Tuesday, March 19, which was fixed for our proposed jaunt, we met in the morning at the Somerset coffee-house in the Strand, where we were taken up by the Oxford coach. He was accompanied by Mr. Gwyn, the architect; and a gentleman of Merton College, whom he did not know, had the fourth seat. We soon got into conversation; for it was very remarkable of Johnson, that the presence of a stranger had no restraint upon his talk. I observed that Garrick, who was about to quit the stage, would soon have an easier life. JOHNSON. "I doubt that, Sir." BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, he will be Atlas with the burthen off his back." JOHNSON. "But I know not, Sir, if he will be so steady without his load. However, he should never play any more, but be entirely the gentleman, and not partly the player: he should no longer subject himself to be hissed by a mob, or to be insolently treated by performers, whom he used to rule with a high hand, and who would gladly retaliate." BOSWELL. "I think he should play once a year for the benefit of decayed actors, as it has been said he means to do." JOHNSON. "Alas, Sir! he will soon be a decayed actor himself."

Johnson expressed his disapprobation of ornamental architecture, such as magnificent columns supporting a portico, or expensive pilasters supporting merely their own capitals, "because it consumes labour disproportionate to its utility." For the same reason he satyrised statuary. "Painting (said he,) consumes labour not disproportionate to its effect; but a fellow will hack half a year at a block of marble to make something in stone that hardly resembles a man. The value of statuary is owing to its difficulty. You would not value the finest head cut upon a carrot." Here he seemed to me to be strangely deficient in taste; for surely statuary is a noble art of imitation, and preserves a wonderful expression of the varieties

of the human frame; and although it must be allowed that the circumstances of difficulty enhance the value of a marble head, we should consider, that if it requires a long time in the performance, it has a proportionate value in durability.

Gwyn was a fine lively rattling fellow. Dr. Johnson kept him in subjection, but with a kindly authority. The spirit of the artist, however, rose against what he thought a Gothick attack, and he made a brisk defence. "What, Sir, you will allow no value to beauty in architecture or in statuary? Why should we allow it then in writing? Why do you take the trouble to give us so many fine allusions, and bright images, and elegant phrases? You might convey all your instruction without these ornaments." Johnson smiled with complacency; but said, "Why, Sir, all these ornaments are useful, because they obtain an easier reception for truth; but a building is not at all more convenient for being decorated with superfluous carved work."

Gwyn at last was lucky enough to make one reply to Dr. Johnson, which he allowed to be excellent. Johnson censured him for taking down a church which might have stood many years, and building a new one at a different place, for no other reason but that there might be a direct road to a new bridge; and his expression was, "You are taking a church out of the way, that the people may go in a straight line to the bridge."—"No, Sir, (said Gwyn,) I am putting the church *in* the way, that the people may not *go out of the way*." Johnson. (with a hearty loud laugh of approbation,) "Speak no more. Rest your colloquial fame upon this."

Upon our arrival at Oxford, Dr. Johnson and I went directly to University College, but were disappointed on finding that one of the fellows, his friend, Mr. Scott, who accompanied him from Newcastle to Edinburgh, was gone to the country. We put up at the Angel inn, and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation. Talking of constitutional melancholy, he observed, "A man so afflicted, Sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them." Boswell. "May not he think them down, Sir?" Johnson. "No, Sir. To attempt to *think them down* is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed chamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed, take a book, and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise." Boswell. "Should not

he provide amusements for himself? Would it not, for instance, be right for him to take a course of chymistry?" JOHNSON. "Let him take a course of chymistry, or a course of rope-dancing, or a course of any thing to which he is inclined at the time. Let him contrive to have as many retreats for his mind as he can, as many things to which it can fly from itself. Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a valuable work. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is a great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind."

Next morning we visited Dr. Wetherell, Master of University College, with whom Dr. Johnson conferred on the most advantageous mode of disposing of the books printed at the Clarendon press, on which subject his letter has been inserted in a former page. I often had occasion to remark, Johnson loved business, loved to have his wisdom actually operate on real life. Dr. Wetherell and I talked of him without reserve in his own presence. WETHERELL. "I would have given him a hundred guineas if he would have written a preface to his 'Political Tracts,' by way of a Discourse on the British Constitution." BOSWELL. "Dr. Johnson, though in his writings, and upon all occasions, a great friend to the constitution both in church and state, has never written expressly in support of either. There is really a claim upon him for both. I am sure he could give a volume of no great bulk upon each, which would comprise all the substance, and with his spirit would effectually maintain them. He should erect a fort on the confines of each." I could perceive that he was displeased with this dialogue. He burst out, "Why should I be always writing?" I hoped he was conscious that the debt was just, and meant to discharge it, though he disliked being dunned.

We then went to Pembroke College, and waited on his old friend Dr. Adams, the master of it, whom I found to be a most polite, pleasing, communicative man. Before his advancement to the headship of his college, I had intended to go and visit him at Shrewsbury, where he was rector of St. Chad's, in order to get from him what particulars he could recollect of Johnson's academical life. He now obligingly gave me part of that authentick information, which, with what I afterwards owed to his kindness, will be found incorporated in its proper place in this work.

Dr. Adams had distinguished himself by an able answer to David Hume's "Essay on Miracles." He told me he had once

dined in company with Hume in London: that Hume shook hands with him, and said, "You have treated me much better than I deserve;" and that they exchanged visits. I took the liberty to object to treating an infidel writer with smooth civility. Where there is a controversy concerning a passage in a classick authour, or concerning a question in antiquities, or any other subject in which human happiness is not deeply interested, a man may treat his antagonist with politeness and even respect. But where the controversy is concerning the truth of religion, it is of such vast importance to him who maintains it, to obtain the victory, that the person of an opponent ought not to be spared. If a man firmly believes that religion is an invaluable treasure, he will consider a writer who endeavours to deprive mankind of it as a *robber*; he will look upon him as *odious*, though the infidel might think himself in the right. A robber who reasons as the gang do in the "Beggar's Opera," who call themselves *practical* philosophers, and may have as much sincerity as pernicious *speculative* philosophers, is not the less an object of just indignation. An abandoned profligate may think that it is not wrong to debauch my wife? but shall I, therefore, not detest him? And if I catch him in making an attempt, shall I treat him with politeness? No, I will kick him down stairs, or run him through the body; that is, if I really love my wife, or have a true rational notion of honour. An Infidel then shall not be treated handsomely by a Christian, merely because he endeavours to rob with ingenuity. I do declare, however, that I am exceedingly unwilling to be provoked to anger, and could I be persuaded that truth would not suffer from a cool moderation in its defenders, I should wish to preserve good humour, at least, in every controversy; nor, indeed, do I see why a man should lose his temper while he does all he can to refute an opponent. I think ridicule may be fairly used against an infidel; for instance, if he be an ugly fellow, and yet absurdly vain of his person, we may contrast his appearance with Cicero's beautiful image of Virtue, could she be seen. Johnson coincided with me and said, "when a man voluntarily engages in an important controversy, he is to do all he can to lessen his antagonist, because authority from personal respect has much weight with most people, and often more than reasoning. If my antagonist writes bad language, though that may not be essential to the question, I will attack him for his bad language." ADAMS. "You will not jostle a chimney-sweeper." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, if it were necessary to jostle him *down*."

Dr. Adams told us, that in some of the Colleges at Oxford the fellows had excluded the students from social intercourse with them in the common room. JOHNSON. "They are in the right, Sir: there can be no real conversation, no fair exertion of mind amongst them, if the young men are by; for a man who has a character does not choose to stake it in their presence." BOSWELL. "But, Sir, may there not be very good conversation without a contest for superiority?" JOHNSON. "No animated conversation, Sir, for it cannot be but one or other will come off superiour. I do not mean that the victor must have the better of the argument, for he may take the weak side; but his superiority of parts and knowledge will necessarily appear; and he to whom he thus shews himself superiour is lessened in the eyes of the young men. You know it was said, '*Mallem cum Scaligero errare quam cum Clavio recte sapere.*' In the same manner take Bentley's and Jason de Nores' Comments upon Horace, you will admire Bentley more when wrong, than Jason when right."

We walked with Dr. Adams into the master's garden, and into the common room. JOHNSON. (after a reverie of meditation,) "Ay! Here I used to play at draughts with Phil. Jones and Fludyer. Jones loved beer, and did not get very forward in the church. Fludyer turned out a scoundrel, a Whig, and said he was ashamed of having been bred at Oxford. He had a living at Putney, and got under the eye of some retainers to the court at that time, and so became a violent Whig: but he had been a scoundrel all along to be sure." BOSWELL. "Was he a scoundrel, Sir, in any other way than that of being a political scoundrel? Did he cheat at draughts?" JOHNSON. "Sir, we never played for *money*."

He then carried me to visit Dr. Bentham, Canon of Christ Church, and Divinity professor, with whose learned and lively conversation we were much pleased. He gave us an invitation to dinner, which Dr. Johnson told me was a high honour. "Sir, it is a great thing to dine with the Canons of Christ Church." We could not accept his invitation, as we were engaged to dine at University College. We had an excellent dinner there, with the Masters and Fellows, it being St Cuthbert's day, which is kept by them as a festival, as he was a saint of Durham, with which this college is much connected.

We drank tea with Dr. Horne, late President of Magdalen College, and Bishop of Norwich, of whose abilities, in different respects, the publick has had eminent proofs, and the esteem

annexed to whose character was increased by knowing him personally. He had talked of publishing an edition of Walton's Lives, but had laid aside that design, upon Dr. Johnson's telling him, from mistake, that Lord Hailes intended to do it. I had wished to negociate between Lord Hailes and him, that one or other should perform so good a work. Johnson. "In order to do it well, it will be necessary to collect all the editions of Walton's Lives. By way of adapting the book to the taste of the present age, they have, in a late edition, left out a vision which he relates Dr. Donne had, but it should be restored,[1] and there should be a critical catalogue given of the works of the different persons whose lives were written by Walton, and therefore their works must be carefully read by the editor."

We then went to Trinity College, where he introduced me to Mr. Thomas Warton, with whom we passed a part of the evening. We talked of biography. Johnson. "It is rarely well executed. They only who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination; and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him. The chaplain of a late Bishop, whom I was to assist in writing some memoirs of his Lordship, could tell me scarcely any thing."[2]

I said, Mr. Robert Dodsley's life should be written, as he had been so much connected with the wits of his time, and by his literary merit had raised himself from the station of a footman. Mr. Warton said, he had published a little volume under the title of "The Muse in Livery." Johnson. "I doubt whether Dodsley's brother would thank a man who should write his life; yet Dodsley himself was not unwilling that his original low condition should be recollected. When Lord Lyttelton's 'Dialogues of the Dead' came out, one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure, and Dartmouth, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartmouth well, for I was once his footman.'"

Biography led us to speak of Dr. John Campbell, who had written a considerable part of the "*Biographia Britannica*."

[1] [The vision which Johnson speaks of was not in the original publication of Walton's life of Dr. Donne, in 1640. It is not found in the three earliest editions; but was first introduced into the fourth, in 1675. I have not been able to discover what modern publication is alluded to in which it was omitted. It has very properly been restored by Dr. Zouch. J. Boswell.]

[2] It has been mentioned to me by an accurate English friend, that Dr. Johnson could never have used the phrase *almost nothing*, as not being English, and therefore I have put another in its place. At the same time, I am not quite convinced it is not good English. For the best writers use this phrase "*little or nothing*," i. e. almost so little as to be nothing.

Johnson, though he valued him highly, was of opinion that there was not so much in his great work, "A Political Survey of Great Britain," as the world had been taught to expect;[1] and had said to me, that he believed Campbell's disappointment on account of the bad success of that work, had killed him. He this evening observed of it, "That work was his death." Mr. Warton, not adverting to his meaning, answered, "I believe so; from the great attention he bestowed on it." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, he died of *want* of attention, if he died at all by that book."

We talked of a work much in vogue at that time, written in a very mellifluous style, but which, under pretext of another subject, contained much artful infidelity. I said it was not fair to attack us unexpectedly; he should have warned us of our danger, before we entered his garden of flowery eloquence, by advertising, "Spring-guns and men-traps set here." The authour had been an Oxonian, and was remembered there for having "turned Papist." I observed, that as he had changed several times—from the Church of England to the Church of Rome,—from the Church of Rome to infidelity,—I did not despair yet of seeing him a methodist preacher. JOHNSON. (laughing,) "It is said, that his range has been more extensive, and that he has once been Mahometan. However, now that he has published his infidelity, he will probably persist in it." BOSWELL. "I am not quite sure of that, Sir."

I mentioned Sir Richard Steele having published his "Christian Hero," with the avowed purpose of obliging himself to lead a religious life; yet that his conduct was by no means strictly suitable. JOHNSON. "Steele, I believe, practised the lighter vices."

Mr. Warton, being engaged, could not sup with us at our inn; we had therefore another evening by ourselves. I asked Johnson, whether a man's being forward to make himself known to eminent people, and seeing as much of life, and getting as much information as he could in every way, was not lessening himself by his forwardness. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; a man always makes himself greater as he increases his knowledge."

I censured some ludicrous fantastick dialogues between two coach horses and other such stuff, which Baretti had lately published. He joined with me, and said, "Nothing odd will

[1] Yet surely it is a very useful work, and of wonderful research and labour for one man to have executed.

do long. 'Tristram Shandy' did not last." I expressed a desire to be acquainted with a lady who had been much talked of, and universally celebrated for extraordinary address and insinuation. JOHNSON. "Never believe extraordinary characters which you hear of people. Depend upon it, Sir, they are exaggerated. You do not see one man shoot a great deal higher than another." I mentioned Mr. Burke. JOHNSON. "Yes; Burke *is* an extraordinary man. His stream of mind is perpetual." It is very pleasing to me to record, that Johnson's high estimation of the talents of this gentleman was uniform from their early acquaintance. Sir Joshua Reynolds informs me, that when Mr. Burke was first elected a member of Parliament, and Sir John Hawkins expressed a wonder at his attaining a seat, Johnson said, "Now we who know Mr. Burke, know, that he will be one of the first men in the country." And once, when Johnson was ill, and unable to exert himself as much as usual without fatigue, Mr. Burke having been mentioned, he said, "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me." So much was he accustomed to consider conversation as a contest, and such was his notion of Burke as an opponent.

Next morning, Thursday, March 21, we set out in a post-chaise to pursue our ramble. It was a delightful day, and we rode through Blenheim park. When I looked at the magnificent bridge built by John Duke of Marlborough, over a small rivulet, and recollected the Epigram made upon it—

> "The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
> The stream, an emblem of his bounty flows:"

and saw that now, by the genius of Brown, a magnificent body of water was collected, I said, "They have *drowned* the Epigram." I observed to him, while in the midst of the noble scene around us, "You and I, Sir, have, I think, seen together the extremes of what can be seen in Britain—the wild rough island of Mull, and Blenheim park."

We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel-house, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house, (said he,) in which people can enjoy themselves so well, as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy; in the nature of things it

cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."[1] He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines:

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."[2]

My illustrious friend, I thought, did not sufficiently admire Shenstone. That ingenious and elegant gentleman's opinion of Johnson appears in one of his letters to Mr. Greaves, dated Feb. 9, 1760. "I have lately been reading one or two volumes of the Rambler; who, excepting against some few hardnesses[3] in his manner, and the want of more examples to enliven, is one of the most nervous, most perspicuous, most concise, most harmonious prose writers, I know. A learned diction improves by time."

In the afternoon, as we were driven rapidly along in the

[1] Sir John Hawkins has preserved very few *Memorabilia* of Johnson. There is, however, to be found in his bulky tome a very excellent one upon this subject. "In contradistinction to those, who, having a wife and children, prefer domestick enjoyments to those which a tavern affords, I have heard him assert, *that a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity*.—As soon said he as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants. wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love: I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight."

[2] We happened to lie this night at the inn at Henley, where Shenstone wrote these lines.

* I give them as they are found in the corrected edition of his Works, published after his death. In Dodsley's collection the stanza ran thus

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Whate'er his *various tour has* been,
May nigh to think *how oft* he found
His warmest welcome at an Inn."

[3] "He too often makes use of the *abstract* for the *concrete*."

post-chaise, he said to me "Life has not many things better than this."

We stopped at Stratford-upon-Avon, and drank tea and coffee; and it pleased me to be with him upon the classick ground of Shakspeare's native place.

He spoke slightingly of Dyer's "Fleece."—"The subject, Sir, cannot be made poetical. How can a man write poetically of serges and druggets! Yet you will hear many people talk to you gravely of that *excellent* poem, THE FLEECE." Having talked of Grainger's "Sugar-Cane," I mentioned to him Mr. Langton's having told me, that this poem, when read in manuscript at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, had made all the assembled wits burst into a laugh, when, after much blank verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus:

"Now, Muse, let's sing of *rats*."

And what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, who slyly overlooked the reader, perceived that the word had been originally *mice*, and had been altered to *rats*, as more dignified.[1]

This passage does not appear in the printed work, Dr. Grainger, or some of his friends, it should seem, having become sensible that introducing even *rats*, in a grave poem, might be liable to banter. He, however, could not bring himself to relinquish the idea: for they are thus, in a still more ludicrous manner, periphrastically exhibited in his poem as it now stands:

"Nor with less waste the whisker'd vermin race
A countless clan despoil the lowland cane."

Johnson said, that Dr. Grainger was an agreeable man; a man who would do any good that was in his power. His translation of Tibullus, he thought, was very well done; but

[1] Such is the little laughable incident, which has been often related. Dr. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Grainger, and has a particular regard for his memory, has communicated to me the following explanation:

"The passage in question was originally not liable to such a perversion: for the authour having occasion in that part of his work to mention the havock made by rats and mice, had introduced the subject in a kind of mock heroick, and a parody of Homer's battle of the frogs and mice, invoking the Muse of the old Grecian bard in an elegant and well-turned manner. In that state I had seen it; but afterwards, unknown to me and other friends, he had been persuaded, contrary to his own better judgement, to alter it, so as to produce the unlucky effect abovementioned."

The above was written by the Bishop when he had not the Poem itself to recur to; and though the account given was true of it at one period, yet as Dr. Grainger afterwards altered the passage in question; the remarks in the text do not now apply to the printed poem.

The Bishop gives this character of Dr. Grainger:—"He was not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues; being one of the most generous, friendly, and benevolent men I ever knew."

"The Sugar-Cane, a Poem," did not please him;[1] for, he exclaimed, "What could he make of a sugar-cane? One might as well write the 'Parsley-bed, a Poem;' or 'The Cabbage-garden, a Poem.'" BOSWELL. "You must then *pickle* your cabbage with the *sal atticum*." JOHNSON. "You know there is already 'The Hop-Garden, a Poem:' and, I think, one could say a great deal about cabbage. The poem might begin with the advantages of civilized society over a rude state, exemplified by the Scotch, who had no cabbages till Oliver Cromwell's soldiers introduced them; and one might thus shew how arts are propagated by conquest, as they were by the Roman arms." He seemed to be much diverted with the fertility of his own fancy.

I told him, that I heard Dr. Percy was writing the history of the wolf in Great-Britain. JOHNSON. "The wolf, Sir! why the wolf? Why does he not write of the bear, which we had formerly? Nay, it is said we had the beaver. Or why does he not write of the grey rat, the Hanover rat, as it is called, because it is said to have come into this country about the time that the family of Hanover came? I should like to see '*The History of the Grey Rat, by Thomas Percy, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty,*'" (laughing immoderately). BOSWELL. "I am afraid a court chaplain could not decently write of the grey rat." JOHNSON. "Sir, he need not give it the name of the Hanover rat." Thus could he indulge a luxuriant sportive imagination, when talking of a friend whom he loved and esteemed.

He mentioned to me the singular history of an ingenious acquaintance. "He had practised physick in various situations with no great emolument. A West-India gentleman, whom he delighted by his conversation, gave him a bond for a handsome annuity during his life, on the condition of his accompanying him to the West-Indies, and living with him there for two years. He accordingly embarked with the gentleman; but upon the voyage fell in love with a young woman who happened to be one of the passengers, and married the wench. From the imprudence of his disposition he quarrelled with the gentleman, and declared he would have no connection with him. So he forfeited the annuity. He settled as a physician in one of the Leeward Islands. A man was sent out to him merely to compound his medicines. This fellow set up as a rival to him in

[1] Dr. Johnson said to me, "Percy, Sir, was angry with me for laughing at the sugar-cane: for he had a mind to make a great thing of Grainger's rats."

his practice of physick, and got so much the better of him in the opinion of the people of the island, that he carried away all the business, upon which he returned to England, and soon after died."

On Friday, March 22, having set out early from Henley, where we had lain the preceding night, we arrived at Birmingham about nine o'clock, and, after breakfast, went to call on his old school-fellow Mr. Hector. A very stupid maid, who opened the door, told us, that, "her master was gone out; he was gone to the country; she could not tell when he would return." In short, she gave us a miserable reception; and Johnson observed, "She would have behaved no better to people who wanted him in the way of his profession." He said to her, "My name is Johnson; tell him I called. Will you remember the name?" She answered with rustick simplicity, in the Warwickshire pronunciation, "I don't understand you, Sir." - "Blockhead, (said he,) I'll write." I never heard the word *blockhead* applied to a woman before, though I do not see why it should not, when there is evident occasion for it.[1] He, however, made another attempt to make her understand him, and roared loud in her ear, "*Johnson*," and then she catched the sound.

We next called on Mr. Lloyd, one of the people called Quakers. He too was not at home, but Mrs. Lloyd was, and received us courteously, and asked us to dinner. Johnson said to me, "After the uncertainty of all human things at Hector's, this invitation came very well." We walked about the town and he was pleased to see it increasing.

I talked of legitimation by subsequent marriage, which obtained in the Roman law, and still obtains in the law of Scotland. JOHNSON. "I think it a bad thing; because the chastity of women being of the utmost importance, as all property depends upon it, they who forfeit it should not have any possibility of being restored to good character; nor should the children, by an illicit connection, attain the full right of lawful children, by the posterious consent of the offending parties." His opinion upon this subject deserves consideration. Upon his principle there may, at times, be a hardship, and

[1] My worthy friend Mr. Langton, to whom I am under numerous obligations in the course of my Johnson an History, has favoured me with a clear illustration of this question. An honest carpenter, after giving some anecdote in the jail, mentioned the ill treatment which he had received from a clergyman's wife, who was a most extravagant, and whom he accused of using a deceit in going to market without money. "I took care to let her know what I thought of her." And being asked, "What did you say?" answered, "I told her she was a *scoundrel*."

seemingly a strange one, upon individuals; but the general good of society is better secured. And, after all, it is unreasonable in an individual to repine that he has not the advantage of a state which is made different from his own, by the social institution under which he is born. A woman does not complain that her brother who is younger than her, gets their common father's estate. Why then should a natural son complain that a younger brother, by the same parents lawfully begotten, gets it? The operation of law is similar in both cases. Besides, an illegitimate son, who has a younger legitimate brother by the same father and mother, has no stronger claim to the father's estate, than if that legitimate brother had only the same father, from whom alone the estate descends.

Mr. Lloyd joined us in the street; and in a little while we met *Friend Hector*, as Mr. Lloyd called him. It gave me pleasure to observe the joy which Johnson and he expressed on seeing each other again. Mr. Lloyd and I left them together, while he obligingly shewed me some of the manufactures of this very curious assemblage of artificers. We all met at dinner at Mr. Lloyd's, where we were entertained with great hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd had been married the same year with their Majesties, and like them, had been blessed with a numerous family of fine children, their numbers being exactly the same. Johnson said, "Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

I have always loved the simplicity of manners, and the spiritual-mindedness of the Quakers; and talking with Mr. Lloyd, I observed, that the essential part of religion was piety, a devout intercourse with the Divinity; and that many a man was a Quaker without knowing it.

As Dr. Johnson had said to me in the morning, while we walked together, that he liked individuals among the Quakers but not the sect; when we were at Mr. Lloyd's, I kept clear of introducing any questions concerning the peculiarities of their faith. But I having asked to look at Baskerville's edition of "Barclay's Apology," Johnson laid hold of it; and the chapter on baptism happening to open, Johnson remarked, "He says there is neither precept nor practice for baptism, in the scriptures; that is false." Here he was the aggressor, by no means in a gentle manner; and the good Quakers had the advantage of him: for he had read negligently, and had not observed that Barclay speaks of *infant* baptism; which they

almly made him perceive. Mr. Lloyd, however, was in a reat mistake; for when insisting that the rite of baptism by ater was to cease, when the *spiritual* administration of CHRIST egan, he maintained, that John the Baptist said, "*My baptism* hall decrease, but *his* shall increase." Whereas the words re, "*He* must increase, but *I* must decrease."[1]

One of them having objected to the "observance of days, nd months, and years," Johnson answered, "The Church oes not superstitiously observe days, merely as days, but as emorials of important facts. Christmas might be kept as ell upon one day of the year as another; but there should be stated day for commemorating the birth of our Saviour, ecause there is danger that what may be done on any day, ill be neglected."

He said to me at another time, "Sir, the holidays observed y our church are of great use in religion." There can be no oubt of this, in a limited sense, I mean if the number of such onsecrated portions of time be not too extensive. The xcellent Mr. Nelson's "Festivals and Fasts," which has, I nderstand, the greatest sale of any book ever printed in ngland, except the Bible, is a most valuable help to devotion; nd in addition to it I would recommend two sermons on the me subject, by Mr. Pott, Archdeacon of St. Alban's, equally stinguished for piety and elegance. I am sorry to have it to y, but Scotland is the only Christian country, Catholic or rotestant, where the great events of our religion are not lemnly commemorated by its ecclesiastical establishment, on ys set apart for the purpose.

Mr. Hector was so good as to accompany me to see the eat works of Mr. Bolton, at a place which he has called ho, about two miles from Birmingham, which the very enious proprietor shewed me himself to the best advantage. wished Johnson had been with us: for it was a scene which should have been glad to contemplate by his light. The stness and the contrivance of some of the machinery would ve "matched his mighty mind." I shall never forget Mr. olton's expression to me, "I sell here, Sir, what all the world sires to have—POWER." He had about seven hundred ople at work. I contemplated him as an *iron chieftain*, and seemed to be a father to his tribe. One of them came him, complaining grievously of his landlord for having strained his goods. "Your landlord is in the right, Smith

[1] John iii. 30.

(said Bolton). But I'll tell you what: find you a friend w will lay down one half of your rent, and I'll lay down the oth half; and you shall have your goods again."

From Mr. Hector I now learnt many particulars of J Johnson's early life, which, with others that he gave me different times since, have contributed to the formation of t work.

Dr. Johnson said to me in the morning, "You will see, S at Mr. Hector's, his sister, Mrs. Careless, a clergyman's widc She was the first woman with whom I was in love. It dr out of my head imperceptibly; but she and I shall alwa have a kindness for each other." He laughed at the noti that a man can never be really in love but once, and consider it as a mere romantick fancy.

On our return from Mr. Bolton's, Mr. Hector took me his house, where we found Johnson sitting placidly at t with his *first love*; who though now advanced in years, wa genteel woman, very agreeable and well bred.

Johnson lamented to Mr. Hector the state of one of th schoolfellows, Mr. Charles Congreve, a clergyman, which thus described: "He obtained, I believe, considerable pref ment in Ireland, but now lives in London, quite as valetudinarian, afraid to go into any house but his own. H takes a short airing in his post-chaise every day. He has elderly woman, whom he calls cousin, who lives with him, a jogs his elbow, when his glass has stood too long empty, a encourages him in drinking, in which he is very willing to encouraged; not that he gets drunk, for he is a very pic man, but he is always muddy. He confesses to one bottle port every day, and he probably drinks more. He is qu unsocial; his conversation is quite monosyllabical; and wh at my last visit, I asked him what o'clock it was? that signal my departure had so pleasing an effect on him, that he spru up to look at his watch, like a greyhound bounding at a har When Johnson took leave of Mr. Hector, he said, "Don't gr like Congreve; nor let me grow like him, when you are n me."

When he again talked of Mrs. Careless to-night, he seem to have had his affection revived; for he said, "If I h married her, it might have been as happy for me." Boswel "Pray, Sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy. with any one woman in particular?" Johnson. "Ay, S

ty thousand." BOSWELL. "Then, Sir, you are not of inion with some who imagine that certain men and certain omen are made for each other; and that they cannot be ppy if they miss their counterparts." JOHNSON. "To be re not, Sir. I believe marriages would in general be as ppy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord ancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and cumstances, without the parties having any choice in the atter."

I wished to have staid at Birmingham to-night, to have talked ore with Mr. Hector; but my friend was impatient to reach s native city; so we drove on that stage in the dark, and re long pensive and silent. When we came within the focus the Lichfield lamps, "Now (said he,) we are getting out of a ate of death." We put up at the Three Crowns, not one of e great inns, but a good old fashioned one, which was kept Mr. Wilkins, and was the very next house to that in which hnson was born and brought up, and which was still his own operty.[1] We had a comfortable supper, and got into high irits. I felt all my Toryism glow in this old capital of affordshire. I could have offered incense *genio loci*; and I dulged in libations of that ale, which Bouiface, in "The eaux Stratagem," recommends with such an eloquent jollity.

Next morning he introduced me to Mrs. Lucy Porter, his epdaughter. She was now an old maid, with much simplicity manner. She had never been in London. Her brother, a aptain in the navy, had left her a fortune of ten thousand ounds; about a third of which she had laid out in building stately house, and making a handsome garden, in an elevated uation in Lichfield. Johnson, when here by himself, used live at her house. She reverenced him, and he had a rental tenderness for her.

We then visited Mr. Peter Garrick, who had that morning ceived a letter from his brother David, announcing our oming to Lichfield. He was engaged to dinner, but asked s to tea, and to sleep at his house. Johnson, however, would ot quit his old acquaintance Wilkins, of the Three Crowns. he family likeness of the Garricks was very striking; and hnson thought that David's vivacity was not so peculiar to mself as was supposed. "Sir, (said he,) I don't know but if

[1] I went through the house where my illustrious friend was born, with a reverence with hich it doubtless will long be visited. An engraved view of it, with the adjacent ildings, is in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for February, 1785.

Peter had cultivated all the arts of gaiety as much as Da has done, he might have been as brisk and lively. Depe upon it, Sir, vivacity is much an art, and depends greatly habit." I believe there is a good deal of truth in th notwithstanding a ludicrous story told me by a lady abro of a heavy German baron, who had lived much with young English at Geneva, and was ambitious to be lively as they; with which view, he, with assiduous ex tion, was jumping over the tables and chairs in his lodgin and when the people of the house ran in and asked, w surprize, what was the matter, he answered, "*Sh' appr t'etre fif.*"

We dined at our inn, and had with us a Mr. Jackson, one Johnson's schoolfellows, whom he treated with much kindn though he seemed to be a low man, dull and untaught. had a coarse grey coat, black waistcoat, greasy leather breech and a yellow uncurled wig; and his countenance had ruddiness which betokens one who is in no haste to "leave can." He drank only ale. He had tried to be a cutler Birmingham, but had not succeeded; and now he lived poo at home, and had some scheme of dressing leather in a bet manner than common; to his indistinct account of which, Johnson listened with patient attention, that he might ass him with his advice. Here was an instance of genu humanity and real kindness in this great man, who has be most unjustly represented as altogether harsh and destitute tenderness. A thousand such instances might have be recorded in the course of his long life; though that his tem was warm and hasty, and his manner often rough, cannot denied.

I saw here, for the first time, *oat ale*; and oat cakes, not h as in Scotland, but soft like a Yorkshire cake, were served breakfast. It was pleasant to me to find, that "*Oats*," "*food of horses*," were so much used as the *food of the people* Dr. Johnson's own town. He expatiated in praise of Lichfi and its inhabitants, who, he said, were "the most sober, dec people in England, the genteelest in proportion to their weal and spoke the purest English." I doubted as to the l article of this eulogy: for they had several provincial sound as *there*, pronounced like *fear*, instead of like *fair*; *on* pronounced *woonse*, instead of *wunse* or *wonse*. Johns himself never got entirely free of those provincial accen Garrick sometimes used to take him off, squeezing a lemon i

punch-bowl, with uncouth gesticulations, looking round the ompany, and calling out, "Who's for *poonsh?*"[1]

Very little business appeared to be going forward in Lich-eld. I found however two strange manufactures for so land a place, sail-cloth and streamers for ships; and I bserved them making some saddle-cloths, and dressing ncepskins: but upon the whole, the busy hand of industry eemed to be quite slackened. "Surely, Sir, (said I,) you are n idle set of people." "Sir, (said Johnson,) we are a city of nilosophers, we work with our heads, and make the boobies f Birmingham work for us with their hands."

There was at this time a company of players performing at ichfield. The manager, Mr. Stanton, sent his compliments, nd begged leave to wait on Dr. Johnson. Johnson received im very courteously, and he drank a glass of wine with us. Ie was a plain decent well-behaved man, and expressed his ratitude to Dr. Johnson for having once got him permission om Dr. Taylor at Ashbourne to play there upon moderate rms. Garrick's name was soon introduced. JOHNSON. Garrick's conversation is gay and grotesque. It is a dish of l sorts, but all good things. There is no solid meat in : there is a want of sentiment in it. Not but that he has ntiment sometimes, and sentiment, too, very powerful and ry pleasing: but it has not its full proportion in his conver-tion."

When we were by ourselves he told me, "Forty years ago, ir, I was in love with an actress here, Mrs. Emmet, who cted Flora, in 'Hob in the Well.'" What merit this lady ad as an actress, or what was her figure, or her manner, I ave not been informed; but, if we may believe Mr. Garrick, is old master's taste in theatrical merit was by no means efined; he was not an *elegans formarum spectator*. Garrick sed to tell, that Johnson said of an actor, who played Sir larry Wildair at Lichfield, "There is a courtly vivacity about ie fellow;" when in fact, according to Garrick's account, he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever went upon oards."

We had promised Mr. Stanton to be at his theatre on Monday. Dr. Johnson jocularly proposed to me to write a rologue for the occasion: "A Prologue, by James Boswell,

[1] [Garrick himself, like the Lichfieldians, always said—*shupreme, shuperior*. BARNARD.] [This is still the vulgar pronunciation of Ireland, where the pronunciation of the nglish language by those who have not expatriated, is doubtless that which generally evailed in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. M.]

Esq. from the Hebrides." I was really inclined to take th hint. Methought, "Prologue, spoken before Dr. Samu Johnson, at Lichfield, 1776;" would have sounded as well a "Prologue, spoken before the Duke of York at Oxford," Charles the Second's time. Much might have been said what Lichfield had done for Shakspeare, by producing Joh son and Garrick. But I found he was averse to it.

We went and viewed the museum of Mr. Richard Gree apothecary here, who told me he was proud of being a relatio of Dr. Johnson's. It was, truely, a wonderful collection, bo of antiquities and natural curiosities, and ingenious works art. He had all the articles accurately arranged, with the names upon labels, printed at his own little press; and o the staircase leading to it was a board, with the names of co tributors marked in gold letters. A printed catalogue of th collection was to be had at a bookseller's. Johnson e pressed his admiration of the activity and diligence and goo fortune of Mr. Green, in getting together, in his situation, great a variety of things; and Mr. Green told me that John son once said to him, "Sir, I should as soon have thought building a man of war, as of collecting such a museum." M Green's obliging alacrity in shewing it was very pleasing. H engraved portrait, with which he has favoured me, has a mott truely characteristical of his disposition, "*Nemo sibi natus.*"

A physician being mentioned who had lost his practice because his whimsically changing his religion had made peopl distrustful of him, I maintained that this was unreasonable, religion is unconnected with medical skill. JOHNSON. "Si it is not unreasonable; for when people see a man absurd what they understand, they may conclude the same of him what they do not understand. If a physician were to take eating of horse-flesh, nobody would employ him; though or may eat horse-flesh, and be a very skilful physician. If a ma were educated in an absurd religion, his continuing to profes it would not hurt him, though his changing to it would."[1]

We drank tea and coffee at Mr. Peter Garrick's, where wa Mrs. Aston, one of the maiden sisters of Mrs. Walmsley, wi of Johnson's first friend, and sister also of the lady of whom Johnson used to speak with the warmest admiration, by th name of Molly Aston, who was afterwards married to Captai Brodie of the navy.

[1] [Dr. Sharrock, a Quaker, and Schomberg, a Jew, had the greatest practice of any tw physicians of their time.—BURNEY.]

On Sunday, March 24, we breakfasted with Mrs. Cobb, a idow lady, who lived in an agreeable sequestered place close y the town, called the Friary, it having been formerly a eligious house. She and her nicce, Miss Adey, were great dmirers of Dr. Johnson; and he behaved to them with a indness and easy pleasantry, such as we see between old and ntimate acquaintance. He accompanied Mrs. Cobb to St. lary's church, and I went to the cathedral, where I was ery much delighted with the musick, finding it to be eculiarly solemn, and accordant with the words of the ervice.

We dined at Mr. Peter Garrick's, who was in a very lively umour, and verified Johnson's saying, that if he had cultivated iety as much as his brother David, he might have equally xcelled in it. He was to-day quite a London narrator, telling a variety of anecdotes with that earnestness and attempt at imickry which we usually find in the wits of the metropolis. r. Johnson went with me to the cathedral in the afternoon. was grand and pleasing to contemplate this illustrious riter, now full of fame, worshipping in "the solemn temple" f his native city.

I returned to tea and coffee at Mr. Peter Garrick's, and en found Dr. Johnson at the Reverend Mr. Seward's, anon Residentiary, who inhabited the Bishop's palace, in hich Mr. Walmsley lived, and which had been the scene of any happy hours in Johnson's early life. Mr. Seward had, ith ecclesiastical hospitality and politeness, asked me in the orning, merely as a stranger, to dine with him; and in the fternoon, when I was introduced to him, he asked Dr. ohnson and me to spend the evening and sup with him. e was a genteel well bred dignified clergyman, had travelled ith Lord Charles Fitzroy, uncle of the present Duke of rafton, who died when abroad, and he had lived much in the eat world. He was an ingenious and literary man, had ublished an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and written rses in Dodsley's collection. His lady was the daughter of r. Hunter, Johnson's first schoolmaster. And now, for the st time, I had the pleasure of seeing his celebrated daughter, iss Anna Seward, to whom I have since been indebted for any civilities, as well as some obliging communications con- rning Johnson.

Mr. Seward mentioned to us the observations which he had ade upon the strata of earth in volcanos, from which it

appeared, that they were so very different in depth at differe
periods, that no calculation whatever could be made as
the time required for their formation. This fully refut
an antimosaical remark introduced into Captain Brydon
entertaining tour, I hope heedlessly, from a kind of vani
which is too common in those who have not sufficient
studied the most important of all subjects. Dr. Johnso
indeed, had said before, independent of this observatio
"Shall all the accumulated evidence of the history of t
world;—shall the authority of what is unquestionably t
most ancient writing, be overturned by an uncertain rema
such as this?"

On Monday, March 25, we breakfasted at Mrs. Lu
Porter's. Johnson had sent an express to Dr. Taylor
acquainting him of our being at Lichfield, and Taylor h
returned an answer that his post-chaise should come for
this day. While we sat at breakfast, Dr. Johnson received
letter by the post, which seemed to agitate him very muc
When he had read it, he exclaimed, "One of the most drea
ful things that has happened in my time." The phrase *my tim*
like the word *age*, is usually understood to refer to an event
a publick or general nature. I imagined something like
assassination of the King—like a gunpowder plot carried in
execution—or like another fire of London. When aske
"What is it, Sir?" he answered, "Mr. Thrale has lost his on
son!" This was, no doubt, a very great affliction to Mr. an
Mrs. Thrale, which their friends would consider accordingly
but from the manner in which the intelligence of it was co
municated by Johnson, it appeared for the moment to b
comparatively small. I, however, soon felt a sincere concer
and was curious to observe, how Dr. Johnson would be affecte
He said, "This is a total extinction to their family, as muc
as if they were sold into captivity." Upon my mentionin
that Mr. Thrale had daughters, who might inherit his wealth
—"Daughters, (said Johnson, warmly,) he'll no more value h
daughters than—" I was going to speak.—"Sir, (sa
he,) don't you know how you yourself think? Sir, he wish
to propagate his name?" In short, I saw male successio
strong in his mind, even where there was no name, no fami
of any long standing. I said, it was lucky he was not prese
when this misfortune happened. JOHNSON. "It is lucky fo
me. People in distress never think that you feel enough.
BOSWELL. "And, Sir, they will have the hope of seeing yo

which will be a relief in the mean time; and when you get to hem, the pain will be so far abated, that they will be capable f being consoled by you, which, in the first violence of , I believe, would not be the case." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; iolent pain of mind, like violent pain of body, *must* be everely felt." BOSWELL. "I own, Sir, I have not so much eeling for the distress of others, as some people have, or retend to have; but I know this, that I would do all in my ower to relieve them." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is affectation to retend to feel the distress of others, as much as they do them elves. It is equally so, as if one should pretend to feel as uch pain while a friend's leg is cutting off, as he does. No, ir; you have expressed the rational and just nature of mpathy. I would have gone to the extremity of the earth have preserved this boy."

He was soon quite calm. The letter was from Mr. Thrale's erk, and concluded, "I need not say how much they wish to e you in London." He said, "We shall hasten back from aylor's."

Mrs. Lucy Porter and some other ladies of the place talked great deal of him when he was out of the room, not only with eneration but affection. It pleased me to find that he was so uch *beloved* in his native city.

Mrs. Aston, whom I had seen the preceding night, and her ster, Mrs. Gastrel, a widow lady, had each a house and rden, and pleasure ground, prettily situated upon Stowhill, a ntle eminence, adjoining to Lichfield. Johnson walked away dinner there, leaving me by myself without any apology; I ondered at this want of that facility of manners, from which a an has no difficulty in carrying a friend to a house where he intimate; I felt it very unpleasant to be thus left in solitude a country town, where I was an entire stranger, and began think myself unkindly deserted: but I was soon relieved, d convinced that my friend, instead of being deficient in licacy, had conducted the matter with perfect propriety, for received the following note in his handwriting: "Mrs. astrel, at the lower house on Stowhill, desires Mr. Boswell's mpany to dinner at two." I accepted of the invitation, and d here another proof how amiable his character was in the inion of those who knew him best. I was not informed, till erwards, that Mrs. Gastrel's husband was the clergyman who, ile he lived at Stratford upon Avon, where he was proprietor Shakspeare's garden, with Gothick barbarity cut down his

mulberry tree,[1] and, as Dr. Johnson told me, did it to vex h neighbours. His lady, I have reason to believe, on the sam authority, participated in the guilt of what the enthusiasts o our immortal bard deem almost a species of sacrilege.

After dinner Dr. Johnson wrote a letter to Mrs. Thrale, c the death of her son. I said it would be very distressing t Thrale, but she would soon forget it, as she had so many thin to think of. JOHNSON. "No, Sir, Thrale will forget it firs *She* has many things that she *may* think of. *He* has man things that he *must* think of." This was a very just rema upon the different effects of those light pursuits which occupy vacant and easy mind, and those serious engagements whi arrest attention, and keep us from brooding over grief.

He observed of Lord Bute, "it was said of Augustus, that would have been better for Rome that he had never been bor or had never died. So it would have been better for this nati if Lord Bute had never been minister, or had never resigned."

In the evening we went to the Town hall, which was co verted into a temporary theatre, and saw "Theodosius," wi "The Stratford Jubilee." I was happy to see Dr. Johns sitting in a conspicuous part of the pit, and receiving affectio ate homage from all his acquaintance. We were quite gay an merry. I afterwards mentioned to him that I condemn myself for being so, when poor Mr. and Mrs Thrale were such distress. JOHNSON. "You are wrong, Sir; twenty yea hence Mr. and Mrs. Thrale will not suffer much pain from t death of their son. Now, Sir, you are to consider, that distan of place, as well as distance of time, operates upon the huma feelings. I would not have you be gay in the presence of t distressed, because it would shock them; but you may be g at a distance. Pain for the loss of a friend, or of a relati whom we love, is occasioned by the want which we feel. time the vacuity is filled with something else; or sometim the vacuity closes up of itself."

Mr. Seward and Mr. Pearson, another clergyman he supped with us at our inn, and after they left us, we sat up l as we used to do in London.

Here I shall record some fragments of my friend's conver tion during this jaunt.

"Marriage, Sir, is much more necessary to a man than to

[1] See an accurate and animated statement of Mr. Gastrell's barbarity, by Mr. Mal in a note on "Some account of the Life of William Shakspeare," prefixed to his admira edition of that Poet's works, Vol. I. p. 128.

oman: for he is much less able to supply himself with omestick comforts. You will recollect my saying to some dies the other day, that I had often wondered why young omen should marry, as they have so much more freedom, and much more attention paid to them while unmarried, than en married. I indeed did not mention the *strong* reason r their marrying the *mechanical* reason." BOSWELL. "Why at *is* a strong one. But does not imagination make it much ore important than it is in reality? Is it not, to a certain egree, a delusion in us as well as in women?" JOHNSON. Why yes, Sir; but it is a delusion that is always beginning ain." BOSWELL. "I don't know but there is upon the whole ore misery than happiness produced by that passion." HNSON. "I don't think so, Sir."

"Never speak of a man in his own presence. It is always delicate, and may be offensive."

"Questioning is not the mode of the conversation among ntlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly ong to question a man concerning himself. There may parts of his former life which he may not wish to be ade known to other persons, or even brought to his own collection."

"A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to s own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at e time, but they will be remembered and brought out against n upon some subsequent occasion."

"Much may be done if a man puts his whole mind to a rticular object. By doing so, Norton [1] has made himself the eat lawyer that he is allowed to be."

I mentioned an acquaintance of mine, a sectary, who was a y religious man, who not only attended regularly on publick rship with those of his communion, but made a particular dy of the Scriptures, and even wrote a commentary on some rts of them, yet was known to be very licentious in indulgency nself with women; maintaining that men are to be saved by th alone, and that the Christian religion had not prescribed y fixed rule for the intercourse between the sexes. JOHNSON Sir, there is no trusting to that crazy piety."

I observed that it was strange how well Scotchmen were own to one another in their own country, though, even in y distant countries; for we do not find that the gentlemen of

[1 Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and at last created Baron Grantley.—MALONE.]

neighbouring counties in England are mutually known to eac other. Johnson, with his usual acuteness, at once saw an explained the reason of this; "Why, Sir, you have Edinburg where the gentlemen from all your counties meet, and which not so large but they are all known. There is no such commo place of collection in England, except London, where from i great size and diffusion, many of those who reside in contiguou counties of England, may long remain unknown to each other

On Tuesday, March 26, there came for us an equipa properly suited to a wealthy well-beneficed clergyman: D Taylor's large, roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout plum horses, and driven by two steady jolly postillions, which co veyed us to Ashbourne; where I found my friend's schoolfello living upon an establishment perfectly corresponding with h substantial creditable equipage: his house, garden, pleasu grounds, table, in short every thing good, and no scantine appearing. Every man should form such a plan of living as h can execute completely. Let him not draw an outline wid than he can fill up. I have seen many skeletons of shew an magnificence which excite at once ridicule and pity. D Taylor had a good estate of his own, and good preferment the church, being a prebendary of Westminster, and rector Bosworth. He was a diligent justice of the peace, and preside over the town of Ashbourne, to the inhabitants of which I w told he was very liberal; and as a proof of this it was mentione to me, he had the preceding winter distributed two hundre pounds among such of them as stood in need of his assistanc He had consequently a considerable political interest in th county of Derby, which he employed to support the Devonshi family; for though the schoolfellow and friend of Johnson, h was a Whig. I could not perceive in his character muc congeniality of any sort with that of Johnson, who, howeve said to me, "Sir, he has a very strong understanding." H size, and figure, and countenance, and manner, were that of hearty English 'Squire, with the parson super-induced: and took particular notice of his upper-servant, Mr. Peters, a decen grave man, in purple clothes, and a large white wig, like th butler or *major domo* of a bishop.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Taylor met with great cordiality; an Johnson soon gave him the same sad account of their schoo fellow, Congreve, that he had given to Mr. Hector; addin a remark of such moment to the rational conduct of a ma in the decline of life, that deserves to be imprinted upon ever

mind: "There is nothing against which an old man should be so much upon his guard as putting himself to nurse." Innumerable have been the melancholy instances of men once distinguished for firmness, resolution, and spirit, who in their latter days have been governed like children, by interested female artifice.

Dr. Taylor commended a physician who was known to him and Dr. Johnson, and said, "I fight many battles for him, as many people in the country dislike him." JOHNSON. "But you should consider, Sir, that by every one of your victories he is a loser; for, every man of whom you get the better, will be very angry, and resolve not to employ him; whereas if people get the better of you in argument about him, they'll think, "We'll send for Dr. ****** nevertheless." This was an observation deep and sure in human nature.

Next day we talked of a book in which an eminent judge was arraigned before the bar of the publick, as having pronounced an unjust decision in a great cause. Dr. Johnson maintained that this publication would not give any uneasiness to the judge. "For, (said he,) either he acted honestly, or he meant to do injustice. If he acted honestly, his own consciousness will protect him; if he meant to do injustice, he will be glad to see the man who attacks him, so much vexed."

Next day, as Dr. Johnson had acquainted Dr. Taylor of the reason for his returning speedily to London, it was resolved that we should set out after dinner. A few of Dr. Taylor's neighbours were his guests that day.

Dr. Johnson talked with approbation of one who had attained to the state of the philosophical wise man, that is, to have no want of any thing. "Then, Sir, (said I,) the savage is a wise man." "Sir, (said he,) I do not mean simply being without,—but not having a want." I maintained, against this proposition, that it was better to have fine clothes, for instance, than not to feel the want of them. JOHNSON. "No, Sir; fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect. Was Charles the Twelfth, think you, less respected for his coarse blue coat and black stock? And you find the King of Prussia dresses plain, because the dignity of his character is sufficient." I here brought myself into a scrape, for I heedlessly said, "Would not *you*, Sir, be the better for velvet embroidery?" JOHNSON. "Sir, you put an end to all argument when you introduce your opponent himself. Have you no better manners? There is *your want*." I apologised

by saying, I had mentioned him as an instance of one wanted as little as any man in the world, and yet, per might receive some additional lustre from dress.

Having left Ashbourne in the evening, we stopped to ch horses at Derby, and availed ourselves of a moment to the conversation of my countryman, Dr. Butter, then phys there. He was in great indignation because Lord Mountst bill for a Scotch militia had been lost. Dr. Johnson wa violent against it. "I am glad, (said he,) that Parliamen had the spirit to throw it out. You wanted to take adva of the timidity of our scoundrels;" (meaning, I suppos ministry). It may be observed, that he used the ep scoundrel, very commonly, not quite in the sense in wh is generally understood, but as a strong term of disapproba as when he abruptly answered Mrs. Thrale, who had a him how he did, "Ready to become a scoundrel, mad with a little more spoiling you will, I think, make me a plete rascal:"[1]—he meant, easy to become a capricious self-indulgent valetudinarian: a character for which I heard him express great disgust.

Johnson had with him upon this jaunt, "*Il Palm d' Inghilterra*," a romance praised by Cervantes; but did like it much. He said, he read it for the language, by of preparation for his Italian expedition.—We lay this at Loughborough.

[1] Anecdotes of Johnson, p. 176.

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